

THE LEATHERNECK

December, 1932

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Merry Christmas



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"It's toasted"
That package of mild Luckies

THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on September 30.....	16,550
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—September 30	1,185
Separations during October.....	2
Appointments during October.....	1,185
Joinings during October.....	0
Total strength on October 31.....	1,185
ENLISTED—Total strength September 30.....	15,363
Separations during October.....	374
Joinings during October.....	14,989
Total strength October.....	430
Total strength Marine Corps, October 31.....	15,419
Total strength Marine Corps, October 31.....	16,604



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.
Major General John T. Myers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Wm. P. Upshur.
Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell.
Maj. Samuel C. Cumming.
Capt. John W. Cunningham.
1st Lt. Peter P. Schrider.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Wm. P. Upshur.
Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell.
Capt. Samuel C. Cumming.
1st Lt. John W. Cunningham.
1st Lt. Peter P. Schrider.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

OCTOBER 8, 1932.

Capt. Ross L. Iams, retired as of 1 November.
1st Lt. Harry E. Darr, retired as of 1 November.

1st Lt. Luther A. Brown, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to duty as CO, MD, Detention Prison, RS, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. Calvin R. Freeman, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Scouting Squadron 15M, USS Lexington.

2nd Lt. James B. Lake, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Paul D. Sherman, detached Scouting Squadron 15M, USS Lexington to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

OCTOBER 12, 1932.

Capt. Melvin E. Fuller, promoted to captain to rank from 1 August.

Capt. Jacob Lienhard, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty to and Naval Hospital, Norfolk, for treatment.

QmCk. Samuel G. Thompson, on or about 19 Oct., detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS Kittery scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 28 October.

OCTOBER 15, 1932.

1st Lt. John R. Lanigan, orders to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Francis B. Loomis, assigned to temporary duty at MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., on completion of which assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, via the USS Chauvont sailing from Manila, P. I., on or about 12 Dec.

2nd Lt. Clovis C. Coffman, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

OCTOBER 19, 1932.

Maj. Walter H. Sitz, on 22 October detached Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, Wash., D. C., to Staff of the Commander, Battleship Division One, Battle Force, USS Texas.

ChfQmCk. Heane Eagan, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., for duty to and Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y., for treatment.

OCTOBER 21, 1932.

Maj. Archibald Young, on 2 Nov. detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Dept. of the Pacific via the USAT Grant scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 9 November.

(Continued on page 3)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

OCTOBER 10, 1932.

First Sergeant Nicholas M. Grieco—Nicaragua to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

First Sergeant Melvin Mosier—MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

First Sergeant Joseph K. Roberts—Nicaragua to Haiti.

First Sergeant Lee L. Sexton—MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Gunnery Sergeant Carl J. Cagle—MB, Quantico, Va., to Haiti.

Sergeant Oscar Smith—West Coast to Guam.

Sergeant Lorian A. Weaver—MB, AL, Annapolis, Md., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Corporal Hansel T. Beckworth—RS, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

Corporal Gilbert R. Kinsey—MB, USS Arkansas to MB, Washington, D. C.

OCTOBER 11, 1932.

Corporal Cecil R. Bates—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Alton T. Cody—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

OCTOBER 12, 1932.

Sergeant Elmer Jones—Nicaragua to AS, Haiti.

Corporal Eugene A. Kight—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

OCTOBER 13, 1932.

Sergeant Major Eugene F. Smith—Nicaragua to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Master Technical Sergeant Abner E. Foster—MB, Washington, D. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Master Technical Sergeant Fred D. Milam—MD, AL, Peiping, China, to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Paul M. Metzger—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to Haiti.

OCTOBER 14, 1932.

Sergeant Stephen Leski—West Coast to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Kenneth L. Thomson—SS, Norfolk to NY, FFT, USS New Orleans.

Corporal Matthew R. Kenney—MB, Norfolk, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal George Pfeiffe—Nicaragua to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal John R. McBee—MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

OCTOBER 15, 1932.

Corporal Wyatt A. McDowell—Haiti to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal E. F. Romine—MB, Quantico, Va., to Haiti.

OCTOBER 17, 1932.

First Sergeant Oliver A. Cote—MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Portsmouth, Va.

Sergeant Philip Sullivan—Nicaragua to East Coast.

Corporal A. J. Billingham—Nicaragua to East Coast.

Corporal Wilhem Luckhardt—Nicaragua to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

Corporal Robert E. Schneeman—Department of Pacific to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal C. St. John Vale—MD, USS Colorado to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Wayne D. Waldo—Nicaragua to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal E. B. Williamson—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to RS, Boston, Mass.

OCTOBER 19, 1932.

Sergeant John Bambalere—Nicaragua to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Sergeant Bert A. Green—West Coast to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sergeant Thomas Shannon—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to Haiti.

Sergeant William W. Wood—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

(Continued on page 3)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

ANDERSON, George M., at Chicago, Ill., 10-26-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

ADKINSON, Allen, at San Diego, Calif., 10-23-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ALLEN, Archie A., at Portsmouth, Va., 10-24-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.

ALDRICH, Lowell G., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-9-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

BROBERG, Carl J., at Chicago, Ill., 10-25-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

BANKS, Lloyd D., at Portland, Ore., 10-21-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.

BASSEN, William, at San Francisco, Calif., 10-21-32, for San Francisco, Calif.

BILES, Edward R., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-26-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

BURRELL, Archie O., at Pensacola, Fla., 10-24-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

BROWN, Morris, at New York, N. Y., 10-19-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

BECKWORTH, Hansel T., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-19-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRANT, Ralph N., at San Diego, Calif., 10-10-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

BOYD, Howard E., at Los Angeles, Calif., 10-8-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

BURTON, Jack T., at Portsmouth, N. H., 10-14-32, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

BRYANT, Luther E., at New Orleans, La., 10-11-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

BERGER, Joseph N. M., at San Diego, Calif., 10-4-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

BENNETT, Oscar V., at San Diego, Calif., 9-29-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

BARTON, Oscar M., at Parris Island, S. C., 10-4-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BRANNEN, Frank L., at Savannah, Ga., 10-3-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

BARTMESS, Alvin C., aboard USS Saratoga, 9-25-32, for MD, USS Saratoga.

COX, Ethalmore R., at San Diego, Calif., 10-18-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

CRAIG, Frank P., at Quantico, Va., 10-22-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

CODDINGTON, Robert E., at Quantico, Va., 10-20-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

COLSKY, Robert, at Managua, Nicaragua, 10-6-32, for Managua, Nicaragua.

CARRINGTON, Ralph W., at New Orleans, La., 10-11-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

CODY, Alton T., at Quantico, Va., 10-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

CHROMCZAK, John J., at New York, N. Y., 10-11-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

CLARK, Eddie B., at San Francisco, Calif., 10-7-32, for San Francisco, Calif.

CHAMBERS, Fred A., at San Diego, Calif., 10-3-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

CLEMONS, Thomas C., at Savannah, Ga., 10-4-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

COYNE, Bernard W., at Boston, Mass., 10-4-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

CARRICK, Franklin, at Vallejo, Calif., 9-29-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

CONNERS, Benjamin L., at San Diego, Calif., 9-27-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

DIXON, Ivan E., at Portland, Ore., 10-21-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.

DAVIS, Charles E., at San Diego, Calif., 10-20-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

DUTY, John E., at Savannah, Ga., 10-25-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

DIAMOND, Wendell P., at San Diego, Calif., 10-22-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DURAY, Thomas L., Jr., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 10-13-32, for Pittsburgh, Pa.

DAVIS, Henry G., at Quantico, Va., 10-11-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

DWYER, Vincent, at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-1-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

(Continued on page 4)

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U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 1)

Capt. Edward F. O'Day, on 3 Nov. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the First Separate Training Battalion, USS *Arkansas*, via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from New York, on or about 9 Nov.

1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey, on 2 Nov. detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Dept. of the Pacific via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 9 November.

2nd Lt. Albert J. Keller, on 3 Nov. detached MB, Wash., D. C., to Dept. of the Pacific via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 9 November.

2nd Lt. Harold I. Larson, on 3 Nov. detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Dept. of the Pacific via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 9 November.

The following named officers detached stations indicated to temporary duty in the Dept. of the Pacific via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about 9 Nov., and when directed by the CG, Dept. of the Pacific, ordered to duty in the Asiatic Station via the first available Government conveyance:

Capt. Moses J. Gould, MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Capt. Norman M. Shaw, MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Clifton L. Marshall, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Nelson K. Brown, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. Ernest W. Fry, MB, Quantico, Va.

MarGnr. Thomas W. P. Murphy, MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

OCTOBER 26, 1932.

Maj. Joseph D. Murray, retired on 1 November.

1st Lt. Edmund M. Callaway, died on 25 October.

2nd Lt. James T. Wilbur, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

OCTOBER 28, 1932.

Maj. Norman C. Bates, detached USS *Texas* to MB, NYd, Maro Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Joseph L. Moody, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. William F. Coleman, on 1 November detached MB, Wash., D. C., to First Separate Training Battalion, USS *Arkansas*.

NOVEMBER 1, 1932.

Capt. Paul A. Lesser, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to RD of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to report not later than 1 December.

Capt. David R. Nimmer, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified to Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Captain John F. Talbot, on reporting of his relief about 1 Dec. detached RD of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Augustus W. Cockrell, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. William E. Maxwell, detached First Brigade, Haiti, MB, Quantico, Va., via the December trip of the USS *Kittery*.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Hill, on 1 November detached MB, Norfolk, Va., to duty with the First Separate Training Battalion, USS *Arkansas*.

NOVEMBER 5, 1932.

Maj. William B. Sullivan, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to report on 1 December.

Capt. John F. Talbot, orders from Recruiting District of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

1st Lt. Robert O. Bare, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the USS *Kittery*, Newport, R. I., via the Dec. trip of the USS *Kittery*.

2nd Lt. Stewart Boyle, on 14 Nov. detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the USS *Kittery* scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 December.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Maj. Samuel C. Cumming.

Capt. Ralph W. Luce.

Capt. Willard R. Enk.

Capt. Gerald C. Thomas.

Capt. John W. Cunningham.

1st Lt. Thomas D. Marks.

1st Lt. Wallace O. Thompson.

1st Lt. John H. Griebel.

1st Lt. Peter P. Schrider.

NOVEMBER 8, 1932.

Maj. Percy D. Cornell, promoted to the grade of major to rank from 1 Aug., 1932. Detached MB, NYd, Wash., D. C., to RD of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to report not later than 1 Dec.

Maj. Archibald Young, detached Dept. of the Pacific to Asiatic Station via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 1 December.

Capt. Paul A. Lesser, orders from MCB, NOB,

San Diego, Calif., to RD of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., revoked.

1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey, detached Dept. of the Pacific to Asiatic Station via the USAT *Grant* scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 1 December.

2nd Lt. Henry T. Elrod, detached NAS, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 15 November.

NOVEMBER 9, 1932.

Lt. Col. Emile P. Moses detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the SS *President Lincoln* scheduled to sail from Los Angeles, Calif., on or about 13 November.

1st Lt. John S. E. Young, name changes on the official records from John S. E. Young, Jr., to John S. E. Young.

1st Lt. Wallace O. Thompson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via steamer scheduled to sail from Los Angeles, Calif., on or about 16 December.

2nd Lt. Stewart Boyle, orders from MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, revoked.

The following named officers who arrived at San Francisco, Calif., on 6 November via the USS *Henderson* have been assigned to duty at the stations indicated:

MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.:

Capt. Joseph P. Grayson.

Capt. Norman E. True.

1st Lt. Ralph C. Alburger.

2nd Lt. William P. Battell.

ChfMarGnr. John H. Murphy.

MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.:

ChfQmClk. Willis V. Harris.

ChfPayClk. Allan A. Zarracina.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 1)

Corporal Carl Richards — MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Thomas C. Wilson—Nicaragua to MB, Quantico, Va.

OCTOBER 20, 1932.

First Sergeant C. M. Adams — West Coast to MB, Norfolk, Va.

First Sergeant W. H. Armstrong—West Coast to MB, Norfolk, Va.

First Sergeant Edward Bald—West Coast to MB, Quantico, Va.

First Sergeant E. C. Hughes—MD, Camp Rapidan, Criglersville, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

First Sergeant J. E. Manning—West Coast to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Henry S. Griffin—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal William H. Vest—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

OCTOBER 21, 1932.

Sergeant Hillary L. Robinson—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Norfolk, Va.

OCTOBER 22, 1932.

Corporal James F. Baldwin — West Coast to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Corporal Orval R. Newton—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

OCTOBER 24, 1932.

Sergeant Major George B. Karchner — First Training Battalion to Department of Pacific.

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First Sergeant Paul Kerns—Nicaragua to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Fred V. Osborn—West Coast to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Jess R. Colwell—MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to United States.

Corporal Arthur McD. Howard—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Chester W. Scott—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

OCTOBER 25, 1932.

Sergeant Major Hall V. Cartmell—MB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to MB, Quantico, Va.

First Sergeant John A. McBea — MB, USS *Augusta* to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

First Sergeant Fred Siegenthaler—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS *Augusta*.

Sergeant Otis M. Davis—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Earnest D. Marchman — Haiti to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

OCTOBER 26, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant Adolph Anderson — West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Raymond F. Coleman—MD, USS *Arizona* to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

OCTOBER 27, 1932.

First Sergeant Malcolm C. Black—West Coast to MD, USS *Arkansas*.

First Sergeant William A. Jordan—USS *Arkansas* to West Coast.

First Sergeant James Qylward—MD, USS *Arkansas* to West Coast.

First Sergeant Barton W. Stone—West Coast to USS *Arkansas*.

Gunnery Sergeant Leonard Bostrom—MD, USS *Arkansas* to East Coast.

Gunnery Sergeant William G. Matthews—MB, USS *Arkansas* to West Coast.

Sergeant Clifford Cheshire—MB, Norfolk, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant Sloan M. Diaz—MB, USS *Arkansas* to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

OCTOBER 29, 1932.

Sergeant Frank L. Tyree—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Rogers R. Quinn—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal John J. Richardson — MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

OCTOBER 31, 1932.

Quartermaster Sergeant James D. Connolly — MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Dover, N. J.

Quartermaster Sergeant Robert C. Hoffman — MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant John C. Deibert—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sergeant Joseph F. Nemeth—MB, USS *Arkansas* to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

Corporal Harold M. Ferrell—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

Corporal Francis A. Lavoie—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Simon G. Martin—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

NOVEMBER 1, 1932.

Gunnery Sergeant John E. Ward—MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Sergeant John M. Sleight—MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

Corporal Ralph L. Hamilton—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.

Corporal Orin W. Hostad—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

Corporal Howard R. Kellogg—Haiti to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

NOVEMBER 3, 1932.

Quartermaster Sergeant Robert M. Caven—MD, Camp Rapidan, Criglersville, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Anderson L. Mullinix — MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to Haiti.

NOVEMBER 4, 1932.

First Sergeant Irving Fine—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, USS *Argonne*.

Corporal Ollie Batchelor — MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Mose E. Dixon—MB, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal James F. Jost—MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Corporal Robert G. Straine—MB, Quantico, Va., to AS, Haiti.

NOVEMBER 7, 1932.

Corporal Charles W. F. Childress—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal George H. Elchinger—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Edward P. Faulkner—West Coast to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Karl W. McGrath—MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal John T. Morris—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal William R. Yingling, Jr.—MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 1)

DEMPSEY, Walter R., at Bremerton, Wash., 9-25-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.
 FREDEN, Carl H., at Boston, Mass., 10-27-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 FREEMAN, Paul H., at Boston, Mass., 10-19-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 FITZSIMMONS, Charles J., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 10-14-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 FERRIN, Walter, at Bremerton, Wash., 9-26-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 FEENEY, Frank, at Hingham, Mass., 10-1-32, for MB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 GRUSH, Marvin D., at San Francisco, Calif., 10-26-32, for San Francisco, Calif.
 GERVAAS, Alfred F., at Bremerton, Wash., 10-16-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 GRUNDNER, Henry G., at San Diego, Calif., 10-22-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 GUY, William T., at Chicago, Ill., 10-18-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.
 GRIFFIN, Joe A., at Charleston, S. C., 10-19-32, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.
 GOULD, Earle E., aboard USS *Idaho*, 10-12-32, for MD, USS *Idaho*.
 GOODSPEED, Samuel S., at Chicago, Ill., 10-10-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 GUZMAN, Luis, at Washington, D. C., 10-11-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 GARWOOD, William C., at Quantico, Va., 10-11-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 GALLAGHER, Edward W., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-6-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 GREER, Alexander J., at MB, Quantico, Va., 10-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HERBERT, Harvey E., at Bremerton, Wash., 10-21-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.
 HENSON, Lester V., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-27-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 HOFFMAN, Christian R., at Indian Head, Md., 10-21-32, for MB, Guam, M. I.
 HUGGINS, William H., at Quantico, Va., 10-20-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HENDRICKSON, Robert M., at Quantico, Va., 10-19-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HEALEY, Gerald L., at Parris Island, S. C., 10-15-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 HATAWAY, Marion W., at Mare Island, Calif., 10-12-32, for MB, NS, New Orleans, La.
 HOLCOMB, William M., at Bremerton, Wash., 10-10-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 HAYES, William J., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 10-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HUMZA, Andrew, at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-11-32, for MB, New London, Conn.
 HILLIER, Alfred, at Managua, Nicaragua, 9-10-32, for Nicaragua.
 MARLIN, Clyde G., at Chicago, Ill., 10-3-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 HILEMAN, Adam G., at Quantico, Va., 10-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 ILER, Fred B., at Savannah, Ga., 10-20-32, for West Coast.
 LANSING, Lester D., at Cuba, 10-23-32, for Cuba.
 LEADY, Richard E., at Portsmouth, Va., 10-24-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 LISTON, Ithener, at New York, N. Y., 10-24-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 LINDSEY, John R., at Fort Mifflin, Pa., 10-15-32, for MB, Fort Mifflin, Pa.
 LUCAS, Ray E., at San Diego, Calif., 10-4-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 LEBLANC, Joseph A., at Boston, Mass., 10-7-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 LEAKE, Kenneth T., at Washington, D. C., 10-3-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 LIPSKY, Julian S., at Newport, R. I., 10-1-32, for MB, Newport, R. I.
 MCGLYNN, Francis L., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 10-29-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MARTINEZ, George D., at Bremerton, Wash., 10-20-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.
 MCBEE, John R., at Mare Island, Calif., 10-19-32, for China.
 MORNINGSTAR, Wesley R., at Quantico, Va., 10-22-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MURRAY, Walter R., at Pittsburgh, Pa., 10-21-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 McDONALD, Donald, at Nicaragua, 9-27-32, for Nicaragua.
 MacDONALD, John C., at Portland, Ore., 10-1-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
 MOORE, Garland, at Vallejo, Calif., 10-3-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 McLAUGHLIN, Laure M., at MB, Quantico, Va., 10-7-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MILLER, Paul H., at Great Lakes, Ill., 10-3-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.
 MAYO, David, at Washington, D. C., 10-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MASON, Russell U., at Chicago, Ill., 9-30-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MEISENHEIMER, Earl W., at Los Angeles, Calif., 9-27-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

McARTHUR, Walter A., at Quantico, Va., 9-28-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 MIKA, Joseph, at New York, N. Y., 10-12-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 NEASON, Andy L., at New York, N. Y., 8-1-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 O'NEILL, Walter A., at New York, N. Y., 10-24-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 OLIVER, Russell, at Savannah, Ga., 10-19-32, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
 O'CONNOR, Charles S., at Savannah, Ga., 10-13-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 OBERG, Lowell L., at San Francisco, Calif., 9-27-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
 POLAK, Anthony F., at Bremerton, Wash., 10-24-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.
 PHINNEY, Waldo A., at Quantico, Va., 10-25-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 PIERSON, Edward J., at Long Beach, Calif., 10-15-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 PALM, Kenneth C., at Chicago, Ill., 10-17-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 PUGH, Hawthorn, at Baltimore, Md., 10-13-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 PERKINS, Judson J., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-9-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 PERKINS, Delmer C., at Bremerton, Wash., 10-4-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 PEDERSEN, Jens, at Parris Island, S. C., 10-6-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 POSEY, William H., Jr., at Washington, D. C., 10-5-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 REED, Henry E., at St. Julien's Creek, Va., 10-24-32, for St. Julien's Creek, Va.
 RICE, John H., at Vallejo, Calif., 10-1-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
 SMITH, Oscar, at Bremerton, Wash., 10-24-32, for Guam, M. I.
 SMITH, Charlie G., at Chicago, Ill., 10-24-32, for Chicago, Ill.
 SWIFT, Ralph M., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-22-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 SPRAY, Floyd M., at Washington, D. C., 10-21-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.
 SHROPSHIRE, William S., at Yorktown, Va., 10-16-32, for MB, Yorktown, Va.
 SCHOESSOW, Fred O., at Norfolk, Va., 10-14-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.
 SPRAUL, Fred, at Quantico, Va., 10-13-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SEARA, Berardo, at Portsmouth, Va., 10-12-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
 SHUMWAY, Darwin A., at So. Charleston, W. Va., 10-11-32, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.
 SLAYTON, Walter M., at Washington, D. C., 10-10-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 SPICER, Thomas J., Jr., at Washington, D. C., 10-10-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 SPIER, John A., at Boston, Mass., 10-10-32, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
 SABER, Millard P., at Quantico, Va., 10-7-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 STEINHAUSER, Frederick M., at Quantico, Va., 10-6-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SWIFT, Thomas, at Quantico, Va., 10-4-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 SCHULTZ, Stephen J., at Philadelphia, Pa., 10-1-32, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
 SWAIN, Ralph B., at San Francisco, Calif., 9-29-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
 TARTAGLIA, Carl, at New York, N. Y., 10-10-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 THOMPSON, Howard D., at Great Lakes, Ill., 10-7-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

TAYLOR, John P., at Portsmouth, Va., 10-7-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 TIDYMAN, John A., at Bremerton, Wash., 9-30-32, for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.
 VEST, William H., at Quantico, Va., 10-23-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WEBER, John W., at Parris Island, S. C., 10-26-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WALLA, Albin J., at San Diego, Calif., 10-17-32, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
 WITKOSKI, Dean F., at Chicago, Ill., 10-15-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 WATSON, George C., at Parris Island, S. C., 10-14-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 WILCK, Carl, at Washington, D. C., 10-12-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 WALKER, Walter A., at San Diego, Calif., 10-4-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
 WALDEN, Edmund B., at New Orleans, La., 10-3-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.
 WEJTA, Michael F., at Quantico, Va., 10-2-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

GENERAL INFORMATION

RETIREMENTS

The following named man was placed on the retired list of the enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite his name:

Staff Sergeant Fred Grant, USMC, November 1, 1932.

TRANSFERS TO THE FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The following named men, pursuant to their voluntary applications, were transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on the dates set opposite their names:

Gunnery Sergeant John H. Turney, USMC, October 19, 1932. Future address: Markleysburg, Pa.

Corporal Gordon Wright, USMC, November 1, 1932. Future address: General Delivery, Beaufort, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS CIRCULAR LETTER

From: The Major General Commandant.

To: All Officers.

Subject: Machine Gun Qualification Course.

1. Course A (with certain modifications as set forth below) as prescribed in War Department Training Regulations 150-35 of 20 July, 1926, is adopted for qualification with the machine gun in the Marine Corps.

Qualification insignia will be issued and worn for qualification in this course only.

2. Certain modifications of Course A, as prescribed in War Department Training Regulations 150-35, are adopted for use in the Marine Corps as follows:

- In Table I the number of shots provided for Fixed fire will be 30 instead of 80.
- In Table I the number of shots provided for Adjustment fire will be 35 instead of 80.
- In Table I, 80 shots in Oblique Traverse (2 exercises) on Target MG-D, no time limit, on the 1,000 inch range will be added.

3. Machine gun units which, for lack of available range facilities, are unable to fire Course A (modified) will fire Course B, provided in TR 150-35 with the modifications set forth in paragraph 2 above.

Every effort will be made to obtain facilities to fire Course A (modified).

4. Commanding officers of posts, whose material for defense includes machine guns but no organized machine gun unit, will request authority from the Major General Commandant to fire that portion of the command designated to use the machine guns in an emergency. Such request will state the ranks and numbers designated to fire and the range facilities available. In every case Course A (modified) will be fired in preference to Course B (modified), if practicable.

5. Posts required to furnish machine gun quotas for expeditionary duty will fire annually Course A (modified), if practicable, or Course B (modified), with the personnel assigned to such quotas.

6. No insignia will be issued for qualification in Course B (modified), but notations will be made in service records showing qualifications obtained as "Course B (modified), expert gunner," "Course B (modified), first-class gunner," etc.

7. Reports of target practice, whether Course A (modified), or Course B (modified), will be submitted on Form 541-A&I.

8. The development of proficiency in machine gunnery among officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps is considered very essential. Officers concerned will give their earnest attention.

War Department Training Regulations 240-20 of 6 June, 1923 (superseded by Basic Field Manual, Volume III, Part Five, Combat Practice Firing) will be retained in the Marine Corps for reference.

9. Basic Field Manual, Volume III, Part Three, Machine Gun Company, and Basic Field Manual, Volume III, Part Five, Combat Practice Firing, supersede for use in the Marine Corps the War Department Training Regulations listed on page 1 of each manual as superseded, only in so far as they do not affect the foregoing.

B. H. FULLER.

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PROMOTIONS

FIRST SERGEANT Hall V. Cartmell—to Sergeant Major.
GUNNERY SERGEANT Homer Johnson—to Quartermaster Sergeant.
STAFF SERGEANT Raideff F. Ghannt—to Gunnery Sergeant.
SERGEANTS Fred Grant—to Staff Sergeant.
James F. Hornbrook—to Staff Sergeant.
Henry E. Klappholz—to Gunnery Sergeant.
Joseph P. McCabe, Sr.—to Staff Sergeant.
Carl C. Martin—to First Sergeant.
Frank Tokay—to Gunnery Sergeant.
CORPORALS George R. Carlson—to Sergeant.
John W. Jamison—to Sergeant.
Charles Konkul—to Sergeant.
Floyd C. Maner—to Sergeant.
Frederick E. Miller—to Sergeant.
Maurice C. Pulliam—to Sergeant.
Leo J. Savage—to Sergeant.
Walter Smulski—to Sergeant.
Daniel M. Yates—to Sergeant.
PRIVATES FIRST CLASS William T. Bedwell—to Corporal.
Herman Brazke—to Corporal.
George A. Brown, Jr.—to Corporal.
Eddie J. Burton—to Corporal.
Alonzo T. Carpenter—to Corporal.
Wade M. Coggins—to Sergeant.
Ollie B. Dawdy—to Corporal.
LeBaron A. Dolan—to Corporal.
John J. Eagle—to Sergeant.
Walter Ferrin—to Corporal.
Jack Goldstein—to Corporal.
Jesse L. Griffin—to Corporal.
Edwin T. Hannaford—to Corporal.
Charles G. Harrington—to Corporal.
Edward J. Harrison—to Sergeant.
Raymond N. Holford—to Corporal.
George D. Johnson—to Sergeant.
Orris L. Lane—to Corporal.
Patrick A. McMahon—to Corporal.
Edward M. Minnix—to Corporal.
Eero Nori—to Sergeant.
John F. Pesdark—to Corporal.
Frederick L. Peoples—to Sergeant.
Samuel D. Ratliff—to Corporal.
David Reichel—to Corporal.
Willard J. Sarault—to Corporal.
Jesse T. Stroud—to Corporal.
Robert F. Suthphin—to Corporal.
James A. Walker—to Corporal.
Howard E. Warren—to Corporal.

PRIVATES Steward L. Baughman—to Corporal.
Clarence C. Clark—to Corporal.
Ernest Darnell—to Corporal.
Harmen DeHaan—to Corporal.
James R. Deppen—to Corporal.
Beauford Griffin—to Corporal.
George E. Hodgson—to Corporal.
Alton J. Hoover—to Corporal.
William H. Huggins—to Corporal.
Otto Krause—to Corporal.
Charles L. Lamkin—to Corporal.
Ralph G. McIntyre—to Corporal.
Sterling McKay—to Corporal.
John E. Majors—to Corporal.
Jennings B. Mathis—to Corporal.
Roy E. Panter—to Corporal.
Frederic H. Ramsey—to Corporal.
Rollin M. Shaw—to Corporal.
Harold R. Strum—to Corporal.
Ralph M. Swift—to Corporal.
John P. Taylor—to sergeant.

RECENT GRADUATES, MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE (October)

1st Lieut. Ferguson, Edwin C.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
1st Lieut. Nicholas, Henry T.—Spanish.
2nd Lieut. Beans, Fred D.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lieut. Dailey, Frank G.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lieut. Hill, John B.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lieut. Keller, Albert J.—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
Mar. Gun. Woody, Tom—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
Gy. Sgt. Coleman, Jesse W.—Aviation Engines.
Staff Sgt. Swanson, Donald W.—Warrant Officers Preparatory.
Corporal Cullen, Thomas P.—Good English.
Corporal Emberger, William S.—Motorbus Transportation.
Corporal Jesko, Raymond L.—Complete Radio.
Pvt. 1st Loflin, William W.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
Pvt. 1st Shade, Henry P.—Spanish.
Private Brandon, Charles D.—C. S. Railway Clerk.
Private Carr, Raymond F.—Aviation Engines.
Private Jenkins, Carl C.—C. S. Railway Clerk.
Private Krueger, Lorne C.—Aviation Mechanics.

Private Link, Wayne S.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
Private McDorman, Joseph A.—Aviation Engines.
Private Muagrove, James C.—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.
Private Nelson, Albert L.—Aviation Engines.
Private Newton, Robert S.—Aviation Engines.
Private Rodolph, Lynn A.—Aviation Mechanics.
Private Rodolph, Lynn A.—Airplane Maintenance.

LIST OF STUDENTS GRADUATED, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO, VA.

Swink, R. C., Capt. USMC—15 Jun. 32—Special Refresher.
Crimmins, P. H., 2nd Lt. FMCR—15 Jul. 32—Infantry Course A.
Schaefer, A. W., Cpl. FMCR—18 Jul. 32—Infantry Course A.
Shannon, F. L., Capt. VMCR—18 Jul. 32—Inf. Co. Officers.
Johnson, J. D., 1st Sgt. FMCR—25 Jul. 32—QM. Dept. Basic.
Potter, S. F., 2nd Lt. FMCR—15 Aug. 32—Infantry Basic.
Little, D. J., Capt. FMCR—19 Aug. 32—F. A. Bty. Officers.
Lewis, A. T., Capt. USMC—22 Aug. 32—Special Refresher.
Sniffin, C. D., Capt. USMC—31 Aug. 32—Special Refresher.
Dow, W. J., 2nd Lt. FMCR—12 Sep. 32—Infantry Basic.
Kaminski, E. P., Gy. Sgt. USMC—27 Sep. 32—Infantry Basic.
Stabler, C. L., Sgt. FMCR—27 Sep. 32—Infantry Course A.
Houck, H. W., 2nd Lt. VMCR—4 Oct. 32—Infantry Co. Officers.
Schultz, E. G., 1st Lt. VMCR—12 Oct. 32—Air Corps Basic.
Gates, L. O., 1st Lt. FMCR—26 Oct. 32—Infantry Advanced.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

U. S. S. CHAUMONT—Will depart Mare Island 17 November; arrive Honolulu 24 November, depart 25 November; arrive Guam 6 December, depart 7 December; arrive Manila 12 December, depart 12 January 1933; arrive Guam 17 January, depart 18 January; arrive Honolulu 27 January, depart 28 January; arrive Mare Island

(Continued on page 62)



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If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma—then you enjoy it the more.

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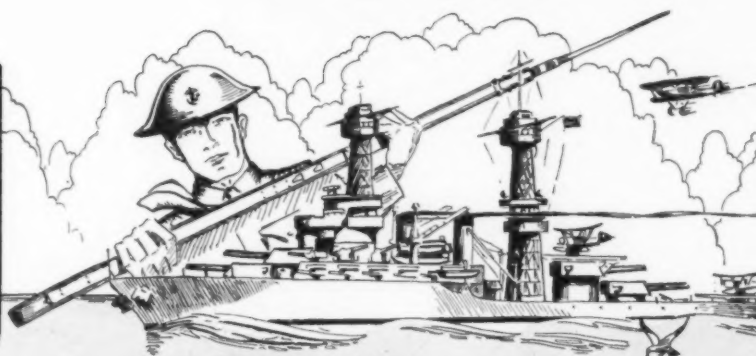
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STEEL-JAWED JUSTICE

SANDY McSwain threw the skinned carcass of the silver fox into the icy waters of Wild Goose Creek, and folding up the glistening, silky-smooth pelt, continued his trek down the creek toward his snug log cabin.

"Hell!" he muttered, and paused suddenly in the middle of the trail. "Damned if I didn't go and forget to take up the bear trap I set below the sluice box. Well, I'll let it go until I come back to work my claim. Snow won't be gone for another week anyway."

An hour later Sandy reached his cabin, which was located on a V-shaped point of land where Wild Goose Creek tumbled into Stewart River.

Although tired from his long tramp on his trap line, Sandy lost little time before resuming his journey to the trading post. The weather was changing rapidly—in a few hours at most the river trail would be dangerous to travel.

Building a fire in the sheet-iron stove, he set the coffee pot on the open blaze. While the coffee was warming he went out to feed his dogs their ration of frozen fish, and to harness them to the komatik for the trip to the post. Returning to the cabin he drank the now hot coffee, and stuffing his pocket with cold bannock and jerked venison, he donned his parka and heavy fur coat, piled his winter's catch upon the sled, and set off down the Stewart River Trail.

After five hours of steady mushing Sandy reached the end of his journey. Inside the post building sounded the excited babble of many voices, indicating that numerous trappers had already arrived.

As he halted his team of huskies before the post a sudden uproar broke out inside and the door was violently flung open as a man came hurtling through the air, to land with a sickening crunch on the hard packed snow at Sandy's feet.

The one who had been so forcibly ejected crawled painfully to his knees and attempted to rise, but was unable to do so until assisted by Sandy. As he limped off into the gloom of the Arctic night, the latter recognized him as

By
ARTHUR F. SLIGER

Joe Pete, a half-blood Indian who did odd jobs about the post, and sometimes trapped on the side.

As Sandy mounted the steps to the post the factor's bull-like voice floated out after the departing Indian:

"You onery sneakin' Siwash, don't you ever show yurh dirty face inside this door again. If you do I'll wring yurh damn neck."

With his bundle of furs on his back Sandy pushed by the irate factor into the room, where he was greeted noisily by his several friends who were just in from their trap lines with their winter's catch.

Slamming shut the heavy door, the factor strode back to the warmth of the stove, anger written large upon his brutal face.

"That danged lousy Siwash claimed I owed him money fer some furs," he remarked to no one in particular.

McDermott, the factor at Stewart River, was a huge mountain of a man, massive of shoulder, with bull-like neck and small piggish eyes that peered out from under beetling eyebrows.

He had taken the post at Stewart River in the late autumn, supplanting the former factor, Michales, who had given up the position because of ill health. McDermott's overbearing, domineering way had won him few friends among the trappers and prospectors who came to Stewart River Post.

An old grizzle-haired trapper leaning against the counter said carelessly, "Some o' these days that breed's going to stick a skinning knife clear through you, McDermott, for the way you've been roughing him."

"The hell you say!" McDermott growled sullenly, looking up from his inspection of Sandy's furs. "You 'tend to your own business, Fruel, and I'll 'tend to mine. That lazy breed," he added, "owes me fer some grub he bought last month and I'm keeping his furs in payment fer the same. I ain't running no charity bazaar fer a lazy bunch of Siwash Indians."

Then, abruptly, the tirade ceased, as he uncovered the silver fox pelt. A light of greedy interest flickered for a

second in his small eyes, then just as quickly it was gone, leaving his harsh-featured face expressionless.

"That's a mighty thin fur, Sandy," the Factor said, after a critical examination of the silver fox. But I'll give you two hundred for this, and a couple hundred more for those martin and otter skins. That's the best I can do, too. Want to take my offer or not?"

"But man, that's a prime pelt," Sandy argued. "Why I just took it from the trap this morning. And you say it's thin furred?"

McDermott, with massive shoulders hunched forward over the counter, straightened abruptly, his broad flat face suffused with an angry sneer.

"Hell, no, Sandy!" He almost shouted the words.

"I've told you once that that damn' fur isn't a prime pelt. Not a cent more than two hundred will I give."

"But, McDermott, the other factor paid me five hundred dollars for a fur like this last winter."

McDermott's eyes narrowed into mere slits. "This isn't the other factor, Sandy, let me remind you. I've already told you what I'll give you for that pelt, and that's that, see? You can take it or leave it—I don't care which."

McDermott was the larger of the two men. But what Sandy lacked in stature he made up in lithe quickness and bull-dog determination, of which the factor was well aware.

"You fellows," McDermott went on, addressing the crowd of trappers who, lounging about the big stove, had been interested listeners to the conversation. "might as well learn now as later on that things

will be different since I've taken this post. The company sent me up here to make money for them—not to give it away to a lazy bunch of loafers."

His hearers vouchsafed no reply to the factor's outburst; neither did they offer to corroborate Sandy's statement as to the price the former factor had paid for his furs. Some shuffled their feet uneasily as they covertly regarded the factor. Then in ones and twos they silently filed out—all save Sandy, who stood by the stove, fondling the silver fox pelt.

Presently he began readjusting his pack. The job completed he laid the bundle upon the counter and reached for a moose-hide poke which he carried in a side pocket of his fur-lined mackinaw. Surreptitiously he withdrew the moose-hide poke and, turning his back to the scowling factor, he poured a few tiny glittering nuggets into the palm of his hand. McDermott stepped silently upon an

upturned box behind the counter and peered over the trapper's shoulder. The factor's eyes bulged with amazement, and his lips formed a soundless whistle as he regarded the bulging poke. Then he stepped down from the box as Sandy turned and spoke.

"Hell, Mac, I don't have to sell my catch to you. Just lay me out a supply of grub and some shells for my rifle. I'm hunting the trail for Wild Goose Creek like a wolf whelp hunting its mother. I'm going down to Fairbanks in the spring," he added, "so I'll hold my pelts and sell 'em down there to that St. Louis buyer. He's paying top prices; a free trader told me so last week."

With this remark, he handed the nuggets across the counter into the eager outstretched hands of the factor.

A glance at the portion given him by Sandy convinced the factor that it was placer gold. And he had heard rumors, from the many "breeds" loafing about the post, that Sandy was working a claim somewhere up Wild Goose Creek. As he dropped the gold into his own poke the factor mentally resolved that the trapper would never leave the post alive.

Dropping into a chair near the stove, Sandy picked up an old copy of a magazine that one of the trappers had left and began thumbing the worn pages as he awaited the wrapping of his grub supply.

McDermott, busily engaged in boxing the articles, glanced covertly at the trapper's back. His right hand crept slowly toward a gun lying just underneath the counter, while his small, beady eyes remained fixed on the back of the other man, cold and merciless.

The factor knew that the trapper's poke contained more gold than he could earn in a year at his present occupation; why not take it away from him? The trading post was deserted; no one would know. But McDermott, thinking of a safer scheme, drew his hand away from the gun.

Piling the bundles on the counter, the factor went to the rear of the store, returning presently bearing a quart fruit jar half full of whiskey.

"Have one on me, Sandy, before you turn in? This is a little private stuff I keep for my own use, you know."

Sandy's eyes narrowed a trifle and he hesitated for a second, then accepted the drink with a silent nod of thanks.

Super-wise was the factor, not only in the judging of pelts, but also in the mixing of drinks. Wishing to glean a little more information before the final blow, he mixed the drink accordingly.



Back and Forth Across the Floor the Two Men Fought, Battering Savagely

Sandy downed the glass of fiery whiskey at a single draught, and sputtering and coughing reached for his bundles. The factor laid a restraining hand on his arm: "They tell me you made a whale of a strike up Wild Goose Creek, Sandy. Said you were panning fifty to a hundred a throw. Anything to it?"

"Me make a big strike, McDermott? Somebody's been spoofing you. Of course I've washed out a little flour gold, and a few nuggets, but——"

The factor nodded and said nothing. That Sandy had found gold in quantity there was not a doubt; and was trying in his canny Scotch way to keep him from finding out its source. "Very well," he thought grimly, "he will find that I still have a card up my sleeve!"

Laughing as though he considered the factor's mention of his gold as a huge joke, Sandy, with his arms full of his purchases, started for the door. McDermott regarded him anxiously as he crossed the floor—had he made the drink too weak? But after the first few steps Sandy began to stagger. Turning about as if to make for a chair nearby, his legs suddenly buckled underneath him and he pitched forward on his face. As he fell he stammered his accusation:

"You—you skunk, you——"

He never finished the sentence, but lay quiet on the floor. The whole thing had gone through with clock-like precision, as had happened to more than one unlucky individual who had chanced to have something that the tricky factor coveted.

McDermott laughed harshly. With a cunning leer on his brutal face, he advanced toward the prostrate man and booted him roughly. Still chuckling to himself, he stooped and gathered Sandy in his mighty arms and carried him into another room, where he dumped him upon an empty bunk. In a moment the moose-hide poke was transferred to his own pocket. Next he secured a stout piece of rope with which he proceeded to tie the trapper's hands and feet.

This accomplished to his satisfaction, he sat down to think.

For several years McDermott had been in the employ of the trading company, going from one post to another. During all this time he had cheated his employers by petty thievery and juggling of accounts. He had left his last post by special orders, and had not had time to

straighten up his books. Sooner or later his speculations would be discovered, and a Mountie would be sent to Stewart River to apprehend him. Sandy's falling into his hands seemed like a God-send. Even though he did not find the claim, the pouch of dust would carry him far, far from the North Country and its relentless law. Sandy would come around after awhile and he would force him to tell where his gold was hidden. This information secured, he would kill him, and drop his body into a blow hole out on the Stewart River.

The damned fool! To think he could fool him! He'd been too long in the North to be fooled by any Siwash of

a trapper. To think he would show all that gold, even after his furs had been estimated at such a ridiculously low sum. Well—it served him right; a man who didn't have any more sense than that ought to lose his life as well as his gold.

Carefully closing and locking the door to his sleeping quarters, the factor returned to the store room to weigh and estimate the amount of gold filched from the trapper's pockets.

Somewhere out in the hills back of the trading post the mournful howl of a timber wolf shattered the silence. One of Sandy's huskies answered the cry. With a start McDermott sat bolt upright, while the gold scale clattered unnoticed to the floor. He had overlooked the trapper's dog team—he must do away with them at once. Failure to do so would be fatal. Donning a heavy fur coat, he went out into the night to eliminate this possible clue to the coming disappearance of Sandy. A few strokes with a keen-edged skinning knife freed the dogs,

and when the twenty-foot moose-hide whip snaked out over their backs with a loud report, the snarling huskies bounded away to the freedom they had so long desired. Grabbing the cut traces with his mittened hands, McDermott drew the komatik around to the rear of the building out of sight of any trapper who might chance to pass that night. Later, he would hide it where it would never be found.

As the factor returned from disposing of the komatik he noted with some surprise that a chinook wind had sprung up and was blowing steadily from out the south. An evil grin overspread his coarse features as he faced the south and felt the warm night air on his face. (Continued on page 58)



Ears Laid Back, Lips Curled in a Snarl, He Eyed the Brush Heap Warily

Born To Hang

By FRANK H. RENTFROW

THE JURY did not deliberate long. It was necessary only for them to look at one another understandingly. "Sure," said one, nodding sagaciously, "that guy was born to be hung!"

Within the lifetime of a cigarette the jury filed back into the courtroom, proud of their forensic efficiency.

The judge leaned over the desk. "... and I sentence you, Anthony Cefferetti, to hang by the neck until dead ... dead ... dead!"

Tony didn't shrink from the outstretched finger. He stood with placid unconcern, his eyes searching for the face of Big Dan. He still had faith in Big Dan's promise to spring him; and Big Dan always kept his word. Perhaps it was that pledged inviolability which had prompted Tony to unhesitatingly accept the Beer King's commission.

The killing itself had been executed with ease, for the victim's back was turned as Tony swooped down. The first shot would have been enough, but Tony went quite mad with lust as all the sanguinary precepts of his gangster school bobbed to the surface. He stood over the prostrate figure and pumped oath-launched bullets into the body. He turned to flee. Then the fingers of fate reached out and tumbled all the perfectly planned alibis into the discard. Tony plunged straight into the arms of a burly copper.

Even when the sentence had been passed and Tony was back in his cell, he had faith. He knew Big Dan was pulling strings, and when he pulled them it was laughable to watch the political marionettes dance.

"They'll never hang yu, Tony," he promised during a visit. "We couldn't beat the rap with alibis, but they're not going to string yu up. When I go to bat for a guy I hit in the pinches. Don't worry; you're as good as out now."

Tony didn't worry, he had all the faith of a Christian martyr. Somewhere in the dim and dismal past he recalled his mother telling him about a God who moved in mysterious ways — and Dan was Tony's god. In some incomprehensible fashion he would redeem his pledge.

He did—and even Tony was surprised by the abruptness. In the custody of Detective Sergeant O'Grady and two plain clothes men, Tony was being escorted from the county jail to the Bureau of Identification. They were still in the shadows of the gray, foreboding building when a black touring car drummed up Dearborn Street. With screeching brakes it stopped beside the waiting police Ford and the savage snout of a sub-Thompson popped from between the curtains.

"Stick 'em up, yu saps . . . Reach for the sky!"

A lithe, masked figure leaped out. Under protection of the protruding muzzle he relieved the officers of their weapons. One he retained, the others he kicked toward the machine to a confederate.

"Come on, O'Grady, kick through with the key to the bracelets. Hurry up! Our frien' Tony's got a date."

With arms elevated the sergeant silently submitted to the search. In a moment the lock of the handcuffs clicked and Tony was free. His faith was justified.

"I knew he'd never let me hang! I'll never . . ."

Something in an upper window stuttered coldly. Tony's deliverer plunged to the sidewalk, where he lay motionless and flat. Instinctively Tony snatched the revolver and stumbled toward the flame-spitting car. Over his shoulder he could see blue-clad men tumbling out of the door and down the steps of the station. Then in a horrified glance he saw something else. The touring car, with frenzied explosions of its exhaust, was careening down the street.

Tony turned sick. Big Dan had kept his promise all right. They'd never hang him . . . they'd shoot him down in the street . . . just like he plugged Mickey Greeder. O'Grady was yelling at him: "Come here, you wop, before we fill you full of lead!" The gallows suddenly projected themselves on Tony's brain. He'd never go back now unless on a stretcher. He spun about and fled toward Ohio Street, his pursuers padding behind him. Bullets crackled past his ears, but they only accelerated his flight.

At Ohio he turned west, knocking some urchin into the gutter. He kept on, across the street and down an alley. The door of a small rear garage stood open. He darted in, slamming home the bolt behind him.

"I fooled 'em," he exulted.

Cautiously he placed his eye to the lower corner of the window. The coppers thundered past. They'd never suspect he was hiding so close. Then he saw the kid he had bumped off the sidewalk. With the importance of a general he was waving his arms at the police.

"Hey! If yer lookin' fer th' li'l rat-faced wop without no hat, he went in that garage!"

Tony jerked the revolver from his pocket. With the red madness of revenge he fired. The kid crumpled and then crawled whimpering out of range. A blue coat flashed from behind a telegraph pole. Tony snapped a shot at it. From behind a garbage can someone was screaming profane commands. That would be O'Grady. Tony fired twice in quick succession. "They'll never take be back to hang," he cried hysterically, "Big Dan'll get me out of this."

O'Grady, behind the garbage can, moved slightly. A bullet thudded into the protecting ashes. "That's five," he muttered. "He should have only one left."

Reaching out he picked up a small stick. He placed his derby on it and raised it slowly to view. A sharp report sent it sailing.

"I think he's through now," said O'Grady. He stood up; his lips drawn to a thin line. "Better come out,

(Continued on page 56)





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Hash Marks

This issue of THE LEATHERNECK ends the fifteen volume and the fifteenth year of publication. Many magazines have been born, flourished and died in that decade and a half. Those that have survived have progressed, for nothing can long endure without moving toward a definite goal. And those that will survive in the future must continue to grow and improve.

Nearly sixteen years ago, in Quantico, THE LEATHERNECK was first published. It was then a four-page weekly newspaper, confining itself to news of that post. But as men departed for other stations, they would write articles to let the Quantico Marines know how things were going in other parts of the world. Gradually the idea grew and forced the enlargement of the paper.

Perhaps the thought of a Corps-wide publication lay in the minds of the earlier editors and they strove for that end, perhaps it was natural evolution, but at all events the magazine outgrew Quantico and was moved to Washington. Since then it has developed until it is generally conceded to be second to none in service publications.

We feel justifiable pride in our magazine, but we are still unsatisfied. We are aware of our limitations and shortcomings. We know where it can be improved. We want to go on, and with your support we shall go on. We ask nothing more than for you to keep us in touch with the activities of your command. There is always news at all times. Perhaps it doesn't appear interesting to you, for you may have lost the perspective, but to those who are not serving at your post, even the most commonplace incident has news value. A few pictures will help.

We take this opportunity to thank our subscribers and correspondents for their support and to extend to all our readers our best wishes for the coming holidays.

Be Your Age

As we grow older we try to get away from our tendency to estimate the worth of our fellow men at first glance. As children we often looked upon the gaudy liveried elephant leader in the circus parade or the uniformed doorman at a theater as the last word in superiority to the belittlement of all others, geniuses and ordinary people alike. If there was nothing about the appearance of people we met to appeal to our young eyes, we forthwith concluded that they were not important after all. In the same way situations were dealt with and often we censured people and reached conclusions prematurely which later were shown to us to be entirely wrong.

Some of us almost succeed in discarding hasty judgments of people and situations while there are others who have not learned that jumping at conclusions is a danger-

ous process. We owe the term "drunken sailor" to people who have not gone into the subject of sailors very thoroughly before putting the words on paper. Many of our best friends, when we tarry to think about it, are those we disliked when we first met them.

It is better to reserve judgment until sufficient information is obtained for "condemnation before investigation" is about as short a route to error as we know.

The Marine Corps League

At a recent conference, the officers of the Marine Corps League designated THE LEATHERNECK as the official organ of that alliance. Henceforth news concerning the activities of various detachments of the Marine Corps League will be found in the pages set aside for that purpose.

This consummates a desire and fulfills a long-founded plan that THE LEATHERNECK should reach out and band together all the various units of Marines, active and inactive. The brotherhood of the Corps extends far, and a single medium for the exchange of news and ideas is a desirable feature.

We extend a hearty welcome to the Marine Corps League, and thank those who will contribute news items to our columns.

Opportunity

The whole world is looking and waiting for opportunities. Among all classes of people we find the big ones, the little ones, rich and poor, all of whom are looking for an opportunity to do something they have never tried before. Very few are contented, for they ever long to do something new. Not so many are fortunate enough to find the satisfying things in life because they aren't able to recognize opportunity when it presents itself. How often have we heard it said, "If I only had an opportunity—a chance—I would do this and that." But, the real cure is found only in reason and diligent labor. Opportunity is not a miracle that comes at some given time and then vanishes as quickly as a cloud mist. Although true that it doesn't tarry for those who are hesitant, it is ever present in daily life. Tomorrow isn't the day to look for it, but today is the day to find it. The way to discover and use opportunity to a good advantage is to start each day right and end it as well as circumstances will permit.

Patriotism

Love of country finds its expression in patriotism, and in the serving of the nation in time of stress and trouble. It takes strange twists, and is one of the great forces which run like a red flame through the blood of a multitude, arousing the masses as no other force can.

The great war gave ample demonstration of its power. Even the men of the Kaiser carried on "For the Fatherland" to the bitter end. And among the far-flung dominions of the British Empire, the "Princess Pats" were the shining example of its sway. For King and Country 4,200 men of the Pats embarked for Flanders' fields. One private, a wearer of the Victoria Cross, swung down the streets of Quebec in the final parade "of the regiment." The others are still in Flanders.

And for America, the Marines are noted, and have a certain reputation for being the foremost exponents of "certain inalienable rights." How many times has the press carried the brief caption, "The Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand." It would be hard to erase from the memory of the Corps, Belleau Wood, rechristened for the United States Marines.



COMPLIMENT TO HER HOSTS

Our recent anecdote about the child who rendered the second line of the Lord's Prayer: "Hollywood be Thy name," has brought to us, from Mrs. C. M. R., a story which is new to us if not to all of our readers:

A little girl from Boston whose name was Halliwell was spending the night with the Cabots. She knelt at Mrs. Cabot's knee to say her evening prayer.

"Our Father Who art in Heaven," the little one began devoutly, "Cabot be Thy name."

"What? That is not right, dear!" said the startled lady.

"Oh," said the child, "of course at home I say, 'Halliwell be Thy name,' but here I thought it more polite to say 'Cabot'."—*Boston Transcript*.

A coster pushing a hand-cart of shrimps, confronted by a parliamentarian in his limousine, was roughly ordered to get out of the way.

"Get out of the road yourself," returned the coster.

"You don't know who I am, evidently. I have M. P. at the end of my name."

"So has every blinkin' shrimp in this 'ere barrer of mine," was the retort.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did you hear about Smith making a million dollars in cotton?"

"Yes, I heard about it, but you've got the story wrong; it wasn't Smith, it was Jones—it wasn't cotton, it was copper—it wasn't a million dollars, it was a hundred thousand, and he didn't make it—he lost it."—*Gas News*.

Driving down-town alone you seldom see a girl waiting on a corner. But driving down with your wife you'll see one on every corner.—*Florida Times-Union*.

Parson (to Swedish girl convert): "We welcome you to our fold and hope you will come to church regularly. I will call at your home some evening soon."

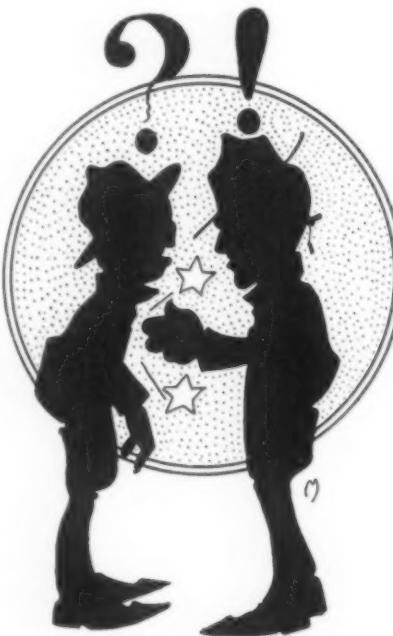
Swedish Girl: "No tanks. Ay have a feller."—*Exchange*.

1st Lt.—Why isn't Jane at the dance to-night, I thought she was so popular?

2nd Lt.—That's just it, she's so popular that no one thought there was any use asking her.—*Exchange*.

CAN'T BLAME HIM

Frenchman—You are funny people, you Engleesh. You take strong whiskey; put your water in it to make it weak; you put sugar in it to make it sweet; you put lemon in it to make it sour; then you say, "Here's to you," and drink it yourself! Mon Dieu!



Binks—"I'll stick to you to the last dollar, old pal."

Jinks—"Whose, yours or mine?"

Roberts: "Has your car a good cooling system?"

Woods: "I should say so! You ought to see it knock the pedestrians cold!"

—A. A. A.

"Mary," said Mrs. Newrich to the new maid, "you may take the dog out and give him some air."

"Yes, ma'am," acquiesced Mary. "And please, ma'am where will I find the nearest service station?"—*Wall Street Journal*.

MYSTERY OF THE MORGUE

Before the New York *Evening Post* moved to West Street, it was known as "the old lady of Vesey Street." Everything was prim and proper about it. A few years ago, before the reorganization of the filing system, there was occasion in the office to look up clippings of the Wall Street explosion. The hunt immediately became complicated. Nothing was to be found under "Wall Street," "Explosions," "Disasters," "Bombs," or even "Reds."

Finally they telephoned to the home of the former archivist, retired.

"Where in the name of the Villard family," demanded a frantic editor, "did you file the clippings of the Wall Street explosion?"

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "look in the letter M cabinet. You will find it under 'Mishaps'."

—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

Caller—"And what are the twins to be named, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Helen and Maria."

Caller—"Why no, Johnny; it can't be that."

Johnny—"Well, anyhow, that's what pop said when the nurse brought 'em in."—*Boston Transcript*.

Lady: "I wish to purchase one of your radio sets on the deferred payment plan."

Dealer: "Can you give any references?"

Lady: "Yes, indeed. The last dealer we bought one from will be glad to tell you that there wasn't a single scratch on the cabinet when he took it back."

—*Kablegram*.

"A good worker, but talks too much," wrote the teacher on Jimmy's report card which fell into his father's hands.

When Jimmy returned the card to his teacher she found written across it: "You ought to hear his mother."

—*American Motorist*.

Down at Quantico the other day a member of a working party slipped and fell from the roof of a barracks. He was stunned, but not badly hurt. Among the crowd that rushed to aid him, the injured man saw the police sergeant. He got to his feet unsteadily.

"I'm not goldbrickin', Sergeant. I had to come down anyway for some more nails."

A COFFIN A CARLOAD

Undertaker Peter Perkins was driving a loaded spring wagon containing a coffin into town. Miranda Higgins, the village spinster, long, lean and bony, hailed him and asked for a lift to town.

"Sorry, there's no room up here on the seat, as I have a box of eggs here, Miranda," he answered. Whereupon she asked if he'd mind her sitting on the coffin. He said no, not if she didn't.

As they drove past the corner store Jake Johnson, half-intoxicated, caught sight of them and called, excitedly: "Hey, Pete! Pete, I say. Look, the corpse is out!"



Wife—"And the last time you were drunk you promised me so faithfully you would never get drunk again."

Soused Hubby—"Madam, this is not again. This is yet."

Leaning over his dying wife, the rummy moaned in an agonized whisper: "Mary, my darling, open your eyes. Can't you see me?"

The dying wife, with her eyes still closed, replied very faintly, "No, Jim dear—but I can smell—your breath."

—American Motorist.

Hecker: "I hear you boys in the Service know a lot about love. Do you know what love is?"

Snorky: "Lissen, sodbuster, just now we're worrying about having our ration allowances cut out and as far as I'm concerned 'love' is the tenth word in a pre-paid ten-word telegram."

—American Motorist.

The whole regiment knew that the colonel was a bad horseman, and when the order to move off was given, the band struck up the regimental march. The colonel's horse was not fond of music, and everybody was interested in its antics—so interested that the front rank of the first company bunched up in the middle. "Ease off," shouted the captain of the first company. "No 'e ain't," shouted a recruit, "but 'e soon will be."—Walla-Walla.

A Motorist who had just made a purchase from the proprietor of a jewelry shop.

"I see," he said, "your sign reads 'A. Fraud, Jeweler.' That seems rather unfortunate. Why don't you use your full christian name?"

"Well," replied the proprietor, "my full name would sound worse, it's Adam."—Walla-Walla.

"Waiter — hic — bring me a dish o' prunes."

"Stewed, sir?"

"Thash none o' your bishness."—Jokes.

COULD SEE THAT MUCH

A man in a deep state of mental confusion was shouting and kicking most vigorously at a lamppost, when the noise attracted a nearby policeman.

"What's the matter?" he asked the energetic one.

"Oh, never mind, mishter. Tash all right," was the reply. "I know she's home all right—I shee a light upstairs!"—Jokes.

The cadets were lined up on the field for inspection, and as the commandant strode down the line he stopped suddenly before one young man and said: "You remind me a great deal of General Grant."

"Really, sir?" responded the cadet, eagerly.

"Yes, he didn't shave, either!"

—Walla-Walla.

A wealthy society lady had just engaged a new maid and was instructing her in the duties of waiting on the table.

"At dinner, Mary," she explained, "you must remember always to serve from the left and take the plates from the right. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl condescendingly. "What's the matter, superstitious or something?"

—New York Morning Telegraph.



He—"Would you marry a man who lied to you."

She—"You don't think I want to be an old maid, do you?"

A certain staff non-com in Parris Island gave a party at his quarters. It didn't break up until the wee sma' hours. Before bidding his guests good night he asked one of them to slide down to the corner and see if the M. P. was anywhere about.

After a long wait the guest returned, followed closely by another man. "Sorry the M. P. wasn't there," explained the guest; "but I went on down to the guard house and invited the corporal of the guard to come."

The returning liberty hound paused at the gate. "Wanna drink?" he asked the sentry.

"Nope! For three good reasons I don't want a drink. The first is, I don't drink; the second is, I'm on duty, and the third is, I've just had one."

Al: "I hear you were arrested for voting three times."

Alice: "Yes, and I don't see why, either. I was only changing my mind."—Selected.

LEARNING FROM GRANNY

A certain grandson of Queen Victoria, when a freshman at Oxford, had spent all of his allowance and, what is worse, gone ten pounds in debt.

He appealed to his royal grandmother, asking her for an advance on future remittances. He didn't get it. Instead, he received a lengthy letter from that austere lady containing some reproof and much, much advice.

In due course the young man replied to this. He had, he said, decided to heed everything his grandmother had to say about conservatism and thrift and had, in fact, already begun by selling the original of her letter to a collector for twenty-five pounds.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Two colored boys were having an argument about ghosts. One of them claimed to have seen a ghost as he passed the cemetery the night before.

"Whut was dishere ghos' doin' when you' las' seen him?" asked the doubting one.

"Jes fallin' behin', mistah; fallin' behin' rapid."—A. A. A.

"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary? I hope you have given the matter a serious consideration?" "Oh, I have sir," was the earnest reply. "I have been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of his hair, and have been to one of those asterologers, and to a meejum, and they all tell me to go ahead, sir. I ain't one to marry reckless-like, sir."

—Presbyterian Witness.

Betty was taking her first ocean voyage, and for the first three days the sea was as smooth as glass. On the fourth day out a squall came up and the good ship bounced around like a broncho.

"Mother," finally asked Betty, "what's the matter? Are we on a detour?"

—Selected.

Magistrate: "Witness says you neither slowed down nor tried to avoid the pedestrian."

Motorist: "I took all precautions. I blew my horn and cursed him."

—Answers (London).

Customer: "Last week I bought a tire cover from you and now I want my money back."

Clerk: "Why?"

Customer: "I put it on one of my tires and hadn't driven ten miles before the blamed thing wore out."

—American Motorist.

Canvasser—"Madame, I am taking data for the new political directory. What party does your husband belong to?"

Mrs. Peck—"Take a good look, Mister—I'm the party!"—Buffalo (N. Y.) Truth.



"Can you operate a typewriter?"

"Yes, sir, I use the Biblical system."

"I never heard of it."

"Seek and ye shall find."



A CHRISTMAS ALIBI

By Arthur Guiterman

I never brought a box of gloves
To her I hold divinely fair,
But that her voice, a sucking dove's,
Announced that she had eighteen pair.

I never offered sugared treats
To her whose presence makes me glad,
But that she grieved to own that sweets
Were what her doctor most forbade.

I never sent her roses red
Or pinks that seraphim might pull,
But that with deep regret she said
That every vase and bowl was full.

I never laid a sapphire blue
Before my paragon of girls,
But that she sighed, "I thought you knew
I never wear a thing but pearls!"

I never gave such gifts to her,
My sweetest chuck and dearest pal,
And since you see what would occur
In case I did, I never shall.

NECESSITY

By Jerry Evans

I must go back. Too long have I been
bowing
To pavement, tunnel, shaft of steel and
stone—
Too long has clamor warped response, al-
lowing
Strange moods to penetrate the blood
and bone.

I must return to ropes of planets swinging
Their satellites across the waiting sky—
To winds strung on a frame of nimbus
clinging
To space impervious to time or eye—

To grasses depthless as green water run-
ning
To meet the wide adventure of the sea,

And pine and balsam, smooth with fra-
grance, sunning
Their shadows in contented clarity—
To filaments of music stirring faintly
From fledglings throats to turn the drift
of dawn,
And to retiring flowers nodding quaintly
At the soft question trodden by a fawn.

I must return to beauty fully measured
In no more than a raindrop quenching
land—
To all the simple ways the heart has treas-
ured
And trusted to the mind to understand.

CATHAY

The fluted sails of Chinese junks
Sway down the harbor's walls—
A crazy bit of restlessness
That drifts—and calls—and calls.
The eerie note of coolie songs—
The bags of rice—and frogs—
The never-ending crooked streets—
A Mandarin's gay togs—

The jerky chant of sing song words—
The chests of tea, and fans—
The wooden combs, and ivory,
The incense and sampans—
All these are part of haunting dreams
That call me back to ride
A riksha up some furtive street
Where Buddha's smile is wide.

Oh, let me know the mystery
Of Shanghai's lacquered ways—
The Almond eyes—the satin hair—
The poppy-scented days—
The peppers hanging in a fringe,
The silks and bulbs and beads,
The sing-song chant of Cathay words
Like shrill winds in the reeds.

Somewhere tonight a gong boomed forth,
And incense drifted by—
And in my dreams I saw the sails
Of junks in far Shanghai.
—Cristel Hastings, Mill Valley, Calif.,
in *The Mountaineer*.

HYBRID SONNET

By Frank H. Rentfrow

Perhaps, my dear, on some yet distant day,
When other loves like mine have come and
gone,
A fragment of some wounded lover's song
Will bid you pause and cause your heart to
say:
"Ah, once there was a bard who wove for
me
Soft amorous songs of sheer simplicity.
He fashioned them from fabric in his heart,
With more sincerity and love than art."
Will you grow softer then, or mock and
sneer?
Or will you don the Thespian mask serene
and laugh because beneath it lies a tear
Trembling there, but by the world unseen?
Or will you say in words so crisp and chill:
"I wonder if the poor fool loves me still?"

TO BE A MARINE

By Stephen Stanley

Oh for the life of a U. S. Marine
The places he's been,
And the things that he's seen.
He's been to old China
Away 'cross the sea
And to fair Manila
That far boundary.
He's been to fair 'Rico
Nearby to the States.
He's served in dark Haiti
Sometimes in dire straits.

He's served in Pan'ma
'Neath the sweltering sun
On the plains of old Mex'
With the spicks on the run.
He's served in Paree
Where he drowned all his sorrows.
He's served in Nic'ragua
Where he suffered all horrors.
He served with the Allies
In the grand Escapade.
He's undaunted, he's fearless
He's never afraid.
He's the man for the moment
He's the man for the job
Just mention a fight
And up he will bob.
He's rough and he's ready
But a gentleman at heart.
He'll fight for his country
Right out from the start.
He'll talk of things done
And things that he's seen
But I'd give all my all
To be a U. S. Marine.

A 'ELL O' A TIME

The following verse was picked up in a French hospital. The author is unknown, but obviously a British soldier. We feel that this poem is especially appropriate for our Christmas number.

The mud's knee deep in the trenches,
An' me bones is raked with cold,
An' I warm my 'ands at the charcoal tin
'Fore ever I take a 'hold
O' me snub-nosed service rifle,
On the foresight shines,
An' sends a message o' love and peace
Into the German lines.
Ping! That's a Merry Christmas!
Ping! That's the same to you!
O, for the sight of a mistletoe bough
An' a good mince pie for two.
Jimmy 'e's got my girl on 'is knee
An' Billy 'e swings me beer,
But I'm 'aving a 'ell o' a time
Pottin' the Germans 'ere.

I'm froze right through to the marrow,
An' me coat's been wet for a week,
For you ain't got time for a wash an' brush
When the guns begin to speak.
We're ahead o' the commissariat staff
An' all we 'ave to eat
Is Rooty soaked to a slab o' mud
An' Arriat 'am for meat.
Ping! That's 'ow are you farin'?
Ping! That's 'opin' you're fine!
But I'd sell my soul for a slice o' goose
An' a glass o' sherry wine.
Jimmy 'e's 'aving 'is pals alone,
Billy 'e cops the brew,
But I'm 'avin' a 'ell o' a time
Seein' my country through.

But, strewth! It's a Merry Christmas,
'At's we in the trenches get,
Though our 'ands is froze till it's 'ard to
shoot,
An' our socks in our boots is wet.
Me, I couldn't be 'appy
'Long a fire tonight,
When I knows full well as I'm hale and
strong
An' fit for the 'ardest fight.
Ping! That's a Merry Christmas!
Ping! That's a glad New Year!
But wimmen an' kids feel safe tonight,
They wouldn't if we weren't 'ere.
Jimmy 'e's smokin' a black cheroot
An' Billy a fat cigar;
I'm 'avin' a 'ell o' a time out 'ere,
An' I'm darned glad I are.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

THE BLACK SWAN. By Rafael Sabatini (Houghton-Mifflin). A story of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. A romantic novel of Morgan's time; one of the best from the pen of the modern Dumas. \$2.00

AMONG THE TRUMPETS. By Leonard Nason (Houghton-Mifflin). The author of "Chevrons," "The Man in the White Slicker," etc., back again. This time he offers eight rollicking yarns about the leather-pounding cavalry. \$2.00

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. By Erich Dwingler (Scribners). A vivid, blood-curdling story of the retreat of Koltchak's White army through Siberia. A detailed narrative of wild adventure told by a German war prisoner serving as a White officer, one of the few survivors. \$2.75

SHUDDERS AND THRILLS (the second Oppenheim Omnibus). By E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown). A collection of Mr. Oppenheim's mystery stories. The volume contains more than one thousand pages. Two novels and some forty short stories are included. \$2.50

MUD AND STARS. Edited by Dortha York (Holt). A collection of World War songs and poetry, more or less carefully expurgated. Nearly three hundred selections are included. \$2.50

SQUADS WRITE! Edited by John T. Winterich (Harpers). A selection of prose, verse and cartoons from the great newspaper of the A. E. F., *The Stars and Stripes*. \$4.00

12 SECRETS OF THE CAUCASUS. By Essad-Bey (Viking Press). Delightful legends of the remote country lying between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea. \$3.00

OLD MANOA. By Glenn Allan (Appleton). A rare characterization of a southern horse-breeder. \$2.00

I SAILED WITH CHINESE PIRATES. By Aleko E. Lilius (Appleton). A first person narrative of dangerous adventure among the pirates and bandits of China. \$4.00

THE UNKNOWN WAR. By Winston Churchill (Scribner). A detailed explanation of the Eastern Front activities, and the sequence of events that plunged the world into war. \$5.00

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR. Introduced by H. M. Tomlinson (Harpers). Sixty-six stories of the great war. A few of the authors: Conrad, Captain Thomason, John Galsworthy, Nason, Ernest Hemingway, Laurence Stallings, Somerset Maugham. No finer representation of war fiction could be collected. \$3.50

LAND OF CHECKERBOARD FAMILIES. By Arthur J. Burks (Coward-McCann). A former Marine officer presents the best tale of Santo Domingo that has evolved from the occupation. \$2.50

BETWEEN THE BIG PARADES. By Maj.-Gen. Franklin W. Ward (Waterbury). A splendid, although somewhat localized story of the war. A clever sense of humor makes this an outstanding tale; and the author has spared us the bloodletting and horror usually accredited to this type of literature. \$2.50

SIR BILLY HOWE. By Bellamy Partidge (Longmans). Revealing after the passing of many years some interesting sidelights on our Revolutionary War. \$3.50

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

SCAPA FLOW

DEATH OF A FLEET, by Paul Schubert and Langhorne Gibson (Coward-McCann). \$3.00.

Beneath the cold waters of Scapa Flow sank the German High Seas Fleet, tragically symbolic of the passing of a mighty navy. What lay behind the scuttling of the ships, what wheel of intrigue revolved to send these steel leviathans to their doom has long been a mystery. At last it has been revealed.

Paul Schubert and Langhorne Gibson collaborated for a year and a half, delving into the secrets of Germany's collapse. Many interesting facts have been uncovered. In a foreword the authors say:

"Men will dwell for centuries upon the strange end of a mighty sea power. We have tried to portray the facts and also the excitement—for hearts beat high and people were terribly afraid during these affairs. Life had become very raw and desperate—often men closed their eyes to leap into the unknown, rather than face a present which had become impossible."

And very well have the authors succeeded. The horror and tenseness, the tragic futility of German aristocracy attempting to dam the raging torrent, the cheapness of life in those days, are transmitted effectively.

The story begins with the inception of restlessness aboard one of the ships in the Fourth Squadron. Increasingly bad food, the relaxing of discipline and the lack of action precipitated the first overt act. The men refused their rations. Mutiny was imminent.

A stoker, Hans Becker by name, proposed the organizing of seamen into a union. The proposal was met with enthusiasm. It was not long before he led some fifty men ashore to stage a demonstration. Upon their return, eleven men, including the instigator, were arrested. A court-martial sentenced five of the conspirators to death; but the sentence of three was commuted.

This demonstration, however, paved the way for others. And the revolt spread from ship to ship. Sailors who were ordered out to break up meetings joined the mutiny.

The story increases in drama as it progresses, and the climax comes after the fleet had been delivered to the British at Scapa Flow, where the ships were scuttled.

This powerful account is well worth the reading, not only for its historic importance, but for the interesting manner in which it is presented.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

SPEARS AGAINST US, By Cecil Roberts (Appleton). \$2.50.

"Spears Against Us" is a war novel of a different kind. Mr. Roberts has taken one of the oldest themes, that in which friends or kinsmen find themselves fighting against one another through force of circumstances, and has woven it into a delightful romance of the World War. Perhaps "delightful" was not exactly a felicitous word to employ, for at times there is a pall of gloom, and stark tragedy stalks through the pages.

It is the story of an Austrian and an English family, and the almost Damon and Pythias friendship of two of the sons, Ian Crawley and Karl Edelstein.

The story opens with Ian and Karl returning to the Schloss Edelstein in the Tyrol, after attending school in England. We meet the rest of the Edelstein household, the countess, who rarely forgot her German birth; the count, who sought elsewhere the passionate affection his Teutonic wife withheld; Hugo and Anna, the twins, and Paula, the smouldering volcano. The Crawley family, is introduced by reference.

The foundation of the story is somewhat lengthy, but perhaps justified because of the character delineation of each individual, and to impress upon the reader the strength of the idealistic friendship existing between the two families. Karl falls in love with Jane Crawley, and Ian becomes enamored of Paula, although not seriously.

War comes to tear the two families apart. Karl as an officer in the Austrian army experiences the hardships of Serbia, Galicia, and finally Italy, where he meets his death. Ian serves on the Western Front, and the two friends correspond throughout.

When the war at last ended, Ian returns to Vienna, where he finds his friends existing under the terrible hardships imposed by the government. He is able to alleviate some of the suffering. Paula is in Budapest, and Ian decides to surprise her.

In Budapest the young Englishman encounters his sister's fiancé, whom he chides for a poor correspondent. Then sudden tragedy spreads its black wings, and the book ends with surprising suddenness, although we are told that the further adventures of the surviving members of the Edelstein family may be found in "Pamela's Spring Song," published in England.

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1932

THE LEATHERNECK,

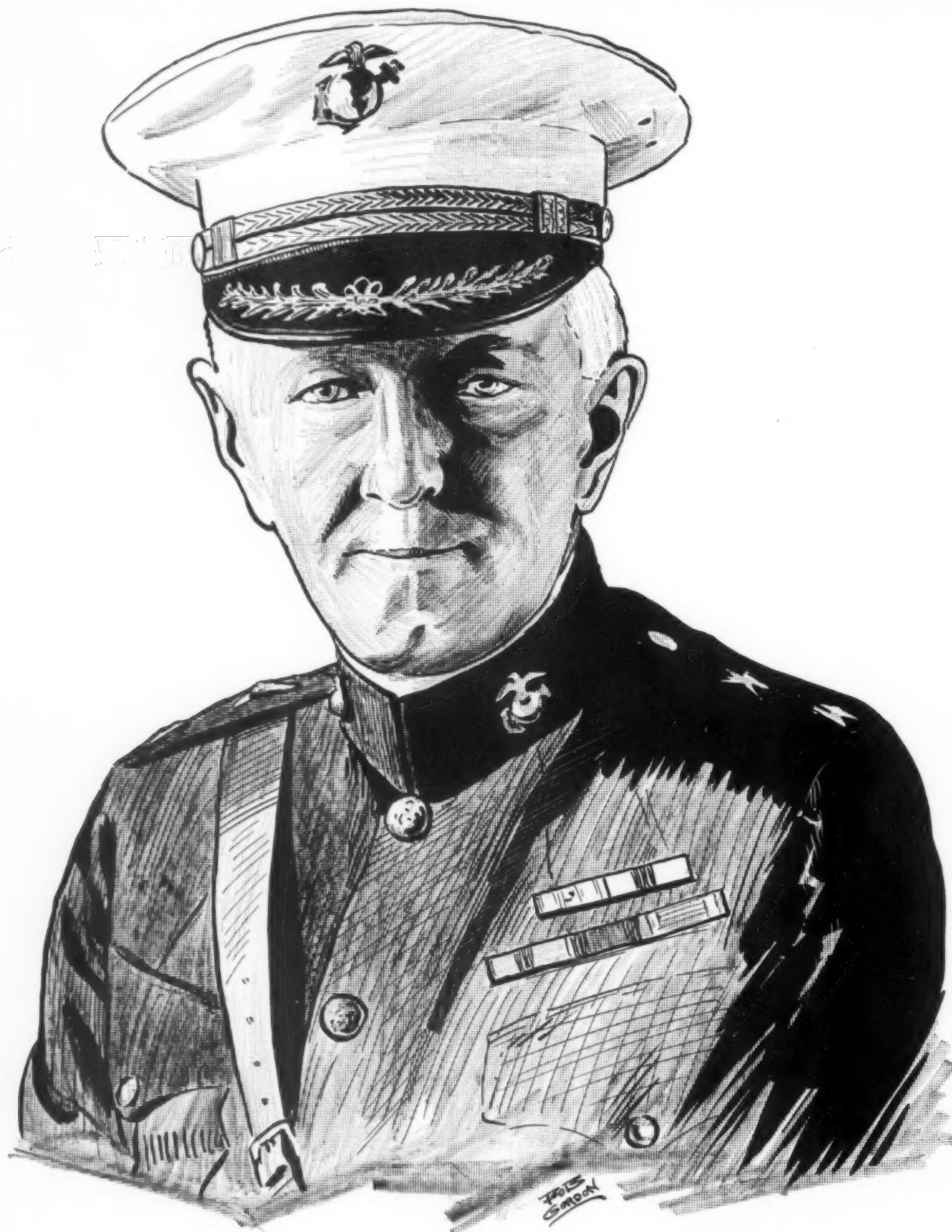
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Enclosed please find.....for.....Dollars.

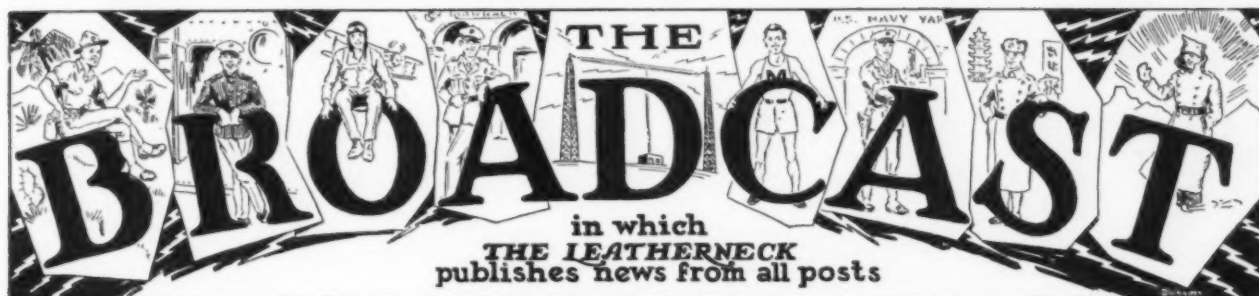
Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

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MAJOR GENERAL BEN H. FULLER, COMMANDANT, U. S. MARINES
General Fuller was appointed commandant two years ago on the twentieth of this month



MARINE BARRACKS, PHILADELPHIA

By Lieutenant Brown

The post baseball team, even with the punch added by the arrival of the big guns from Quantico, Corporals Henry and Richards and Private Sullivan, was forced to content itself with second place in the six-team Navy Yard Baseball League. Considerable interest was maintained by the team and its closest fans throughout a long and varied season.

At the Spencer Match, down at Sea Girt, New Jersey, on 10 September, Lt. Van Orden shot high score with the service rifle at 1200 yards. On the 17th of September, the rifle team walked in on the Sadler Trophy match at the same place and walked out fifty points better than their nearest opponent, the New Jersey National Guard. So, in the very near future, another trophy will be added to our already large collection. In the second match, the Dryden Trophy match, the Marines trailed the winners by twelve points for a second and a close finish. On the following weekend, Lieutenants Blanchard and Van Orden and Corporal Parker returned to Sea Girt to shoot in the Second Corps Area President's match. Lieutenant Van Orden took third, and Lieutenant Blanchard, one point behind, fifth place; while Corporal Parker annexed tenth. Match scores were very close, fifth place being only three points behind first.

The indoor rifle range is being reconstructed and much interest is being shown in a gallery rifle and pistol team to fire indoor matches during the coming winter. The post pistol team met nine other teams last winter with fair success and it is expected that this program will be extended this year.

A large body of Marines turned out for the first of a series of smokers to be held in the Navy Yard during the fall and winter, this year. Two good wrestling bouts and seven fistie bouts chuck full of flying leather, kept the crowd on edge all evening. Corporal Karlage of the Barracks Detachment, and Private Haley of the Receiving Station, crashed through in excellent style in their respective weights.

Thirty candidates turned out for the football team this fall and the team evolving boasts a heavy line and a promising backfield. The rather ambitious schedule includes University of Pennsylvania Frosh, Valley Forge Military Academy, Receiving Station, Navy Yard, Swarthmore Frosh, and other teams of like caliber.

An excellent handball court has been built for the benefit of enlisted personnel. What is more, it is one of those rare animals, a regulation one with a full 16 by 20 foot backboard. A post handball team will be formed to compete with the team repre-

senting the German Training Ship *Karlsruhe*, which is to arrive in Philadelphia on 3 November.

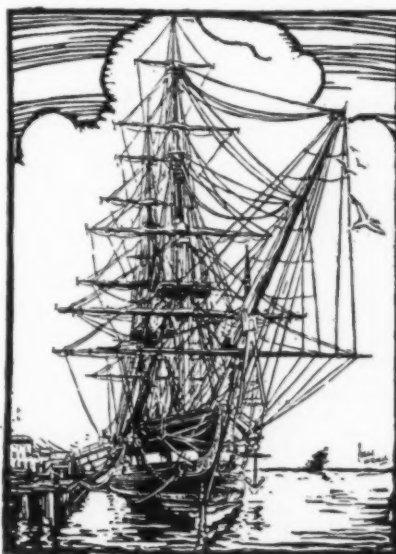
All hands welcome our new Commanding Officer, Colonel Evans, and hope that his tour here will be one to be remembered pleasantly. The Colonel has just completed a tour as observer on the scene of the Tribal uprisings in North Africa.

We'll be looking for a new sergeant major here, shortly. Sergeant Major Rider is going out in December on twenty years' service. First Sergeant Welshhans has taken the place of First Sergeant Hughes in the Barracks Detachment. Hughes is now at Camp Rapidan, Va.

OLD IRONSIDES

By J. C.

Well folks, another month gone by and "Old Ironsides" is still tied up at the Washington Navy Yard. But not for long



Courtesy Am. Motorist

Old Ironsides

now! Ere this month has passed the old frigate will have begun its western cruise.

Ski, our sergeant, wishes that the frigate would remain here indefinitely. We wonder why. Probably his matrimonial responsibilities are growing. Lamont decided that he would stay here so he has cancelled his extension and is now a short timer. No West Coast for him! He no doubt has reasons other than his desire to become a farmer for wanting to stay here.

Corporal Billert, better known as "Hank,"

feels very lonesome; nearly all members of the detachment have married and he is still single. Probably he has been told that the coming winter would be a cold one.

O. Timm, Jr., is back with us again. We wonder how he feels now that his broad shoulders have become loaded with the responsibilities of marriage. As the ship is to stop at Jacksonville, Florida, enroute to the West Coast, he will no doubt be happy again, as that city is the home of his better half.

Lindsay felt that the "Forecastle Gang" should always be well represented by Marines, so when Ski contracted a cold he replaced him in the ranks of the crooners.

"Goldie," the one and only real songbird, wouldn't permit a mere cold to rob his public of his voice. His musical warble can still be heard over the WMAL network every Thursday at 5:15 P. M. That's the old Marine Corps spirit, Goldie, Old Boy!

Gould has been very quiet of late, in fact ever since the *Grebe* left us and although he was promoted last month, even that did not take away his sadness. Cheer up, Gould! We will soon be traveling again and the *Grebe* will tow us as before, then you will have your dear "Rosie" with you again and ever at your side for a long, long time. You see—better times ARE around the corner!

Waller, our loudspeaker, must have reformed. Oh yes, he can still be heard but not as often nor as loud as before. Poor boy, he must be ill and then it may be that the bet he lost recently has quieted him somewhat. Little boys that bet on elections shouldn't have any money. Let that be a lesson to you and after this only bet on cinches (ha-ha-ha).

Bennett, our silent man from the south, might break the ice now and get gay—now that the depression is over.

Brozack is back in the messhall again—yes apples are being served and we know that before this month is over, he'll have enough apples hidden away to last him the cruise.

Mecker and Wagner received bad news from home. They are now on a ten-day leave. The sight of the long lost boy often has good effects on the sick. We hope for the best.

Campsen just returned from a fifteen-day leave. Now he'll be quiet again until he has saved enough for another furlough.

Last but not least we have Walters. He hasn't shown us any of his weak points yet. However we know that this coming cruise will bring them all to the surface. So we'll watch and wait.

Well folks, we haven't had any real news lately—but we will have. So with that as our platform, we leave our fate in your hands. So long!



R. R. Detachment, Camp Wesley Harris, Puget Sound, Washington

PUGET SOUNDINGS

By R. T. Alexander

Camp Wesley Harris—eight miles out of Bremerton, Wash., on the Olympic Peninsula—is as fine a range as any Marine could burn powder on. Out of 350 men to fire the course for record, 10 failed to qualify, which cannot reflect upon the coaches. They know their business. Although the "Simon Legree" tactics of Gy-Sgt. Stutz kept the men from taking advantage of the surrounding attractions at this beautiful location, the writer has observed him gazing at the near-by mountains on numerous occasions, with that AWOL look in his eye. However, it might have been caused from long concentration on his root beer. A rifle team composed of Gy-Sergeant Fowel, Sergeant Anderson, Sergeant Blodgett, Corporal Arnold, Pfc. Dempsey, Privates Morehead and Salmon—entered all the principal matches in this neck of the woods and did some very commendable shooting. Gy-Sergeant Fowel, placed second in a pistol shoot at the Inter-City match, which was won by none other than the nationally known Captain Haag, of the Seattle Police Department. The slight margin of his victory is an indication of how Fowel crowded this excellent shot. The Marine Rifle Teams placed third and fourth in the rifle matches won by an American Legion team; score, 1000 out of a possible 1500. That's shooting! However, Sergeant Blodgett took high individual in this match. He and the rest of the Marine Team deserve credit for the showing they made. These people can shoot around here; perhaps the general knowledge of that fact is what accounts for so many of the weddings at this post. The Marine Team was competing with some mighty sweet firearms. The service rifle is lacking in a lot of things that these trick rifles have; but it was a good match. Sergeant Anderson received the compliments of Mr. Schofield, President of the Washington National Rifle Association, on a new method of marking targets at the butts. Quoting Mr. Schofield: "The best system I have ever seen used." More about that at another time, perhaps. Captain F. Fisk, USMC, managed the team throughout the year with the best of success. The detachment would like to take this opportunity to thank the Captain for his interest and valuable sug-

gestions. Sergeant Strong was in charge of the butts and handled them in the approved DEPRESSION manner, according to the men who failed to get over this new 315 hurdle. Doc Hughes, our Corpsman, was not called upon to use his bag of tricks much. Outside of a few periodical headaches to look after, Doc was hard pressed to keep out of mischief. Corporal Howard proved his ability as an armorer and master of cross-word puzzles. We can give him a V-5 on both. Corporal Alexander, D. G., the mess steward; Pfc. Feick and Private Vance were hard pressed to keep the wolf from the mess-hall door, but managed very well, considering the increase in appetite, noticeable in the shooting details after a few days out here. Privates Morehead and Salmon did their best to disprove the Marconi Theory in regard to radio; but finally decided it was all the announcer's fault and let it go at that. Pfc. Doney was kept busy keeping the various specimens of transportation, the detachment had gathered, in running order. Speaking of "running order," Corporal Arnold was arrested so often for speeding that the law gave him a tag, similar to a meal ticket, to be punched by the speed-cop when he made the pinch. The way Arnold burned up the roads was scandalous. Pfc. Dempsey and Private Brown had their own affairs to look after. From general rumor they looked everywhere for them. Managed to stay out of the brig while so doing. Someone gave Corporal Alexander, R. T., detachment clerk, the title of "statistician" at the last match. He is waiting until he sees another one somewhere before he starts to sue the donor. Sergeant Corbin, Range custodian, has been busy playing nurse-maid to "Oscar," the Range mascot, a small buck deer that found a home. The word "buck" associates itself frequently with Corbin. Seems we have heard of an Indian of one sex or the other called that; regardless, Corbin is greatly interested in the real Americans of either sex. Marine Gunner, Tom Woody, Range Officer, can break up our play house with the assurance of a job well done. The year has been successful in every respect. The firing details were all instructed in the Browning Automatic Rifle, Browning Machine Gun, Pistol, Rifle and Hand Grenades. He is to be congratulated on the results obtained.

NEWPORT SURF

By Bill Williams

Field Day and the air is alive with the monotonous hum of the waxing machine. Ever write with the waxing machine going full blast? You have! Well—you're a better man than I, "Hunka Tin."

For the past hour our dearly beloved (???) police sergeant (whose Marine Corps moniker is Alex R. Roslon) has been slithering about with blood in his eyes. Yep, you guessed it. He found 'em in the special duty room playing bridge—was their faces red? It is the same old story, give an able bodied Gyrene a broom and a cleaning station an' he grabs a deck of cards and a hide-away.

The basket ball team, of which the Newport Marines are so proud, is winging along swell. Played the Rhode Island State champs a practice game the other P. M. P. S., we came out a close second.

Here's one for the books, Lieutenant Pottinger and one of the detachment big game hunters went duck hunting the other day with a .22 pistol. It seems that the only reason they didn't bring home the bacon was because the ducks all congregated on posted ground that day. Try though they did, it was impossible to jar them away from the place of their choice. The ol' meanies. Taking the .22 pistol into consideration, well, it's original anyway.

Private Bell, the laundry queen, returned from his leave in Phillie with a far away look—wonder why? Kid Stephens, lately of Shanghai and points East, has fish to fry on Long Wharf in the wee sma' hours of the morning, we still wonder! Corporal McBee returned from his shipping over leave. Glad to have you back, Mac (howzat for mitt flopping?).

Private Romano (how that boy takes the femmes' breath away, tish! tish!) has decided to stay in for another "go round." All the old-time privates are shining bright-work and washing clothes, with freshly pressed shirts, trousers, and field scarfs draped upon their person. Methinks a Pfc. is about to be made.

A man's best friend may be his dog, but if a guy hasn't got a dog and writes too many sarcastic remarks hee'z gonna be in a goshawful fix. Guess I better quit.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Earland John Lakin

The little fellow was tired of school and the routine of home life so he decided to take off. He wandered along the road until he was hungry and tired and homesick. He turned back and crept to the house, expecting that everyone had noticed his absence. "Well, the same old cat," he exclaimed, as no one paid any attention to him. So his mother scrubbed his neck and ears and sent him back to his books.

And that is somewhat the experience of this reporter as he returns after thirty days in the "Oriole City," where the Firemen football squad receives its annual trimming from the Quantico gridders.

This year's game in Baltimore wasn't so hot—for Quantico. The technical details are on another page. Although the "Hook-and-Ladder" boys were beaten, the score wasn't so lopsided as in former years; last year, 57-6, for example. This year, 25-12. Quantico will have to get in more practice because if the Firemen add a touchdown every year they'll win in 1936.

The Baltimore papers mentioned "the drab Marines" in contrast to the Firemen's "blues." Something should be done about that next year before our pride is cut too deeply.

The Quantico band and the marching units are to be congratulated on their fine appearance as they marched across the gridiron prior to the game. Official attendance was given as little better than 12,000. Contrast that with the filled stadium pictured in last month's *Leatherneck*, when the "Goettge" team played. One lone spectator in the Baltimore Stadium sat in the center of the "horseshoe" with miles of empty space on each side. Come, come Marines, more publicity and a scrappier team! (By the way, officials must be optimistic to expect us to have \$6.50 for transportation to the American Legion game at Philly. We'll "see" it over the radio if we can find enough to buy a tube with. Six-fifty, indeed!)

From all tidings the Navy Day detail from here must have had a tough time. Light marching order (last year, heavies), greens, rifles and other paraphernalia were displayed all over the Yard. The usual display of field equipment, tents, bombs, machine guns, auto-rifles, and trench mortars were for the public benefit; the various uses of the weapons being very informatively given out by Instructors Allen, Hotard, Morrow and Gagnon.

Several cruisers and submarines, not to except the historic U.S.F. *Constitution*, were open for the edification of visitors. The various shops were running full blast, giving the mechanically-minded ones an opportunity to see the "inside" of the Navy. Parades were held throughout the day by the Marines and Sailors. Oh, yes, Pharmacist Mate 2nd Class Lee Nader, the pill slinger of the barracks, treated several dozen civilians who had been too close to nails, hot irons and high places. (He really knows something, after all!)

Friends of genial old Fred "Pop" Grant will be pleased to learn of his discharge from the hospital. He was recently promoted to Staff Sergeant and received his retirement after thirty or more years of service. "Pop" used to greet new arrivals to this post with a pick, a shovel, or some other aid to manual labor; he being chief of staff on the Police party. We all hope he will settle down and get his well earned rest. So long, "Pop."

Quartermaster Sergeant Ellwanger will be retired soon after this issue is out. Twenty years have rolled by for him in the outfit and he hopes to spend the next twenty on his recently purchased farm in Maryland. He needs the change; he returned a requisition slip to the Business School on which was: one padlock, assorted!

Perhaps you got wind of it in the "Bees Nees" column last month. Well, it is all true. Corporal Ben Konopa no longer sleeps beside his brother; he was recently married and took a "furl-moon" (honeymoon furlough, if you can think that quick). Sergeant Oldfather, our mail orderly, after carrying the mail for so many months, is now encumbered by the female. Mr. and Mrs. Oldfather are "at home" to callers. (Bring your own stamps!)

Well, well, if it isn't little Junior! He arrived at the home of Corporal and Mrs. Kendrick on the thirteenth of last month. Six pounds, no ounces. The Registrar's Office personnel congratulate him particularly and the School does so generally. Of course, it's a boy.

Private Thomas of the Academic School came to the conclusion that whereas President Hoover failed to carry Ohio in the national elections, some one didn't count the vote he made while home on furlough.

The Dance Committee has finally convened and started the social swing of the post. "Paddy" Doyle, who can be counted on for anything resembling a dance, is the head man. Corporals Moeger, Morrow, Freeman, and Phelps are contributing their efforts, also. The invitations have been printed and everything is set for the first dance. For the information of those at Quantico and other nearby posts, or anywhere else if they can get here, the dances are to be held once a month until April. Visiting Marines are cordially invited; no admission charge and free refreshments! Seventeenth of December; fourteenth of January; eighteenth of February; eighteenth of March, and the fifteenth of April, are the dates. Let's see a big turnout each time! All dates fall on Saturdays, and dancing begins at eight-thirty.

Corporal McElroy will be "broke" for six months; he bet on old Mississippi (he's a native) against Minnesota and Gy-Sgt. Kapanke is now squandering the fifty cents!

Promotions, like the heads of many, are getting thicker. Ah, Prosperity! Former Sgt. Joe Schwalke, also formerly of the Academic School, will be something or other to know that his Staff Sergeant's warrant is now among the souvenirs of Anderson, recently just a plain, old-fashioned s-g-t.

Groves of the Registrar's now has the Gunnery Sergeant rating that he has been groping for. We mean "gripping" for. Very well done, gentlemen!

The Marine Band announces new stripes for Pfc. Buca promoted to Musician second-class. Also, a new member from Baltimore, Mr. Richard N. Bush, relegated to Pfc. Musician Luis Guzman completed another tour of duty and reenlisted. The Marine Band orchestra, incidentally, will furnish the music for our dances in the band hall.

The Business School regrets the transfer of its superintendent, Captain Norman M. Shaw, who went to the West Coast along with First Lieutenant Shiebler and Lieutenant Keller, who were with the Industrial section. First Lieutenant John R. Lanigan finished his sea duty on the *California* and now has Captain Shaw's place here. Captain Richard O. Sanderson left the Post Exchange to Lieutenant Enyart and will spend the winter at Guantanamo Bay.

Robert E. Sutphin from Pfc. to Corporal and Charles Grace from Private to Pfc., raised the percentage of the C. O.'s office

force. Ralph G. McIntyre is now Corporal as is also David Reichal; both from Pfc. Frederick H. Ramsey took a bigger hop from Private to Corporal. And that's that!

Sergeant Tellen is now Staff Sergeant. He doesn't even have time to sew the new stripes on because of his retirement in December.

For duty in the Business School came Pvt. Samuel S. Goodspeed. Back in the dim age of twenty-six Goodspeed was a Sergeant here. Now he's on the upward climb again. Pfc. William L. Cole joined us from St. Julien's Creek for Civil Service training. (Will someone please tell me who St. Julien was and why such a name for a mere creek?)

Gy-Sgt. Gusack recently returned from Omaha, where the cornhuskers have too much corn (Not liquid form, he says).

Pfc. Jallicke is doing detached duty as draftsman at Headquarters. You see, students, he has to be good!

Pvt. George Bangs will soon be coaching students in the Complete Radio course. He came in from Brooklyn.

Pfc. Gordon A. Schofield is now on the outside. He was paid off recently and received a good conduct medal. Keep up the good conduct, Gordon!

We had another birth the other night, or so Corporal Phelps says. Staff Sergeant Anderson gave birth to an idea but it died of solitary confinement. Please omit flowers.

First Sergeant Hyde deserves mention in that he predicted the result of the electoral vote count a month ago and fell only two short of the final check. Pretty close, Don.

Rumors of parades for Armistice Day, details for Arlington and Kenwood Golf Club, and preparation for A and I inspection are in the air. As a radio favorite says, "Oh me!"

Looking out the window one may see the harvesters garnering the sheaves; pardon, please, it's leaves. And feeling that I may be among the serfs tomorrow, take my "leaf."

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

By Felix

This is the first time in quite a while that you readers have heard from Portsmouth, N. H., but we hope to be represented every month in the forthcoming copies of *THE LEATHERNECK* and sincerely hope they prove enjoyable. Our commanding officer is Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph A. Rossell, Executive Officer, Major John Q. Adams, and Detachment Commander Captain William W. Scott, Jr.

You ex-Haitian Marines of Headquarters, Headquarters Co., will surely remember first sergeant Henry Hinson. His ability as a pinochle player is disputed only by Gunnery Sergeant "Corn Bill" Conwill. Their partners need loads and loads of courage to stand the ridicule if a bad play is made, and the two who seem best able to satisfy are Corporal Clair J. Reed, our illustrious police sergeant, and Corporal



Enrique J. Marcos, assistant to the assistant overseer. These four can always be found of an afternoon in a most remote corner of the club, thoroughly enjoying themselves by sounds of growls, groans and sighs.

Our police sergeant has no such monicker as Simon Legree, etc. The reason is doubtful, but perhaps he's such a diplomat when asking some one to do a thing. Anyhow Reed is a great guy and well liked by all, but for a real thrill you should hear him bellow, "Pipe down" at roll call.

Least we forget, we also have among us, that former signer of chits extraordinary, the Ambassador of all the Changs, Kees and Poes, no other person than Sergeant John Joy formerly of the Fighting Fourth. "Whattaman" LeRoy A. Reed, our dashing soda jerker and Canteen Steward, who, as the Puritans of old New England were wont to do, journeyed to Middletown to have his fortune read. On returning he seemed very morose and down-hearted. No one but Whattaman could possibly have this reaction. Cheer up, Reed; dry your tears away and smile.

Now for some news. The most predominating for the month is football and being situated not too distant from Hanover, Durham and Boston, we have a fine opportunity to witness the most colorful classics of the East. As for our own team, the call for candidates sounded the latter part of August, which was answered by over fifty stalwart Marines. After weeks of strenuous training, skull practice, signal drills and then actual scrimmaging, the squad dwindled to about thirty-eight and for a real treat we sunk the Navy in our opening game. Although it was only the Naval Militia from Portland, Me., we did derive plenty of pleasure smearing the "jaw-bone" sailors. Private First Class J. D. Smith captains the team and his ability to break from the scrimmage line, run down the field some eighteen or twenty yards, nab a pass then continue for a touch down is uncanny. We are also proud of our gridders such as "Buck" Daugherty, a quick thinking quarter; Bill Spragg, that giant line man (but how he takes his time reporting back from practice), "Tiny" Jim Hughes who thinks he is back in Texas roping steers when an opponent breaks away; "Flash" Weldon, one of our best punters; "Tony" Shamrell who divides his time by clipping ends and showing the girls his cuts and bruises; George La Fort, a splendid tackle; "Pepper" Martin, who's always in every play smearing and fighting; Tom Freeman another Texan Long Horn and other real pig-skin heroes that would be a pleasure to tell of if space permitted.

Our objective game every season is with the 5th Infantry from Fort Williams and we're going to defeat them, aren't we, gang? The whole detachment wants a victory this year and when the referee's whistle blows at our home grounds on Navy Day, all of us will be there, not satisfied with a tie, but a victory.

DOVER DOPE

By Jack Goldstein

It won't be long before Q.M. Sgt. Robert C. Hoffman leaves our midst. Hoffman will be transferred to Quantico on or about 2 January, 1933. Q.M. Sgt. James D. Connolly, now on furlough in Dover, will be his relief. 1st Sgt. John LaGasse just changed his beneficiary to Mrs. John LaGasse. I'll bet a lot of you old timers didn't know that John was a married man. Sgt. Jesse C. Gregg has a few battle scars on his map. Jess states that he got it go-

ing into a place he should have been coming out.

There was at least one happy man in camp last month. Meet the new Corporal—Jack Goldstein. Jake, by the way, has patched up his difficulties with Corporal Thomas P. Cullen of Bees Nee's fame, and they are again on speaking terms. George Lorman says that "Able" couldn't take it, but he certainly could hand it out.

Corporals Mann and Martin are the new proud owners of automobiles. Mann got himself a nice Hudson, and Martin will be rambling around the country in a brand new 1929 Erskine. Privates Laverio and Ross reported in from the Torpedo Station at Newport, in a big Diana "S." There certainly is plenty of transportation available here for men going on liberty.

There are quite a few men on furlough at present. Private Nauert is spending 20 days at Ozone Park, Long Island. Private Kruger, who recently reported in from San Diego, is spending 15 days in Newark, his home town. Private Evans had 15 days and



Leatherneck

was granted an additional 5 days' extension. Private Lowery, who joined from Parris Island by staff returns, will not be in until the middle of this month. Private Homer G. Cole was granted 30 days' furlough. Cole will make his trip home to North Carolina by motorcycle. Quite a few Marines here will recall the time that Cole reported in from the barracks at New York with his rifle slung across his shoulders, and the ice was an inch thick on the ground. He fell about six times coming up from the lower gate. It's a good thing he's headed south and for warmer weather.

Pfc. Clyde H. Callahan was transferred to the Marine Barracks, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y. Callahan aspires to be a member of the New York State Police, and six months' residence is needed before an appointment can be obtained. Pvt. Delbert McBrayer was also another separation this month. "Chie" McBrayer went to the Naval Ordnance Plant, So. Charleston, West Va. Incidentally, his home is also in the mountain state.

Charlie Smith is now our new messman. Smitty, you remember, was our post automobile mechanic. Private Balonas, a graduate of the Motor Transport School, now tinkers with the motors.

Pvt. Wilfred S. Slattery of 60 Clark St., Northampton, Mass., and now one of our amiable messmen, states that he is never

mentioned in THE LEATHERNECK. Anything to accommodate the customers. Anyone else who wishes to see his name in print is welcome to it.

Privates Fisher and McKenzie have returned from the Naval Hospital in New York. Both state that they are feeling fit as a fiddle, whatever that is. Privates Ferguson and Phipps just returned from the dental office in New York; minus a few teeth, of course.

Private Scholz is our latest cripple. Scholz has been limping around here for the last few days. He fell while walking patrol. Drummer Simmons hobbled along a couple of weeks ago, but his hurts were obtained on the gridiron. I forgot just what position he plays on the team, but Trumpeter Hall says it's "left out."

MANHATTAN MELODIES

Warren "Teddy" Carpenter has been seen hanging around an Indian Reservation up in the Inwood section . . . strange . . . they even have shrinking violets up there . . . but down in Virginia . . . Hot Cha . . . it really is Gawjus . . . the big (?) comes up . . . shall it be . . . violet or pansy . . . that must be good hunting grounds . . . someone mentioned something about a car . . . an apartment . . . a young lady that teaches school . . . Warren is wearing good clothes . . . but I understand he did pay for them himself . . .

Sgt. James E. Kenny . . . was paid off recently . . . and . . . at the last minute . . . decided to re-enlist . . . after getting off radios . . . letters . . . and what not . . . he never did show back . . . I wonder just what did happen . . .

Pvt. Charles "Tommy" Harris . . . paid \$5.00 . . . for a movie . . . the other evening . . . it must have been very interesting . . . for five dollars . . . one could see "Ziegfeld's Follies" . . . or even take in Gene Bells for one evening . . . he is another one of the people who are going in for slumming . . .

Strain and Doher . . . the original Ghandi dancers . . . are now playing basketball . . . they do love the cheers (made by placing the tongue between the lips and blowing) of the crowd . . . 2nd Lt. Harold I. Larson . . . was detached to the . . . Department of the Pacific . . . everyone is going to feel his absence . . . for . . . he was well liked . . . and a darn good officer . . . Staff Sergeant Lopardo . . . comes in regularly . . . in the wee hours of the morning . . . even he goes up to the Bronx for his exercise . . . Daniel Boone has come back to life . . . there were two marriages . . . at these barracks this month . . . Drummer Louis Naccarato and . . . Private Pritchett . . . were the lucky (?) men . . . the music's life should be one long roll . . .

You remember the story about the boy stealing jam from the pantry shelf . . . that's nothing . . . we have one egg here that . . . likes the Admiral's cookies . . . he donated one new basketball . . .

Private Ivey . . . was paid off the other day . . . and rolled the same evening . . . his weakness was always blondes . . . and he was seen going down Sand Street . . . I can assure you that she was not . . . Jean Harlow . . .

Capt. John N. Popham, Jr., USMC, Retired . . . residing at . . . 290 East 21st Street . . . Brooklyn, N. Y. . . has been awarded . . . the Order of the Purple Heart by the War Department . . . Captain Popham . . . served with the 6th Marines . . . Second Division . . . and was wounded in action . . . at St. Mihiel . . . 15 September, 1918 . . . Capt. George D. Hamilton . . . Post Adjutant . . . was the high shooter

... against ... the Brooklyn Edison Company's team the other evening ... nice going, Captain ... who said you couldn't see ...

Navy Day at the yard was very successful considering that it rained most of the day ... there were approximately 7000 visitors ... the Marines demonstrated ... the different weapons and equipment used in the Marine Corps ... and made dates for that evening ...

Sgt. Edward Budzick ... is suffering from ... a broken heart ... he found out recently that his former sweetheart ... way down on the beautiful ... Isle of Parris ... turned him down ... and it was not Miss Tobey ... really ... this is just a rumor ... but ... from a very good source ... Buddy ... we do offer you our sympathy ... but don't forget that little Irish girl, Betty.

Sergeant Higginson ... is now ... Commanding Officer ... Adjutant ... and everything else ... at the ... Marine Detachment ... U. S. Naval Hospital ... that should work out real well for he is a fine man ... 1st Sgt. Wilburn O. Christian ... reported in from ... New London, Conn. ... for further transfer to ... Coco Solo, Canal Zone ... 1st Sgt. John A. McBee ... will report here ... after he completes ninety-day furlough. ...

A certain fellow here had to do a lot of explaining the other night ... and ... it is all Tom Cullen's fault ... stop asking the staff artist to draw Dogs' Heads ... she wouldn't believe this, lad ...

ST. JULIAN'S DISCIPLES

By Two Go-Getters

Here is the latest dope on the Ammunition Depot, St. Julian's Creek, Virginia:

Captain Martyr is our well-liked commanding officer. We are working hard on the M. G. C. program of training with success. We put our hearts into the training as it is great fun, if you ask us. Oh, yeah!

Sergeant Kidd is our favorite mess sergeant. His mess is remindful of the kind that mother used to make. The personnel of this command is satisfied with the chow.

If Sergeant Loudon ever is transferred to your post, watch out for your best girl friend, as he is, in our opinion, the best looking sergeant in the Corps.

First Sgt. Mike Welsz is holding down the Top-kicker's billet. He is a good one, and we have no kick coming—from the top.

Private First Class Thomason and Private Clough took the casino championship away from Sergeant Beardin and Private Patrizi.

Personalities: Private Severence, post barber and sheik de luxe. Corporal Kramer, big gas and oil man. Pvt. Rocky C. Panek, one-man orchestra. Corporal F. E. Miller, police sergeant.

Pvt. E. Stoppani just arrived from Haiti with a big line about his Haitian sweetheart.

Now we would like to tell all the Marines in the world that we have facilities that provide us with many hours of recreation. This equipment consists of a sailboat, two rowboats, a motorboat, canoe, radio, two pool tables, boxing gloves, punching bags,

baseball, football, basketball and handball. This post is like home, believe it or not.

"Short-timers sound off." "Cunningham." "Here." "Poole." "Yup." "Reed." "Here, sir." By the way Reed is to affix his signature to another four-year contract. Cunningham and Poole are going to battle the economical depression.

As many of our present members were formerly in Haiti, we wish to use this method of saying, "Howdy, Haiti."

The St. Julien's Creek Marines will be with you next month. Look out for us.

N. Y. RECEIVING SHIP

Many a moon has passed over the East River since word was last heard from the Marine Detachment, Receiving Ship, New York, N. Y., but in case you are interested, we are still drawing pay and sundries from the Marine Corps.

Captain N. E. Clauson is our commanding officer, aided and abetted by 1st Lt. L. B. Cresswell, who recently returned from an extended tour of the Orient, via U. S. Government transportation.

1st Sgt. Irvin F. McClay is top kicking, with Sgt. Abie Grossman and Sgt. Howard (call me Gabby) Gould, the 3rd, assisting. Corporals Steger, Reiner, Porstner, Huntton, Shaw and Grubert, are present at all mess formations. So much for that.

We all miss our old pal, Jackie Wallace, and hope he returns to the old homestead, when, and if, he ships over ... For some reason we just can't get rid of Private Abello ... Gabby Gould is looking for a wife ... and we thought he was having enough trouble with his car!!! Private Childers has a car, too ... ask him if you don't believe it ... Hank Geisler is coalescing (gold bricking to you) in the local hospital ... Champ Champion just returned from an extended stay at same, thanx to nurse ... Oh, to be handsome!! ... For all sufferers of insomnia, Ducky Hartman recommends the following cocktail: One dash of Mennen's Skin Bracer, two dashes Aqua Velva, one mint leaf (or any old leaf), and half a cup of water.

Take before retiring, first securing bunk to deck, and see how surprised you are when you awaken (if you do) in the morning. ... Private Brant (of the West Virginia Brants) has a season ticket to the Tivoli Theatre ... But doesn't like to have it mentioned ... Cpl. Barney Shaw, ex-welter champ of the Navy, is in love ... that makes four times this month ... you love-bird!!! And in this corner we have, one hundred and fifty-two and a half pounds of fighting fury ... The one and only TIGER ROSE!!! ... Rose and his pal, High, were recently rescued from a Shanghai cabaret by a squad of U. S. Marines, and returned to their families in the States ... China's gain is our loss ... Times Square isn't what it used to be ... But Sands Street is still wide open ... Tony's Place in the alley is getting to be quite a rendezvous for the Marines ... drop in and hear the Tennessee Ramblers some time ... But is the beer lousy!!!! ... And can Mac take it!!! ... Corporal Reiner writes letters to himself with enclosures ... The Terrible

Swede is still on the rampage ... Nuff sed ... Scotty Austin has withdrawn from circulation ... what a tough break for the gals ... And say, Grubert!! Is that a banana you are eating or is it your nose?? And was Kid Carragher taken into camp betting on the football games ... But maybe you'll win a bet yet ... What a dashing figure Corporal Huntton makes on the drill field ... And do we drill!! ... Dunt esk ... And I wish that Bear would return the three cartons of cigarettes that I loaned him one at a time ... Willie Green says it's love, but I think it's too many Chesterfields ... And who is the guy that buys candy for Pal, the Marine's dog, in order to work up a drug with him???? Strait and his Hill-billy radio program is almost as bad as Schardt and his guitar ... and Mitch Cohen can explain anything ... except who the man with the dog really is ... Is he your uncle, too???? Sambo Blackburn is pricing wedding rings ... We hope it has curly hair ... Yowsah!! ... And how is the Count now-a-days, Langworthy??? Private Main calls himself the Company Barber ... but I've heard him called worse than that ... And if this is printed, I'll be called worse than that.

TAKE IT AWAY.

NEW LONDON NEWS

By Thornton B. Pettijohn

Trumpeter Poor is our transportation expert. His flivver being among the latest additions to our ever-growing squad of Simonize Specials. In a rather humble and dejected mood he inquired of our Quartermaster, Corporal Lutz, the possibilities of a survey, but Lutz refused to commit himself.

"Mike" Tuechio is considered one of our most thorough optimists. Not once, but many times, he has braved the furious elements (mostly rain) in the direction of New London. We understand, "Mike," you'll get over it, you'll get over it.

Pfc. Holford has worked hard for his other stripe. His buoyed income will help feather "a little nest for two." Good luck, Holford.

Another recent promotion was that of Corporal Smulski to sergeant. One of the most efficient police sergeants we've encountered.

Corporal Lutz has just started on a ninety-day, and we will have him back with us. Two recent extensions are those of Bernisky and O'Shea, both for New London.

1st Sgt. W. O. Christian tells us that another New England winter will hold no anticipated chill for him, as he is leaving us for Coco Solo. Best of luck, Top, we hate to see you go.

Why: Does Frawley think the little song, "Mess Hall Blues," particularly touching? Does Lutz insist on trying to pick the football winners? Does Gannon never stop springing his line? Does Stallins wish the author of the "Old Nedmac" column to write? Does it rain so often? Do all our cats assemble in squad formation, especially on Fridays?

Guess the column has taken up more space than interest, so I'll leave you until next month.



HINGHAM SALVOS

By Herbert A. Conge

Football practice ended rather abruptly for those hardy Marines who turned out without any headgear. It looked as though the top kick would be standing a dock watch if this practice had continued. Oh yes, he won't forget to mention that congratulations are in order for First Sergeant McCune who married the school day sweetheart last month. Best wishes to you, top, and the cigars were first rate.

Promotions were in order again when Pfc. Brazke received word that he had been promoted to corporal. Vallery ran a close second and hopes that he may again have the opportunity to take the examination.

Back to football. Looks as though our mess sergeant has copied some of Amos and Andy's signals with "Bologna! Frankfurter! Spareribs and Kraut! Hike!"

Volley ball took a sudden flop when someone clipped an item from the Boston paper stating that a certain institution for women received complaints from the inmates that volley ball was too sissified to indulge in and requested football gear be furnished to them. Looks as though Conge won't have the chance to clear the court and serve his "Ace" on the last point. The

special duty team had been leading their competitors until this item reached the bulletin board via the grape-vine route.

Felix T. P. Michaelis (can't understand the reason for all the initials) will be long on his way to the wilds of Minnesota for a 90-day sojourn by now with an extended visit to Canada. Claims he's going so far back that he will have to leave his car behind fifty miles from his destination. And, he has been telling me that the Swedes had everything cleared away.

Somebody asked me why the skipper wanted to go out for basketball practice the other day (that was before they went out). When they returned it seemed as though they found out a few pointers on basketball.

With the cold months coming on the "Accey-Deucey" champs will strut their stuff as well as the chess players. Wonder if the skipper will remember his first beating at "Accey-Deucey"—the dice were fair and square I'm sure.

Second Lieutenant Paul Drake reported for duty October 15th and all hands wish him success and hope he stays with us for some time to come.

Our two hospital Corpsmen take all prizes for kite construction and flying honors.

Anyone in the market for special make box kites should communicate with Phm. Lucas or Van Meter. They do fly! I mean the kites.

The Sergeants of the Guard will be getting a break now that our new Trumpeter, Owen Sharpton, joined us. This post has been without a music for the past six months and it may be that we'll have to find out what each call means, with the exception of "chow call."

Any one in need of a slightly used "varsity jersey" should communicate with Dinty Hatch. Now that volley ball is passe he says he'll have no use for same.

One of our cooks seems to be in love judging from the trance he seems to be and the late hours he has been found pacing the deck. And it's not Parson Moon.

Has anybody seen Brant's ten gallons of gasoline? The man of mystery lost same between here and there. Better call in "Sherlock Mucciaccio" on the case.

Braintree Rifle Club again whipped the Marines by a score of 52 points. But, what a chow they served! Worth while to lose to these sportmen. No excuses offered except that Braintree men excelled the Marines. It is hoped that these men can meet more often and we can get in the practice that is needed. Signing off.

News from Parris Island

P. I. PERSONALITIES

And Achish said, "Whither have ye made a road today?" And David said, "Against the South!"

Instead of having a theme song for our opening paragraph only, we are anticipating the economy demands of the new Democratic administration by making this one cover the first two or three paragraphs.

We are making a road today in Cinder Row. The old, dusty, cinder road that has been the despair of tidy housewives in the neighborhood for years, is going to be a paved road from now on. And soon, all too soon (but not soon enough), Cinder Row, like the Gold Coast, the Bowery, the Spanish Main and Waterloo, will be only a name in history.

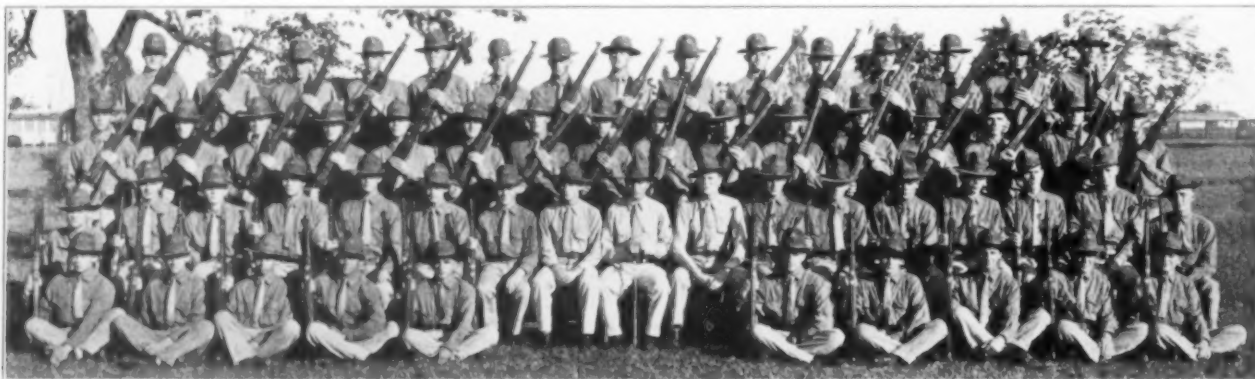
The past three years have seen remarkable improvement in the roads on Parris Island. The causeway, the roads to the causeway, the Rifle Range and Aviation, the road that leads by the N.C.O. Club, the Post Inn and Post Library, the widened road to Training Station, the concrete side-

walks around the non-coms' quarters, and the new concrete gutters all over Main Station, and now Cinder Row, with Civilian Row next, offer a concrete example of what can be accomplished in the face of difficulties and depression. Good roads mean a thrifty expenditure. These roads of ours have been built for economy, and with economy. The foundations of the roads now under construction are not built of stone imported at great expense, but of salvaged concrete foundations left over from war-time structures long gone but not forgotten. Jobless men are being given employment. And the roads are paved in spite of Old Man Depression.

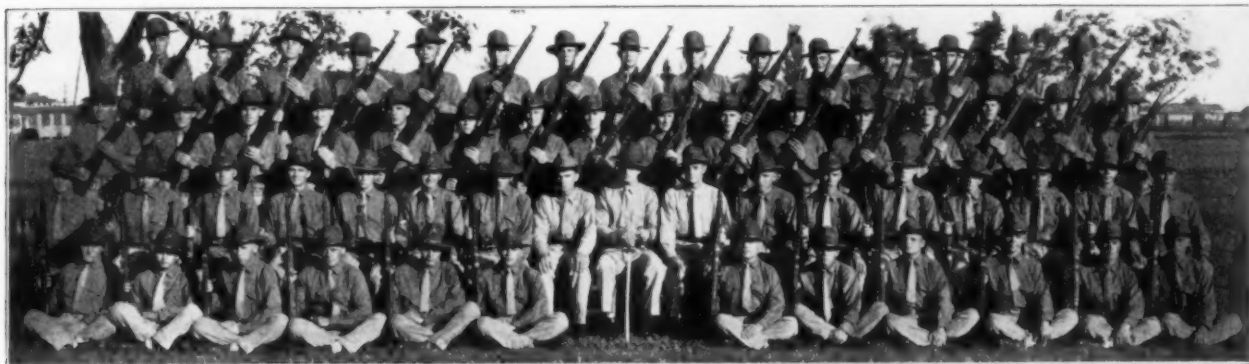
Now about the road we made against the South. Too bad Old Man David couldn't live to see it. For, in a way, it reminds us of the little argument he had with that big whopper of a chap called Goliath. Except that none of us had the presence of mind to bring a sling-shot along. We're not going into details about the trip. You'll find a competently written report of the Mercer University game in

the sports section. The trip was really a case of history repeating itself. Even Biblical History. Somewhere between Genesis and Revelations you will find that "All the congregation journeyed from the wilderness, and there was no water for the people to drink . . . They found the eleven gathered together, and all that were with them . . . Though they were of good courage, they could not prevail . . . The eleven stars made obeisance . . . Some of the men tarried in the city 'and' found a new jaw-bone." But why go on? Just about everyone on Parris Island who could possibly do so made the trip to Savannah. Even though our team didn't win that particular game, we are just as loyal to it as ever. And we want to thank those who made it possible for so many of us to participate in the enjoyment of that trip. Parris Island is all right in a way. But it doesn't weigh so heavily on us when we have trips like that, occasionally, to break the monotony.

We met our first defeat of the season on the same day that thirteen hitherto un-



Company B-21, Instructed by Sergeant Barton, Corporal White, and Corporal Thaxton



Company C-19, Instructed by Sergeant Harney, Corporal Barbee, and Corporal Cain

beaten university football teams met the same fate. And, on the same day that we lost to Mercer, the Quantico and San Diego teams were also defeated. There seems to be "off days" for football, the same as for anything else.

Our head linesman at the football games is also an ardent baseball fan. During the recent world series (if anyone still remembers it after the election) he made a bet with the steward of the N.C.O. Club that the Yankees would not only win a certain game, but that their man, Gehrig, would make a home run. They were enjoying the game over the radio when Lou *did* slam the ball out of the field. The head linesman was jubilant. But the steward spoke up and said, "Ah, that run doesn't count!" "Why not?" asked the head linesman indignantly. "Because Gehrig was offside," replied the steward—and started for the door.

We do not as yet have anything to report on the furlough recently taken by our taciturn M. P. Sergeant. Folks were wondering whether he has really "Got his (wo)man" while he was away. But so far as we have been able to ascertain, he has not yet submitted a request for quarters. And "the Sphinx never speaks." We do know that he has a host of friends to wish him success and happiness in anything he may undertake, no matter whether he be married or sensible.

"Captain Flagg" of Bonus Army fame is leaving us. He and several of his brothers served in the Marine Corps during the World War. After the recent battle of Washington he reenlisted in the Marine Corps and came back to Parris Island to go through his recruit training once again. He found business picking up when he was detailed to chauffeur one of the post Quartermaster's big "collection trucks." Later, he solved the burning question for many Parris Island families who were craving coal and wood. And now he is starting out for new adventures—in China, this time. His gruff voice and line of bull that won him the sobriquet of "Captain Flagg," and his spirit of helpful sociability will continue to win him many friends wherever he may roam.

We're getting well along toward the end of the year now, and the companies are sending their last-minute men out to fire the range. Some of these men are so old that during rapid fire, they had difficulty for a while in keeping their rifle bolts from getting tangled up in their whiskers. There was a M. T. Sergeant from the garage and another from the Cooks and Bakers School, a Pay Sergeant and a First Sergeant from

the Post Headquarters Building, a Staff Sergeant from the Bake Shop, a Sergeant from the Cafeteria, a Corporal from the Barber Shop, and a few old men from the Band. The funny part of it is that the older the men were, the higher they qualified. "Improving with age," we reckon.

COMPANY C-19

By W. Roy Astleford

The sun came up on the morning of September the 14th, the same as it does 364 other mornings of the year. But this morning will be remembered by some sixty odd recruits; it being their first day on schedule of recruit training. Aching feet, skinned hands, raw elbows, and sore shoulders, all serve as reminders of their tour through "Boot Camp."

C-19 was blessed with three capable non-coms, Sergeant Harney, Corporals Cain and Barbee. All are instructors of the highest caliber. Corporal Barbee, having a sideline of automatic weapons, passed on to us much of his knowledge concerning them. Thus, we rapidly rounded into shape under their tutelage.

The platoon roster showed a very cosmopolitan membership. There were boys from thirteen southern and eastern states, and "Baltimore" and "Philly."

We occupied three connecting squad rooms, enjoying the added advantage of being closely allied at all times. Each squad room tried to surpass the others in the platoon activities. All of us will remember the "heavy rolling" contest between the three. If you want to start an argument, simply ask who won the sham battle that day on the hike. If any one did, it was the supposedly dead men.

After the football season opened, we attended a game every Saturday afternoon. All were good games and gave us a break in the monotony of the training schedule. Parris Island played Mercer University in Savannah, Saturday, October 29th, and the platoon, 100 per cent strong, went by special train to root for the team. It was an excellent game, and by ten o'clock we were back on Parris Island, hoarse, tired, and happy.

Now as we enter the home stretch of our training, we look back, with sadness, remembering numerous incidents and sayings mixed in with the required training. Some, no doubt, already realize that those eight weeks will stand out in their memories as a highlight. As time mellows the harsh points and leaves only the pleasant, the others will realize the same thing. In a few short weeks, the platoon will be scattered to the four corners of the earth. So—to the happy memory of those eight weeks, this article is written.

DOWN THE SIDELINES AT PARRIS ISLAND

By "Duke" Peasley

Knocking on wood. Nobody has taken any pot shots at us as yet, and we are still enjoying the freedom of the South Carolina sunshine and moonshine. Almost—but that's another story.

Our friend and fellow member of the fourth estate, the right reverend Doctor Otis, went and got married. The same "Doc" that we had figured out as a woman hater. And the next Sunday we missed his column in the *Savannah Morning News*. I suppose that when you get married lots of things are postponed. Anyhow, permit me to congratulate you both, publicly, now, and may your children all be first sergeants.

And we hear that Vautour is applying for a Convenience Discharge. This likable boy from Waltham, Mass., received the undesirable, uncomplimentary attention of the press, and didn't exactly love it, but the following week he caused the sports writers to sit up with an exhibition of how football is really played. If you leave us "best of everything," Chaplain, and you can't wish a fellow much more.

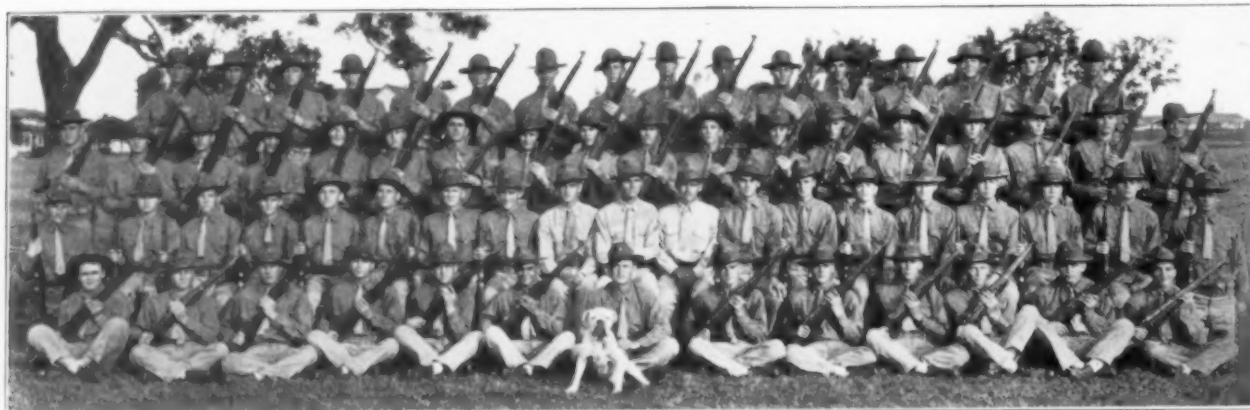
We all know McKenna, the adonis from the prairies of Nebraska. Well, down in Savannah "Mac" heard the tune "I Just Couldn't Say Goodby," and they say "Music hath charms to sooth the savage beast," and it certainly made a lamb out of the Nebraska wildcat. Now he is saying "good morning" every morning at reveille. At least, so they say.

And our new first sergeant. He should be an asset to the football team as he has nailed many a man for a loss.

Mercer was ahead by quite a score. Coach Hunt was looking for a man to go in to try to score by a placement kick, or what have you? He looked at Trees. Yes, maybe here was the man who could erase the zero from the Marine's score. And a big hungry tackle down the bench said, "Boy, his toe will be all worn out by the time he kicks 40-odd points." But of course tackles are funny animals.

Poor Padgett, the famous Marine mascot, got slightly burned by creosote in the process of being bathed the other day. Any of you fellows who ever spilled a little liniment on a delicate spot, can appreciate poor Padgett's predicament, and I do not need to stress particulars. Nevertheless he was "knocking them dead" in Savannah, and was the big brother to a small bulldog lent to the Marines for the occasion of the Mercer game.

Just two more games left for the team



Company A-20, Instructed by Sergeant Carey, Corporal Mikell, and Corporal Akers

to play and we predict victories over both Stetson and Presbyterian. The team has now won five and lost two, one game resulting in a tie; not a bad record for any team, much less a team which has been beset with injuries.

The Post has supported the team in

grand style. Almost without exception, every Marine has been present at every game. In victory and defeat, the men of the Corps have backed their team, and we can say that the 1932 edition of the Parris Island football team is well worth supporting. The players have accepted victories

without conceit, and defeats with humiliation. The ability of the team to rally in the closing stages of the game is especially commendable.

Well, here's luck to all the rest of the teams, and to our own, and to you readers who struggle through this.



INSIGHTS TO NICARAGUA

By M. F. Kolbe

Much has been written and said about Nicaragua, enough to arouse doubt in the average understanding of this country by Marines who have been stationed here during past years and those stationed here at present.

We all like to read articles about Nicaragua, some of them recall our past experiences in this country, some of which have been quite colorful and others of the ordinary routine of any Marine performing his duty. They are all interesting, as for instance, an article published in the October, 1932, issue of THE LEATHERNECK, entitled "Sightseeing in Nicaragua." While reading the article I found it quite interesting—until I got to the sub-article about Hato Grande Ranch, the first four paragraphs seemed quite as interesting—but, the fifth paragraph, where the writer states:

"The road that runs from Puerto Diaz to Juigalpa, a distance of thirty kilometers, has its own bit of individual history in that it was built at government expense, by a past administration of the republic."

The following are excerpts from the "Memorias de Fomento y sus Anexos" of the year 1919, which I have translated for the information of the reader:

"The road of Chontales begins at Puerto Diaz, and then passing by the capital city and the rich mining district of La Libertad, will terminate in the confluence of El Mico with El Sequia.

"The studies for the localization of this road have been made by the competent en-

gineers, Don Emilio Mueller and Don Adolfo Cardenas, who submitted the results of their work in a technical form, which has appeared published in the 'Memoria' of the year before, which we had the honor to present.

"The importance of this road is inappreciable, because it will open up immigration to, also cultivation of, the fertile lands found in the heart of the rich veins which penetrate the mountains." (Ref: "Memorias de Ministerio de Fomento y sus Anexos, 1919." Presented to the National Congress, by the Secretary of State, of the Republic of Nicaragua.)

Also a few excerpts from a report of a "Jefe Politico" from "Memorias de Ministerio de Fomento y sus Anexos, 1920." (Informes de los Jefes Politicos):

"Juigalpa, Aug. 20, 1920.

"Honorable Sir Minister:

ROADS

"In this department are actually being constructed two roads, one from Puerto Diaz to the Department of Bluefields, passing by this city, La Libertad and Santo Domingo, leading as far as Bulum, another from Bonco to Tipitapa, work which when once completed will be realized as the noble wish of the President of the Republic, General Emiliana Chamorro, in order to facilitate efficient communication with the interior of the republic and the Atlantic coast, of the principal towns of this department.

"Both roads are without doubt, the arteries over which the life of these towns will flow, awakening the sleeping energies and facilitating the exploitation of the rich

natural resources of this department, still virgin, initiating an era of prosperity, which will record with gratitude the labor of our active governor.

COMMERCE

"In this section is being noted the important progress, due to the accomplishing of the roads, the appearance of new commercial establishments, manifesting the widening of the mercantile transactions.

MINING

"This section constitutes the major and most vital force of the district of La Libertad and Santo Domingo. Here are two most important enterprises, the La Babilonia Gold Mines Limited, an English Company . . . also the American company, The Contales Mines, Limited. The lesser mines of the district, among which are found La Esmeralda, belonging to Don Alfonso Hurtado, El Peru, belonging to the gentlemen Porta, El Chamorro, belonging to Don Victor Manuel Withford and Los Angeles, belonging to Don Adolfo Kaoffmann, which are still in actual exploitation, but on a small scale, without prejudice of other enterprises which now are paralyzed, due to economical questions.

"Expressing my highest esteem, I am, Sir Minister, your very attentive and faithful servant.

s/ J. A. BLANDINO.

"To the Honorable 'Senor Ministro de Fomento-Managua.'"

In view and consideration of the statements of the foregoing excerpts which the reader has read, it is to be understood that the past president, as mentioned, has endeavored to improve the country in a man-

ner which would help it greatly, which, in my opinion, was more than what the present administration is doing now.

The following is an article which I have read in a copy of the "Translation of Nicaraguan Press News," dated October 15, 1932, which is circulated for our information regarding news published in the Nicaraguan Press, being translated by a member of the Marine Corps:

"LA NUEVA PRENSA"

"THE LEATHERNECK, American military magazine which is published in Washington, D. C., has dedicated its latest issue, October, to Nicaragua. In this issue there are many comments relative to the activities of the American Marines in this country and gives credit to the efficiency of the Military Academy of the Guardia Nacional. In later issues of this newspaper we will publish several of the articles of this periodical, translated into Spanish."

We all know that our paper, THE LEATHERNECK, is quite interesting, not only to Marines, but it is also interesting to the Nicaraguan public and others. It should be our aim and policy to make THE LEATHERNECK our most reliable source of information regarding our activities which may be published, not only in the United States, but also in foreign countries or places where we may be performing duty.

H.Q., 1ST BATTALION, 5TH REG.

By Pollard

Headquarters and headquarters company is a large military unit, being more than two hundred fifty in number and composed of all special duty organizations in the second brigade. It is possible to find some one of most any occupation within this unit. Bandsmen, plumbers, truck drivers, mechanics, clerks, telephone operators and radio operators are all combined. The company is commanded by Captain Gordon, who assumed that position some months ago. First Sergeant O. P. Olson is the top kick. He has been with the company since July, '31. If you would like to know what he thinks of his outfit, just ask him.

To give one an idea of the different organizations that form one of the largest and best companies in the United States Marine Corps, the following contributions have been made.

BRIGADE COMMUNICATIONS

"Correct time, please." We have it at Brigade Communications, U. S. Marines, Managua, Nicaragua, along with lots of other useful information. Daily, at twelve o'clock eastern standard time, the leathernecks in Campo De Marte hear our recently installed siren informing the nearby listening world that the eleventh hour and twentieth minute of the day has arrived in Managua.

First Lt. C. W. Kail assumed command of the organization last May, relieving First Lieutenant Mizell, who is now with the Marine Corps signal complement in Quantico, Va. M. T. Sgt. H. E. Raley is the NCO in charge of Brigade Communications. He has been with us since June, 1931, when it was Gy-Sgt. Raley who came into our midst. Great work, Master Technical Sergeant Raley.

We are divided into several different departments in order to expedite the duties assigned our organization. Firstly, the U. S. Marine Radio Station, Managua, Nicaragua, has been heard on the air from San Diego, California, to Balboa, C. Z., and east to Norfolk, Va. To corroborate the above statement you may ask some of the radiomen of the U. S. Navy. Secondly, the communication traffic office is always

ready to serve the personnel of the second brigade with any information or other means that may come within its bounds. Thirdly, the transmitting section and repair room answers continuous calls to increase signal strengths and repair defective receivers. Fourthly, just ring one of the telephones in the second brigade and listen for those old familiar feminine words boom out in a masculine voice, "number please." Fifthly, when in the dark call the brigade engine room and electric shop. Satisfactory service, both guaranteed and insured.

This, Mr. Reader, concludes a general introduction to an illustrious organization, heretofore, never mentioned.

Continuing on the assumption that you are interested, we shall give you some information regarding our accomplishments. The following paragraph is written with all due respect to modesty.

During the month of July this year, we broke all preceding records for handling traffic, bringing the grand total to one hundred eighteen thousand words. The "Communicators," as we have been dubbed by a certain first sergeant, can also play baseball. If you think there is room for doubt (not improvement) interrogate some of the other organizations in the second Marine brigade that support a baseball team. Last month, August, a baseball league was organized within the brigade, aviation, electoral mission and Guardia Nacional. The "Communicators" were near the top of the league standing when it was re-organized due to complications arising with the departure of members of the mission for other points in Nicaragua. We have played two games in the re-organized league, winning one and losing one. Those Aviators surely can play baseball.

Telephone Exchange contributed: And now for a few words about our telephone section. Gy-Sergeant Dupuy is NCO in charge and wire chief. The system is field-equipped, having an 80-drop switchboard which is kept filled to capacity. This network is trunked with the Nicaraguan, Guardia and Aviation systems; thereby establishing telephone communication between all military forces in Managua and cities along the railroad between Rivas and Corinto.

Maintenance is kept by Pfc. Price, Privates McKee, Simpson and Todd whose duty of keeping the 105 phones and 60 miles of wire in repair can be spoken of as well done. Their biggest problem seems to be solving the frequent mysterious disappearance of sections of the line. It may be the high cost of clothes line in Nicaragua.

Corporal Bryan is chief operator, and would be interpreter if the natives would put the brakes on part of their Spanish. Privates Dunn, June, La Belle, Mathe and Thomson are among us as operators, doing four on and sixteen off. They are each equipped with a growing vocabulary of Spanish. Due to the wide range of this system and the Electoral Mission, which is now in full swing, the number of calls now handled by the exchange exceeds all previous records.

BATTALION QUARTERMASTER

The Battalion Quartermaster here is Captain H. W. Whitney and he has Chief Qm. Clk. H. H. Rothman to assist him. The clothing department is run by Qm. Sgt. E. K. Jameson with Cpl. A. E. Treadwell in charge of the storeroom, and Pvt. J. H. O. Griffin for clerk. Griffin is the lad with platinum curls who favors Jean Harlow of the movies. Qm. Sgt. L. E. Matthews and Qm. Sgt. C. B. Roberts run the storeroom and handle the shipments. Cpl. Harry McClain and Pvt. Willie Setlock handle the issues.

In the Armory are Sergeant Deacon Arnold and Pvt. E. D. (Casey) Kwasigroh. Arnold's big red nose and oversize ears get him a lot of kidding, but he is pretty good natured and nothing gets his goat.

In the office, Cpl. Pat Crowley handles the property account. Sgt. C. R. Jackson runs memorandum receipts and pay rolls, and Pvt. Ross L. Doty is the runner.

Cpl. "A" "M" Silas supervises the native laborers and is also the boss carpenter. Si hails from the depths of darkest Alabama and claims to possess a fair knowledge of the manufacture of corn whiskey. He states that he will turn the Marine Corps down flat and not ship over, in order to go back to the swamps to distill joy juice.

BAND

Nicaragua's best Marine Band is happily anticipating the short time until the Marines evacuate Nicaragua. Daily rumors that start nowhere, but seem to have a tremendous effect on every one, bring forth numerous phrases like the following: "when I get back, I'll get a forty-eight and stand on the street corner and the first thing I'll do is buy me a chicken dinner," or, "I might go on furlough, if they have the cotton picked." Then, there are occasional laments about leaving this "Manana Land." For instance, Sergeant Griffin can't stand the idea of leaving his lappa—and of course others hesitate to leave their pets also.

It may not be possible, but some of the bandsmen have hopes of eating their Christmas dinners in the States. From best accounts it seems that those scheduled for the east coast are: First Sergeant Dahlgren, Sgt. L. K. Griffin, Pfc.'s E. L. Armiger, W. M. Krause, C. H. Strickland, and Privates E. Blackburn, A. R. Blanchette, N. S. Carlson, G. S. Carter, A. C. Chile, W. R. Cox, J. W. Dole, A. J. Huff, D. S. Harpham, W. C. Hutchinson, L. C. Lopusser, P. J. Mayton, P. J. McWheeler, G. F. Morrison, J. A. Ramaker, G. I. Schlegel, P. G. Serano, F. D. Varconie, and H. H. Weber. Those for the west coast are: Privates A. C. Bouchard, G. M. Gillum, H. H. Johnson, J. E. Rusk, W. Rendell, and P. Smith.

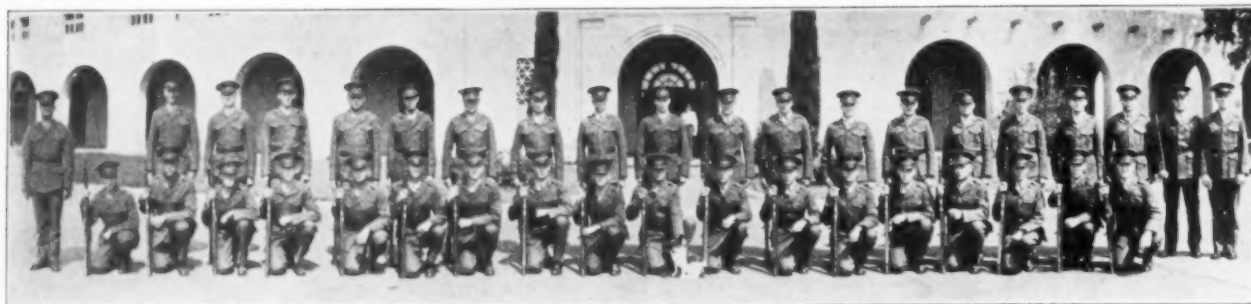
The band is presenting concerts bi-weekly in the movie hall, and in addition plays morning colors six days a week and formal guard mount each Thursday. The orchestra has just appeared in a new costume, a la Spanish Caballero, and is furnishing frequent entertainments about camp.

It isn't long until Nicaraguan elections and while the companies patrol Managua on registration days, the band helps keep Campo De Marte secure. Then too, some of the more versatile members occupy their spare time with hand ball and swimming and other more pleasant things such as being at the club and afternoon siestas.

The Nicaraguans seem to sleep all day and raise the devil all night, judging from the infernal sound of fireworks nightly, but while every day seems to be a holiday to them and the occasion for celebration, the bandsmen look forward only toward pay day and mail day; also the day of days when some will sing, "California, here I come," others replying, "Sidewalks of New York."

IN CONCLUSION

For the benefit of those who may at some time have been interested in service in Nicaragua, may it be said that conditions here are gradually changing for the better, and in consideration of the fact that Nicaragua is a very difficult place in which to promote interest, the Marines are making the best of matters, still having the situation well in hand.



Platoon 20

MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

BY GLENN A. BOLLINGER

October, for the Marine base, has been a month of feverish activity; a month of transfers and joinings, of dances, football games, and even an A&I. But through it all, the Base has functioned in its usual serene manner.

The "Floating Battalion" from the *Arkansas* left San Diego and the base in October. While the Battalion was here, they went through a rigid training period. In fact it was so rigid that most of the members of the Battalion were only too glad to go back aboard the *Arkansas* and start swabbing decks again. The detail on the *Arkansas* gives the Marines but another chance to prove their versatility, and their superiority in any line of endeavor. They seemed quite proud of the fact that the ship is functioning even better with the detail of Marines than it did when it was manned by sailors.

The detail that went out on the *Chau-mont* for China, Guam, and points East was the detail that affected the Base most, though. It disrupted the ranks of the "home guard," and made several men stand additional watches. There were some men that even professed joy at leaving our fair post. Perhaps the most sincere of these men was Corporal "Red" Griffin. He finally received his orders for transfer to Shanghai. We wonder, though, what he told the "fair young thing" in Los Angeles when he spent a final "seventy-two" up there just before leaving. That's all right, Red, she'll wait for you, they all do.

Being a "socialite" isn't all it's supposed to be, according to "Nellie" Nelson, a former member of the Band. His social obligations were rapidly becoming more than "obligations" so he was glad to leave for the wide open spaces aboard the *USS Chester*.

Oh well, all these departures will mean that the aspirants to the list of the "home guard" will have the opportunity that they have been waiting for for so long. It would seem, from the dance that was held in the Base, the 29th of October, that these aspirants are starting operations already. There is one music in the Base who went to the dance just to be doing something, but he seemed to be the cynosure of all feminine eyes. This music, Lineberger by name, bears out the old traditions for musics, which, according to Corporal Maxey, means that he is nice. Well, that just proves that innocence is still a virtue, even in Marines.

The A&I "came down like a wolf on the fold," but the Marine Base was right on its toes, and every department passed with

flying colors. A few of the bandmen were heard growling because they had to blanco packs that belonged in the bottom of their seabags, but outside of these chronic growlers, everyone was satisfied with the manner in which the inspection was completed.

Pfc. John "Papoose" Dumais was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps on the 22nd of October. "Chief" let it be known that he was tickled "pink" at the prospects of resuming his old method of life in Warroad, Minnesota. Will you live in a tepee, Dumais? Good luck, "chief," we'll miss your war cry around the Base.

We wish to take this opportunity for recognizing the efforts of Captain Nicholas in improving the mess, and the fine results he has obtained. Who finally recognized the need for an active supervision of the mess-hall, we do not know, but with the appointment of Captain Nicholas, as mess-officer, the quality has been improving steadily. Sergeant Lockburner is the mess sergeant and his assistance is equally responsible for the improvement, both in the quality of the food, and in the service.

Claude "Killer" Hart is on his way to Pearl Harbor, and we can hear his neighbors sighing already, with relief, because that little green house on the hill will be a much quieter place now. Claude was too much of a personality around town, and his name almost got him in trouble. He was a victim of mistaken identity a short time ago, but next time they might not think they are mistaken, so—exit Hart.

Corporal Shay is the prodigy around the Base, and as is usual with that sort of person, he missed the out-going detail. Shay is a composer, a poet, and a narrator de luxe. If you don't believe he possesses great narrative prowess, you should see him when he has Corporal Stermon, Clyde Shahan, and Corporal Maxey all spell-bound at the same time. But if you believe he is a composer, ask the orchestra, they volunteered to try his first composition.

When Corporal Griffin left the Base, Pfc. Budwell Prie took over Griffin's duties as clerk in the Sgt-Major's office. He also took Griffin's place as Tpr. "Obie" Graham's bunkie, so that makes "Obie" minus one red-head.

"Heinie" Grundner of the band was discharged the 21st of October, and shipped right over again, but not in the band. "Heinie" was the largest man in the band, but he played the piccolo. When he was asked why he was not shipping over for the band, he said "It's getting me down."

How can a piccolo have such a strange influence on such a large man?

The other day Sergeant Stagg was seen piloting a new car around the Base, and he insisted that it was his own, "to have and to hold until the darn thing falls apart." Stagg, did the blonde cause all this?

It looks like the canteen is going to lose another man very soon. Pfc. Fallin, the boy who furnishes the domestic air to the canteen, has signified his intention to wed, and "Jug" says that he will not have a man around the canteen who is that crazy. You see, "Jug" is a confirmed bachelor. Fallin was probably influenced in his decision by his pal, "Chuck" Spurlock, who is expecting a future Marine in a few days now. However, if it is a girl, Chuck will probably want it to be a nurse.

C. L. Hall, of the Base Quartermaster's Office, was honorably discharged on the 29th of October. Many men will miss "Little Herm" and the sympathetic consideration that was always forthcoming to men who had tales of woe for him. We understand that his eventual destination is Chicago, but we hope that it will not be his last stand. Good luck, Hall, we'll see you in Shanghai on your next cruise.

THE BAKE-SHOP

The bake-shop at the Base deserves some recognition, not only as a very important activity in the Base, but for the manner in which it has helped improve the quality of the chow at the Base.

Sergeant Stein is in charge of the bake-shop, and his experience as a mess sergeant in Shanghai is largely responsible for the present quality of the pastry. He is due to retire in two years, and his 28 years' service in the Marine Corps has been exemplary.

There is a vacancy in the bake-shop now, due to the discharge of Mike Opels, who was the first baker. Mike is going back to the "Shoot-'em-up" city, Chicago, dumb-bell, and we wonder if he will sell his bread as ammunition for the gangsters. There's an idea, Opels, better take it.

Pontius and Kibbie are known to Sandino in Nicaragua where, due to the climate, they became acclimated for duty in the bake-shop, and formed a lasting(?) friendship. The heat finally became too much for Kibbie, though, and he left the shop for cooler climes. In his day, he and Pontius put out the pies and cakes in the bake-shop, and they were ably assisted by the "Gold Dust Twins," Lasseter and Kienzle, better known as "LaCeadr" and "Rip Van Winkle." Kienzle is a married man,

so he is exerting all his efforts to become efficient at the art, so that his wife will not have to suffer from indigestion and lose out in the day's work.

Flock, better known to the Service Squadron on the West Coast as "Peaver" in his Nicaraguan days, and also known as "Ambush," is another man who has done duty in Nicaragua. We wonder why they always choose men who have done duty in Nicaragua to do duty in the bake-shop? The native sons should be able to qualify for this position, too. However, Flock cannot get the kind of "dough" he wants out of the bake-shop; he has a secret ambition to get the other kind through service with the Indiana State Police. Oh, well, he has ten months to do so don't depend on it.

The bake-shop is a very modern affair. It has all the ovens and mixers that even the most finicky baker could want, and the boys in the shop know how to use them.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Although the Medical Corps wears the uniform of the Navy, nevertheless, they are a vital part of the organization of the Marine Base. The mission of the Medical Department is primarily, the prevention and control of disease, and the alleviation of sickness and injuries. Captain Higgins, USN, the Base Surgeon, is the senior medical officer, and he acts in two capacities, one as the head of the Medical Department, the other as a member of the General's staff. The Medical Department is divided into five divisions to promote ease of operation.

The most popular division, and the one through which almost all patients go first, is the Sick Quarters Division. A Marine entering here is first given a slip on which is written what the Marine thinks is wrong with him. Then the Doctor makes his diagnosis and turns the Marine over to the sick list for effective treatment. It is not easy to get on the sick list, that is in case one goes in there to get out of a drill, or out of police work.

However, if the Marine is ill, his name is entered in the sick-book, and the book given to the record officer, where, after the patient's discharge from the sick-bay, his record is written up in his Health Record Book. This division is the Administration, Clerical and Supply Division.

The Rifle Range Division at La Jolla is kept running by Mount, PhM2c, who is there to look after the health of the Marines at the Range. A sore eye or a sore thumb might mean missing \$5.00 a month qualification money on the range, and Mount's careful ministrations at the range are deeply appreciated by the Marines.

The Recruit Depot Division has a very important function in accepting candidates for enlistment, and seeing that they are up to the standards set forth for Marines. Marines who want to extend and reenlist are also examined here.

Dr. Clement is the sanitary inspector at the Base. It is his job to look for insanitary conditions in the food and water supply, in the galleys, the restaurant, soda fountain, and then make such recommendations for improvements as he deems necessary.

In order to carry out such a large task, there are allotted to the Medical Department five Medical Officers, two Dental Officers, one Chief Pharmacist, one Chief Pharmacist's Mate, and twenty-two Corpsmen. Allsman, PhM2c is the first-aid man for the athletes. Dr. Dickinson is the man who

prescribes treatment at sick-call, and "Red" Thornton carries it out. "Red" is a new arrival from the USS *Relief*. Lowery, PhM3c, takes the X-rays, and is in charge of all light treatments, as well as the massaging department. Both manual and mechanical massages can be given in the Physiotherapy Department.

Chief Pharmacist Hervey is the Personal Officer and in direct charge of all the Corpsmen. He is head of the Administration, Clerical and Supply Division. Under him are Levis, PhM1c, who has just received orders for sea, Riddle, PhM1c, who is to relieve Levis, and Cooper, PhM2c, who will relieve Riddle. That's quite a mix up, and it all means that soon there will be only Riddle and Cooper in this division, with Riddle the ranking man.

In the Main Dispensary, there is a 20-bed ward, and a 4-bed isolation ward, and a diet kitchen for those patients that need special diets. There is also an operating room that is ready at all times for any emergency, and a modern Dental Office.

Now I'm not one of those persons who



likes to enter into long dissertations on "My operation," but I had a wisdom tooth pulled in the Dental Office, and I can say from first hand experience that the office is well equipped, and that the Dental Officer, and the Corpsmen are even better than the office. The Dental Officer in the Main Dispensary is Dr. Willard, and the Pharmacist's Mate's name is Mills.

Admiral Fahrenholt lately inspected the Medical Department, and commended the Department for its smart appearance and excellent condition.

The Medical Department functions twenty-four hours a day.

Besides their regular activities, the Corpsmen who desire duty in the field with the Marines are given a chance for special training in the Field Expeditionary School.



Review and Parade at M. C. B., San Diego

A LAD'S ADVENTURE

Submitted by McInnish and Shea, Marine Corps Base, San Diego

I was strolling along one bright summer day,
Just strolling and idling my time away.
"What ho," I said, "what's that I see,"
'Twas a billboard there that appealed to me.

It was a picture to see in the sun's golden hue,
Of a man standing there all dressed up in blue.
My eyes wandered up to the top of the sign,
"Enlist now, Don't Waste Your Time."

My eyes drifted back to the man dressed in blue,
And a finger was pointed, "Young Man, this means You."

So I hurried along to the city fair,
And rushed right in to the sergeant there.

He said, "This Life Will Appeal To You.
You're the kind we need for the Red, White and Blue."

So I threw out my chest to the extent of my vest,
And decided that now was the time to enlist.

I signed on the line for four years of time,
But it was too late then to put up a whine.
He told me of boot camp, and what it was like,
I thought I was tough 'cause my name was Mike.

It didn't take long to change that song,
I soon found out that I was all wrong.
It was h... for a while and I tramped many miles;
Wished more than once for that old manure pile.

But after all, with boot camp through,
I had so much time I didn't know what to do.

So they shipped me about from place to place,
Where I have met people of most every race.

I didn't realize when I had begun,
That any one man could be so dumb.
But I'm wise now in a lot of ways,
And I have turned the cards in all the plays.

And now my friends my advice to you,
"Hold up your hand for the Red, White and Blue;

The Stars and Stripes that flutter and gleam,
I am proud to say that I'm a MARINE!"

'CHUTES SAVE THREE MARINES DOUBLY

SERVE AS FLAGS IN JUNGLE TREETOPS TO
ATTRACT RESCUERS IN NICARAGUA

Only the fact their parachutes, caught in the tops of dense jungle trees, served as flags to attract searching planes, made possible the rescue from the Nicaraguan wilderness of three Marine Corps aviators who were lost for 10 days.

The stranded crew, Sergeant Coffman, pilot; Gunnery Sergeant Seofield and Corporal Townsend, had to take to parachutes when two planes of the regular patrol encountered severe squalls while flying over La Tigra on the Tigra River.

The planes became separated in the storm, one winging through to Bluefields. Coffman's plane vanished, and as soon as the weather cleared sufficiently to permit aerial observation, a day later, eight planes were sent out to comb the area.

After a long search, the three parachutes were seen, but the planes at first could locate no trace of the missing men or their plane. After the Guardia garrison at Rama had been asked to send out a ground patrol to make a closer search afoot, the planes returned to the search and found the missing crew in a small clearing a mile from the parachutes.

Supplies were dropped, together with instructions for the men to stay where they were until assistance arrived. Daily patrols were flown to supply the stranded crew and to keep track of the Rama patrol, which was en route via the Rama and Chilamate rivers.

The stranded flyers were supplied by air with signaling panels, food, cigarettes, clothes, a machine gun and ammunition, medical supplies, mosquito nets, poncho blankets and other necessities. Had it not been for the parachutes they probably would not have been seen at all, as the area where they went down is uninhabited and so densely forested that it usually is impossible to see the ground except along the streams.

The Rama patrol, four days out, was forced to turn back to bring in the bodies of Lieutenant Rutledge and Sergeant Simmons, killed when their plane crashed near the patrol. Three Indians were sent on ahead to continue the ground search for the missing party, which could not have hoped to escape without guides.

During their long siege, Coffman and Seofield were stricken by malarial fever. Ten days elapsed before the ground patrol was able to win through to Coffman's position. Air patrols witnessed the meeting and the beginning of the long trek to safety. The three men were in good shape except that Lieutenant Coffman received a badly bruised back and legs.

—Washington Post.

HAITIAN MARINES MURMURINGS

By Albert J. Chevalier

A slight elevation of the left eyebrow isn't a lot of encouragement, but deep things were tugging at my innermost feelings. Then, too, a hushed crowd is ominous—wait, no crowd, darn just good ol' Smitty. Well, anyhow questions; yes, that is it, questions. I wish to ask some questions! What a mix-up! As I was saying, Smitty what if you and Einstein got into a big argument? My mother once told me, "Go West, young man." What could she have meant? How does it feel to get woozy? Why, oh, why,

must the O. D. march the company around the extreme edge of the parade ground when he could easily take a shortcut? Would you like to be a bee? (Smitty nodded sleepily, and then glowered.)

Well, fellow Gyrenes, I hung around Smitty's bunk for several minutes, waiting for answers to my searching questions, but to my embarrassment, Smitty was asleep. So like the fly on the wall, or is the wall paper on the fly; or vice versa. Well, anyhow I went back to my bunk; disgruntled, disgusted, and sorely in need of consolation. Aha! A light, a bright light. Sitting up I discover the sunlight striking my head.

The sunlight reminded me of the hospital. Quoting the man in ward fifteen, maybe it was ward thirteen and a woman, but just to give everyone a sitting, we'll call them both. And when I looked up, what did I see? You'd never believe it. Neither did I, but when I awakened and found myself in the hospital I began to think it over seriously. Have I decided what it was yet? Of course, and why not? Here is something that puzzles me greatly. Now in order to have strawberry shortcake, one must have strawberries. But one can have strawberries without having cake, and just call it plain strawberries. Of course, on the other hand, we have warts, I beg your pardon, one can have cake without strawberries and call it just cake, but then what dumb cluck doesn't know that? But getting back to questions. Why play with puny lil' mouses when you can drop it all and join the Marines! By the way, fellows, maybe it is the sun. As for Smitty. Well, he is still asleep.

Don't worry, fellows, I know just how you feel, but I'm way down here in Haiti—to the

SEND YOUR POST NEWS
to
THE LEATHERNECK
Washington, D. C.

Marine who can take this article (not meaning to slur articles in calling this an article) and rewrite it so that it makes sense, well (that is a bit far fetched), but we'll call him a genius, that's what.

BANANA OIL

By the "Spieler"

It is very seldom that I offer criticism pertaining to any person connected with me at Brigade Headquarters, so if your name should appear in this column at any time, please do not consider it from a serious angle. For life is a big joke and a sense of humor is a gift divine.

Recently, while we were reclining upon our bunks dreaming of this and that and many other things, our Music burst forth and struggled through a few notes. Within a very few moments the barracks was in an uproar and men were rushing hither and thither. Some grabbed their rifles and hurried to answer "call to arms," a few others rushed to the mess hall, positive that "mess gear" had been sounded, while another squad or two felt sure that it was "call to quarters" and promptly made down their bunks. Amid the confusion, someone suggested asking our Music for the solution to the riddle. He informed us that it was nothing more than "liberty call."

Moral: Never rely upon a Music.

Not mentioning names, but I recently observed that flying bottles and swinging feet generally leave a mark of distinction (?) on their victims.

Pfe. Baxley remarked that he intended

to lay aside an hour each day for physical culture provided he could exercise while lying on his bunk (suggestions will be welcome).

We had "call to arms" the other day and everybody seemed to enjoy himself, especially those armed with a B. A. R. It appeared to me that most of the little guys drew automatic rifles and how I pity them! Though, on second thought, Napoleon wasn't so big (but Nap. never carried a B. A. R.). The 37 millimeters are operated by four "Gold Bricks" and, strange to say, their first move will probably be to draw a dozen cans of metal polish from the Q. M.

Did you know that fish are considered brain food by many famous doctors? Certain corporals whom I am acquainted with should demand fish forchow.

Private Muszyinski, who is taking dancing lessons, finally mustered the required amount of courage to trip the light fantastic with the opposite sex a few evenings ago. As he finished gliding through a slow, dreamy waltz, I happened to overhear this conversation:

"I thought you told me you could die dancing," he told his partner.

"Yes," she admitted, "but I didn't say anything about being trampled to death."

Few people realize the actual importance of the Brigade Commissary, therefore, I will attempt to devote a few lines of praise and (perhaps) criticism to its members.

It is through the untiring efforts of Capt. H. M. Peter that we are able to distribute a complete supply of food stuffs to our patrons. In ordinary words, we can say that our commissary is small but mighty, and might is strong. Therefore we are able (and glad) to thank both Captain Peter and Mr. Grealy for every can of beans and spinach that appear on the shelves. Twice per month we are able to obtain a supply of fresh vegetables from the States and fresh vegetables are really scarce in Haiti. Of course we have an occasional complaint from a customer, but human nature must have its fling. But as a whole, we are proud to say that our commissary functions as smoothly as a well oiled machine. Our pastries and baked goods are supplied by the post bakery and we are pleased to handle such luscious articles as cup cakes covered with creamy icing, cinnamon buns crammed with large sweet raisins, coffee cake heaped high with browned sugar, and sugar cookies that would make grandma green with envy. After reading this we won't blame you for coming to Haiti.

Oh, yes, we have a real backbone in our organization, namely, Private Wegley, who takes care of the native counter (and doesn't know a word of Creole). Privates Muszyinski, Klem and Bracey compose the order department (they're the guys who give you a can of beans when you order bread).

Pfe. Baughman and Privates Cosby and Joez are our renowned meat cutters (this is no "bull").

Pfe. Baxley, the veteran of many battles, and Corporal Stephens form the crew in the store room (where men ARE men).

The vegetable man is none other than Strong (page Tony, the Greek), who has charge of all tomatoes and other such fruit.

Private Traywick, the bashful boy, bails out gasoline to the command.

And last but not least, we have Q. M. Sgt. Tommy Dougan, who is the brains of the commissary. Yes, sir, the commissary wouldn't be the same without his flashing smile. When he was a little chap he was so bright that his mother had to hide him under a washtub every morning so the sun could come up.

In case any of you kind readers wish to

visit our little store we will gladly extend our welcome. Drop in some time!

The next time that you are requested to shine the brass on your rifle think of King Arthur's Knights and their shiny armors!

"It's a tough life," said a Marine as he struggled with a piece of chicken in our mess hall.

She was only a sailor's daughter, but she certainly knew the ropes.

How I'd love to have been in the Garden of Eden when the leaves began to fall!

What's wrong with these sentences?

1. The officer said to the private: "Sir, you may 'sleep-in' tomorrow morning."

2. "Your rifle is worthy of praise," said the Top Kiek as he gazed down the clouded bore.

3. The Captain granted the men all-night liberty.

4. "I'd like to ship over for Haiti, sir," replied the private.

5. "There will be no more inspections or drills," the commanding officer told his company.

President Hoover hasn't a thing on Private Bates. It's a known fact that Bates discovered "Hoover-izing" a long, long, time ago.

The old saying that "Too many cooks spoil the broth" is probably true. Each of our cooks seems to take turns pouring an extra gallon of water in the soup.

The following is a reprint from the Brigade Radio Press News. Attention of all privates and privates first class is cordially invited.

"N. C. O. Club Picnic: At Good Will Club Beach (next to Bailey's) Sunday from 9:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Free refreshments of all kinds, contests, and other amusements. Bus leaves club rooms every hour starting at 9:00 A. M. Members and guests are invited."

It's time for the U. S. Service Club to wake up and withdraw a portion of its funds from the bank, using said money for either amusements, picnics or refreshments. We're members, aren't we?

Christmas is just around the corner and the holiday spirit is in everyone's heart, so I will take this opportunity to wish one and all, in behalf of Brigade Headquarters, a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BRIGADE MOTOR TRANSPORT

By H. Shlafer

With the basketball season almost here, the basketballers of this organization are rapidly getting in shape, and from all indications, Motor Transport will be right in there when the season opens. Marine Gunner McCook, of Quantico fame, is scheduled to be our playing coach, while Pfc. Gosselin, Privates Marut, Blannik and King are all seasoned men left from last year's team. Among the promising new material are Privates Maihofer, Baker, Bergeron and Boone.

Lots of you old men who formerly did duty here would never recognize the old place now. Captain Inman, formerly of Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, is our new Skipper, and a total of 14 new men have been added to this company, replacing the contingent that left on the last *Kitty*. Among the new faces to be seen around here are Corporal Smith, Privates Coleman and Cox, fresh from the USMC Motor Transport School, particularly Cox; Privates Baker, Bergeron, Boone, Racink, Routsaw, Hunnicutt, Brown and Pfc. Wood.

Will miracles never cease! Chee-Chee Bergman (that old rascal) is now a sergeant in the Marine Corps. Good for you,



Marine Barracks, Cavite, P. I.

THE CAVITE MARINES

By 1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty

It has been a long time since the readers of THE LEATHERNECK have heard from the Cavite Marines, but here goes.

As most Marines know, who have been past Honolulu and Guam, Cavite is the next stop on the way to China. When the transports come in not many passengers disembark, but the few we do get each time enables the post to hit on all four.

The principal duties of the Marines at Cavite are to guard the Navy Yard, Canacao Naval Hospital and operate the U. S. Naval Prison. There are a few outposts including one at Los Banos, the Radio Station and one at Manila, but the barracks are more or less always intact. The daily routine is very liberal and although it follows the average routine of most tropical posts the training given is very thorough. Cavite can always turn out at a moment's notice a full strength Infantry Company and a completely organized Machine Gun Platoon. Oh, yes, we will not forget extras who can fill in most any place.

All the range firing is on the Navy Rifle Range at Olongapo, details being sent there from time to time during the year. The barracks at Cavite are large, roomy and comfortable; the Post Exchange, Library, Amusement Room and other activities are practically under one roof. Cavite has always been proud of an excellent general mess, good baseball team and up-to-date tennis courts. Regular daily swimming parties go via truck to Sunset Beach, Manila Bay. This is an entirely new recreation and attracts many patrons. There are movies every night at the barracks, at the Navy Yard, and at the Canacao Naval Hospital. The silver screen at the barracks in the open air seems to be the most attractive and at 7:15 P. M. each night there is a good gathering of service folk.

There are many interesting historical spots in and around Cavite, especially at the Navy Yard, where the American Flag was first hoisted after the Battle of Manila Bay. Most of the prominent points of interest, including Manila, can be reached over a paved highway in one hour's time.

One has only to look at the roster of Commanding Officers here to see names of many noted officers of the Corps who have been CO's at Cavite. Some of the names are as follows: Forney, Doyen, Barnett, Biddle, Mahoney, Lejeune, Karmany, Pendleton, and Dickens. The present Commanding Officer is Lt. Col. Maurice E. Shearer,

(Continued on page 57)

Chee-Chee, old boy. Bergman claims he didn't mind being a corporal until the Mud-Rat became one and then—why he just had to become a sergeant.

We have just finished firing the Automatic Rifle and a goodly percentage of the 21 men from this Company that fired made experts and sharpshooters. Corporal Smith led the rest of the rang with a total of 597, while Goose Gosselin was right on his heels with 580.

And now, just a word about the model member of our Company. A perfect gentleman who in all his life has never drank anything harder than water. He doesn't smoke, and he doesn't chew. As yet he has never gone on any parties with wild women, and has never been A. O. L., P. A. L., A. W. O. L., or what have you? And for all the months that he has been in Haiti, his skin is still as white as a woman's. And does he have a drag around this place? I'll say he does. Why that young fellow is the only member of the company that rates chow at and during all hours of the day. And who is this estimable gentleman? Is it Novitske (dot dope)? No! That phrase about the women eliminates him. You're right, no Marine can have all those virtues. So it must be "Haiti." That little white "pooch" that is the pride of the company and the despair of our first sergeant. By the way, our other full-fledged mongrel doesn't seem to get in as many scraps as he used to. Wonder if he misses Lieutenant Meints' "Bosco."

All we need down here now is a boat, and we will be a real sea-going outfit. Privates Huck, Espeland and Ignatz will all testify to the fact that we have an Anchor. And what an ANCHOR!

And now for the Motor Transport Outfit, here is a list of twelve famous sayings by famous men that can be heard almost any time around the compound. See if you can name the authors and receive a pickled herring as a prize.

Anybody that would eat fish would . . .

Somebody's always picking on me!

I'm up the pole!

Never again!

Too bad you weren't born an officer.

"EBIE."

I get so BEASTLY mad.

Sorry.

There's going to be H-L to pay around here (very gruff).

Oomem Bisway Bon Gason?

"ANNA."

Huh, that's nothing—Why in Louisville, Ky.

News from Quantico

YAGOMA VON ZOBUGU?

By Check, Double-Check, and Survey

"Where did it come from, someone asked?" It was checked, double checked, re-checked, but why, oh, why wasn't it surveyed? How could it possibly get into print. To be frank with the gentle and patient readers, ye author will wonder how it happened; providing that it does happen! However, never-the-less, and whom-some-ever, if it fails to take effect, ye author (pardon the "ye author" if it is incorrect—I feel a necessity to term myself as an author due to the brain-racking efforts, on my part, to give you the "dope") has strong intentions of writing a long and personal epistle to T. P. Cullen and his "gang" at this magazine's place of emanation, and ask: Why %$%$% do they continue to complain about non-support of their publication when they fail to recognize my delicious efforts??? Who do I think I am, that I am so bold as to state my intentions? I am Check, Double-Check, Re-Check, and I am awaiting survey! I am the person who "falls in" the blank file, and I am capable of serving at Rapidan, Guam, or Quantico. Yeah, it's a fact! Ask Sergeant Major Dickerson and First Sergeant Vallandingham . . . a-er, a, er. Sr!

Quantico "it" is from, and literally, I have become near having a serious attack of cerebritis, from attempting to appease myself with a logical conclusion on why some of the "wise guys" around the Post Service Battalion didn't attempt to give themselves a bit of publicity, instead of declaring me a "gold-brick?" (To the above mentioned "wise guys": A lot of "crust" you bunch of "punks" possess, when you say I am a "gold-brick." My revenge follows; read it—if you can—and wonder what you are going to do about it!)

The Post Service Battalion was organized on November 1, 1931 (regardless of the date falling on a Sunday) and it is composed of three companies, namely, the Service Detachment, Barracks Detachment, and the Rifle Range Detachment. The Battalion has been commanded by Major E. T. Lloyd, who went recruiting in New York; Captain A. B. Hale, who departed to a region unknown to the originator and amanuensis of this article; Major J. B. Sebrree, who went "seagoing" as Commanding Officer, Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Arkansas*; and Colonel

E. B. Manwaring, whom we are so fortunate to have as our present Battalion Commander (no one dares to say that I have a fancy of "hand-shaking," when I say that we are fortunate in having Colonel Manwaring as our Commanding Officer . . . many of the enlisted men have expressed themselves accordingly, with emphatic sincerity). Major J. M. Bain is the Executive Officer and 1st Lt. A. L. Gardner is Adjutant. P. J. Dickinson is our sergeant major, and Pvt. J. J. Reardon is his chief clerk.

The Service Detachment consists of what was originally the Maintenance, Motor Transport, and Service Companies of the First Marines. It carries, on its rolls, the personnel performing duties at the Post Garage, Depot Quartermaster, Post Quartermaster's Office, Battalion Quartermaster, Maintenance Department, Post Waterworks, Post Reclamation, Post Remount, Post Docks, etc.

The Barracks Detachment was formerly the Barracks Detachment and Headquarters and Headquarters Companies of the First Marines. This organization consists of the Post Headquarter's Force, Post Pay Office, Post Exchange, Post Band, Post Fire Department, Post Prison, Athletics, and our esteemed enemies of the Military Police Force, as well as others. Capt. J. F. McVey is the company's commander.

The Rifle Range Detachment is as was, with the exception that it is no longer a unit composing the First Marines. Capt. H. E. Leland is commanding officer. This outfit is situated back in the "boon-docks" and with the omission of the foregoing remarks, we know very little about it (perhaps Sergeants Hudson and Enloe will emerge therefrom and tell you about it).

Of course, you wouldn't guess it, but your writer is a member of the Service Detachment and he feels an urge to admit it. The Service Detachment has been ably commanded by Capt. T. F. Joyce, Capt. J. F. Blanton, 1st Lt. A. L. Gardner, and 1st Lt. M. E. Fuller, since its existence. We have had 1st Sgts. "Smoky" Woods, D. H. Booker, J. L. Russo, and M. C. Valandingham officiating as "top kicks," and holding the admiration and respect of the enlisted men.

Our dashing (no one knows why) office force consists of Cpls. W. C. "Bill" Holtz and J. W. "Jimmy" Parker and Privs. J. W. "Slim" Cox and E. M. "Wizard" Bakula. As "stenogs" and clerks, this

bunch would receive a mark of excellent as an ardent lover, toastmaster, circus tall man, and pilot, respectively.

Elsewhere in this would-be article, I spoke of giving you the "dope." Part of it follows:

When Sgt. V. Jennings reported at the Maintenance Office, from Philadelphia, he drove a sporty Hudson roadster. Sgt. C. R. Stiekney greeted him with words to the effect of: That's a nice car you have, PAL! A few days later, Stiekney sold his Pontiac roadster which he had been driving. The "dope" is that Stiekney called me a chisler when I asked him if he was carrying a box of matches and leading a "stray camel."

Cpl. L. T. Dewbre (from Texas) and Pfc. A. H. Brookshire were "shooting the breeze" in their squadroom just prior to taps. Dewbre asked: Who will be our next President? Brookshire answered: Smedley D. Butler! Dewbre asked: How did you manage to escape from that asylum in South Carolina? Brookshire answered: I did not escape, I was released on the condition that I go to Texas and teach school for a period of two years. Dewbre "turned in."

The following is quoted for the benefit of
Pvt. C. Pollard:

"Oh, love, you are a funny thing,
You make my heart beat with passion,
You have a kick like the Army mule,
And a taste like a Navy ration."

Pollard, in accordance with the rumors passed by Cpl. J. W. Cook and Pvt. E. L. Dunn, is in love. Be careful, "Polly," or you will erroneously say "yes, darling," to M. T. Sgt. W. J. Burke, and . . . well, my present financial status will not permit the purchase of flowers.

Come, come, my gentle readers, you must not condemn Pollard, because "you ain't seen nothing yet." A certain tall and curly haired member of this company wrote the following letter to some "girl friend," and unless he procures a box of Bobby Burns cigars and passes them to the company, I shall be compelled to publish his name on all bulletin boards. The letter:

“Quantico, Virginia,
7 October, 1932.

DEAR FLOSSIE:

"To retaliate your esteemed salutation, 'Hello Baby,' permit me to acknowledge your most charming post card depicting the famous Hotel Houston.

"I appreciate the sentiment very much with regards to my coming to Washington, but I fear that business difficulties, coupled with official duties, would prevent my visiting you for some time to come, unless an unforeseen stroke of good fortune would enable me to spend more delightful hours in your charming company. I know of no greater pleasure than your companionship, and if I were to see you the very next minute, it would not be soon enough!

"I am not going to sentimentalize, but you have impressed me beyond my fondest dreams. I have searched diligently in the remote corners of the globe for a lady of your capabilities and characteristics, and I imagine that at last I have reached the 'Ultima Thule' of my feminine aspirations. I have spent many long and wearisome hours in silent meditation, thinking of the thirty-seven long miles separating us.



Family Hospital, Quantico, Virginia

"Now, Flossie, you know that my present occupation prevents me from paying you a visit in the near future and while not wishing to presume too much upon your benevolent and perennial good nature, would you consider honoring this isolated specimen of the masculine gender by visiting our suburban community? To be frank with you, Flossie, I have grave doubts of my ability to sustain myself until the glorious moment when I may next gaze upon your beautiful and smiling countenance.

"With regards to a person of my meager capabilities exerting an influence over one so intelligent as yourself, I fear that it can not be accomplished, so all I may ask is please consider this suggestion as it means more to me than you can possibly realize. I think I have taken up enough of your valuable time, so I will close . . . with unceasing anticipation, I await your reply.

Very sincerely,

JACK."

It was recently whispered around the Barracks that Pvt. B. C. Richardson, our efficient bricklayer, stone-mason, and plasterer, leaped from his bunk about 0100 and jarred Cpl. J. W. Parker from his deep slumbers (no, Parker did not go on liberty for a change) by shouting: "Watch that snake! He crawled past your foot-locker and went in your shoe!" Parker told him that he should discontinue attending such movies as "Bring 'em Back Alive." Don't mind this, "Rich," you'll be a game-hunter in a big way sometime . . . if you live long enough.

Pvt. F. G. "Bobbie" Burns left the Barracks in the near gone-by, and upon his departure, he stated that he was going to be "Best Man" at a wedding. Judging from "Bobbie's" appearance on the following morning, it is believed that he attended a gala event of some description—even if he wasn't the "Best Man."

QM-Sgt. H. E. Lyon was recently a guest of certain parts of Canada, and judging from his appearance and actions upon his return, we are more thoroughly convinced that "WE WANT BEER."

Here's a tip, "Shipmates," be sure that you have the correct change when you deliver your laundry to Sgt. R. F. Moran in our company property room. He short-changed "yours truly" in the amount of three cents, and I become very much grieved when I realize the nice "El Ropo" which I could be smoking at this writing.

The "Iron Bending Crew" of the Maintenance Department consisting of Pvts. A. B. Koskela, W. J. Montgomery, and L. W. Plews, were found roaming beyond the limits of the reservation in the uniform of the day. The officer of the day questioned their duties in the particular locality, and they stated that they were going fishing. The O. D. noticed that they failed to be equipped with rods and tackles, so the trio claim, so he informed them that their story was "too fishy," and he suggested that they return to the Barracks (boys, boys, what are the provisions of your Thirteenth General Order?).

Upon resuming the firing of boilers and steam heaters, it has been rumored that our dashing chief fireman, Pvt. B. P. Bevan, chose a boiler in the shipyard district. It is believed that his choice of this particular boiler is due to the sandy beach which is located in that vicinity (I have heard that someone mentioned something to him in connections with "pounding sand").

The monthly dances at this post were resumed with the winter routine. According to Cpls. R. R. Quinn and R. N. Johnston, Cpl. H. L. Bailey (all of the PQM

Force) was "The Sheik" of the one held on October 7th. Do be careful, Herman, because I dislike the tune of "Those Wedding Belles." Isn't there someone in the same force known as "Old Man Puckett" who will furnish Bailey with advice on the subject?

I have plenty more of scandal in my possession, but the parties involved are as large in stature as I—therefore, it must be considered that I 'ave said enuf for dees time.

With apologies to Waiter Winchell (and hopes of a retaliation from Cpl. J. C. Stinnett of the Naval War College at Newport, R. I.; Cpl. L. M. Rapp, Jr., at Campo de Marte, at Managua, Nicaragua; Cpl. J. L. Rau, of Fort Lafayette, off of the shores of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pfc. E. L. A. McSurry and Pvt. J. P. Truex of the American Legation at Peiping, China; Pvt. Roy Allen at the Marine Corps Institute at Washington, D. C.; Pfc. F. E. Newman and Sgt. J. M. Ely, Jr., of the Quartermaster's School at Philadelphia, Pa.; Trumpeter E. B. Manville of the Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois; and Sgt. Harold Bishop of the First Brigade at Port au Prince, Haiti; as well as Pfc. Johnson of the Post Band, and Heath of the First Signal Company at this post) I beg to take my catachrestical piece of nonsense from the scrutiny of the opining reader (Again I ask: Yagoma von zobugu?).

MARINE CORPS SCHOOL DETACHMENT

By Charles E. Gibbons

Christmas, and with that spirit of old Saint Nick, the boys are being good and writing letters to Santa Claus. A sudden thought and the Marine Corps Schools Detachment combined their letters to save postage. Take a look at a real letter.

5 December.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

We have been pretty good little fellers this year and though we have made a few mistakes, we would like to ask you to bring us the following.

A drinkless pipe for "Play Boy" Weir.
A pair of squeakless shoes for "Woom Woom" Welch.

G. I. Can Cover lifter, rustless, for "Clark Gable" Barlow.

A set of brains and some tobacco (so he won't use ours) for "Tim" Groff.
A set of new excuses for Popeye.

A red headed woman for "Pin Head" Drew.

A new \$29.00 blanket for "Ski" Butskowski.

A new baseball scheme for the Sergeant Major.

A new golf ball for Sergeant Hale (he lost his other one).

A reducing belt for Sergeant Theodore. Snore silencer for Tippy Kane.

Boxing gloves for Dicky Grieves. Some ice and skates for Mike Orlando.

An automobile for "Sod Brain" Galvin. Good luck for Bill Shimp.

A GOOD cigar for Sergeant Kelsey.

A new Mail Bag for "Goody Duck" Crawford.

A new eraser for the 1st Sergeant.

A book for Speed King Kelly (He's been trying to write one ever since he came here).

A road map for Andy.

A new sheet for Mahatma Gandhi Dodge. Brass cuspidors instead of bags for "Tar Heel" Lloyd.

Some new lies for Ben Rippy.

A key to all the jails for Johnny Fears. Alibis for Johnny Jackson.

A Chevie that will pass Wilmington, without stopping at the grave yard for "Big Boy" Corbett.

A NEW joke book for "real" Sharp.
Reduced rates to Salem for "Chilly" Bean.

A new line for "Deacon" Deason.
Some water-proof chevrons for Ashley.
A zipper for Russell.

A shorter nickname for "Irish" Riecutti.

A trip to Vineland and not get sick for Watson.

A new pipe (sweet) for QM. Carter.
A derby for Hartman.

The muscles for Gadget Jordan.
A nice new can of metal polish for Brady.

A new dish-washer for Hutcherson.
A banana cart for Pete Mianti (No Jawbone to Marines).

Hair tonic for "Cue Ball" Thacker.
New white dungarees (Spank Fire) for Hare.

A free ticket to the Gayety for Duncan.
A nice new pair of pink pajamas for Ford.

A clean sweat shirt for "Gus" Arsenault.

A red necktie for Odgen.
"Things I do know," for Spur Rowell.

Another misplaced eyebrow for "Mill Wright" Thomas.

A bar of soap for Murdock.
A new negligee for Stuart.

A different tune than "Hey Hey How'm I Doin'" for Cooper.

A Ship's Drill and Gunnery Manual for Gunnery Sergeant "Gus."

A new swab for Kachler.
A new allotment for Web Foot Aston.

Sleepier husbands for Merck.
A new polishing cloth for Glasgow.

A new deck of pinochle cards for all of us.

And a MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY.

N. O. BRAINS,
Chairman.

A DANCE AT QUANTICO

By Cozy

A correction here and there, a last final survey, and the floor and decorations meet with the unanimous approval of the decorating committee and the Marine Barracks at Quantico is all set for the gala event of the month, the monthly dance.

Eight o'clock and the Marines and their lady friends come sauntering into the gym; pausing a moment or two at the doorway and commenting upon the decorations. Now and then we see a Marine come rushing in alone and dash off to some of his pals or maybe his girl-friend and looking around, we find that there is quite a large crowd in attendance.

The members of the orchestra come in one by one and to the tune of the piano we hear the wail of a saxophone and the other various instruments amid the murmur of conversation which varies from comments on the decorations to subjects that are far remote from the present surroundings.

A final flurry, and the orchestra bursts out to the tune of one of the popular hits of the day; for a moment nothing happens, then a couple venture out on the floor, another pair, and the dance goes into full swing.

Along the side lines, those not dancing look on, some commenting upon the dancers, some on the orchestra, and then again some just look on.

There is a period of keen expectation all along the floor and marines are gathered in small groups near the entrances of the gym, the buses are due from Washington at any

minute now and with them they bring the guests of the boys, relatives, family, and then again maybe girlfriends or sweethearts. We shall know in time.

The word is finally passed that the buses have arrived and as we take a peek into them as they round the corner, we see the flash of a mirror, a display of powder puffs and lip stick, a sudden stop and one last look in that mirror and they all emerge slowly. We see some being met by their escorts for the evening and then again some walk in alone.

The crowd on the dance floor has been slowly increasing and now as we glance around we notice the uniforms of the boys from the army, the navy, and here and there we get a glimpse of civilian attire, but who cares? A sense of excitement seems to fill the air as here we have the beginning of one dance, an encore, a brief pause, maybe a round of applause and the dance goes on.

Intermission. What a break. Did you say refreshments? Everybody happy? You bet.

The orchestra bursts forth once more and now what have we? a tag dance, a few steps, a turn or two and the whistle, change of partners, another swirl and then again that whistle. Who do we dance with next?

A fox trot, a slow waltz, getting tired? Not on your life. What's that, Home Sweet Home or was it Merrily We Roll Along? Well who cares? When? Next month—you bet.



One of the prettiest dances ever held by any aviation unit was given in the recreation hall on the night of the 27th of October when mask was the order of uniform and the decoration motif was that of the season of witchery. Three large Greyhound buses brought the guests from Washington

and Fredericksburg. The spirit of Hallowe'en was rife throughout the evening with cider, ginger-bread, hot dogs, coffee and many other foods served by the expert hand of our Mess Sergeant "Breezy" Briesemeister, Colonel and Mrs. Rowell, Major and Mrs. Evans and many of the other officers and their wives were present and all said that the dance was the best one that has ever been given on this post. Colonel Rowell was especially well pleased with the way things went off and announced that as long as entertainments go as that one did that there'll be many more. Sergeant Harry C. Preach Parsons took first honors with his mask of that of an African cannibal with a G. I. can lid for a shield, a well known plumbing instrument for a spear and the black dyed G. I. long handles for the costume; Parsons put on the real show of the evening. The ladies' prize went to Miss Abel who would have backed Cleopatra out of her patio with her perfect Egyptian costume. Another clever costume was that worn by "Doe" Larkins. Larkins with a little goat's milk and his two dried dates did a real Ghandi role. But the big thing was that the spirit of Hallowe'en was there and not overdone and it was a big success.

Letters have come from the National Air Race Committee in Cleveland and from the Piedmont Dairy Festival Committee in Manassas, Virginia, thanking Colonel Rowell for his nine plane exhibitions performed during the summer. The show at Cleveland had never been staged before and it will insure a trip to National Races next year for a team from Brown Field. The Dairy Festival is an annual affair on 10 September and for nine planes to do their stuff over the country hamlet, the event was a great attraction.

There is an organization on the field that very seldom gets any limelight. It is the galley force and the only time that one ever hears of it then is when the beans are burnt or the slum has too many carrots in it. With Chief Marine Gunner J. Roeller as Mess Officer and Sergeant Ervin C. Briesemeister, the Mess Sergeant, one never

hears of the mess as all hands get theirs and plenty. "Breezy" says that he does not try to please all the members of the mess but tries to keep most of them satisfied and for evidence of the fact that he does just that thing we have 250 men who will testify to the same. On the East Coast in Nicaragua, at Puerto Cabezas, "Breezy" was a crew chief on an airplane, was also the combination mess officer and mess sergeant. His mess was known throughout the realm of the little Brown country. Private First Class "Swede" Christensen who recently relieved Harry Johnson, paid-off, puts out pretty pastries and cake. First Cook Hough, Second Cook Miller and Third Cook Armstrong round out the staff that feeds 250 men.

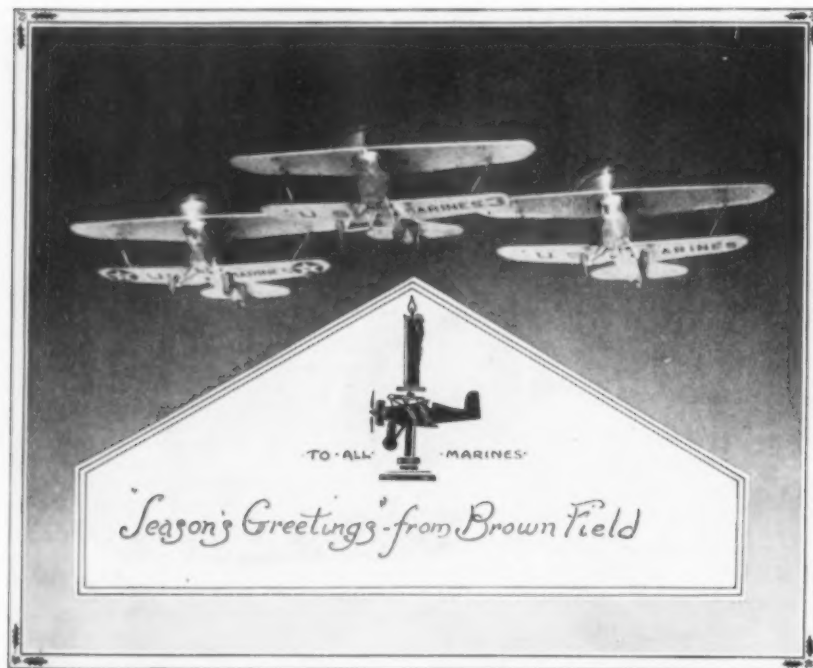
Now comes one well-schooled in the handling of the traffic situation on the R. F. and P. Railroad that cuts the field in half. Harry C. Parsons, the boy from Beaver Falls, Pa., has just received a diploma in Traffic Management from the La Salle Institute and along with the diploma a letter of commendation from the Major General Commandant. Parsons is working out a plan where a train can still use the tracks and an airplane be rolled to the erection shop at the same time. But the erstwhile purveyor of clothing in the Quartermaster is to be congratulated on working out a course as difficult as the one he mastered and it just goes to show what one can do in his spare time in the Marine Corps. No doubt Parsons' picture will soon adorn a Marine Recruiting poster.

The F4 B-4 fighter aircraft are just what they were represented to be and for the first time in many years we have real fighter airplanes that are capable of doing the job required of them. Lt. L. H. M. Sanderson, the Skipper of V F 9-M says they are real airplanes and with his stamp of approval they must be up to snuff. There are six of them in commission with the Sanderson "red" nose cowings and wheel fairing and red, white, and blue tails. They are numbered from 0 to 6 and all have a small Marine Corps emblem on them. Colonel Rowell and Lieutenant Sanderson have been putting formations through their paces with all getting as good as the old days.

The latest dope is that all A. Ps. on the station will be transferred to Nicaragua on the Henderson, 10 December, to help in ferrying all the planes out of the Central American country. The men making the trip will be Master Sergeants Harry L. Blackwell and Harold R. Jordan, Gunnery Sergeants Jack Church and Robert Lillie, and Staff Sergeants Gordon Heritage and Frederick Smith. While the men will miss the Christmas in the States they will get enough dope on how the U. S. should be re-dampened with the inauguration of Roosevelt.

Practically all hands turned out for the football game in Baltimore on the 5th when the locals beat the Firemen 25 to 12 but not so many made the trip to Philadelphia for the Armistice Day game with the American Legion.

On the election it might be of interest to you who know Gunnery Sergeant "Salty" May that he went down with President Hoover to the tune of \$\$\$\$\$. He has demanded a recount of the electoral and popular votes around Manassas and Aden, Virginia, and swears that that was dirty work around the town pump. "Salty" now says that he was only betting that President Hoover would carry Palo Alto and Pennsylvania.



PRIVATES OF BROWN FIELD

By Walter L. Williams

We have come to the conclusion, that it is about time a few of the privates of this command snapped out of it, and got their names among the many lines of this December issue.

To begin with, the so called wood butcher, Private Manning, of the old No. 9, was recently complimented on his beautiful red hair, which, by the way, is the only remembrance we have of the late "Red Weir."

It is said that Private Woodcock asked the engineering officer permission to build a box; my mistake, Woody, a vanity case would sound more appropriate. He was granted the said permission on the condition that the said private bought the necessary lumber, which will come to no small amount, for Woody has been buying everything Monkey-Wards have to offer, and is preparing for the great outside. How many more days, Woody?

I suppose that you have heard the one about the black eye and the bed post? Well,

Trumpeter Brownie returned to the Field with an enlarged jaw due to the speedy contact of an African soup bone, with said jaw. Take a tip from a friend, Brownie, and stay away from Orange.

Out of the silence of the night came a muffled scream for help. Due to the fact that no one could tell from what direction the cry came, the flood lights were turned on, after a clear search of the field someone suggested the marsh. When the powerful beams penetrated the darkness of the swamp, behold! there was Private Dawson stuck up to his neck in the slimy brine. When asked what he was doing there, he quickly replied, fishing. Well have we heard better fish stories than that?

Since the recent transfer of Musies to the service company, old No. 9 has the pleasure of offering Trumpeter Thacker their utmost hospitality. Don't forget to get cigarettes, Raymond.

Private Slavin has been making frequent trips to the Lone Star. George, is there any particular reason that you should go two miles out of the way to buy a cake?

As for another member of this command often referred to as Pvt. John Pettitt. You could use a little more diplomacy in choosing your seat at the movies, John.

For the benefit of our local night prowlers Private Slavin put a locker box in the middle of the aisle. Some time during the night, Trumpeter Howell got tangled up with said locker box and after a few words which I dare not print, aroused a few of the sleepers. They suggested throwing the locker out the back door, which we hope had a nice three-point landing. If you happened along the next morning, you would have seen Trumpeter Howell picking up the contents of his own locker.

We hear that after 999 tries, Private Distafano has failed to gain the coveted stripes. Better luck next time, Dariano Distafano.

Five new pilots just arrived from P. I. and drew flight gear from the honorable W. J. Bell, whom they addressed as sir. But wait till they get on to the Q. M. ways, and then listen to the way they will address him.



SOUTHERLY SONGS

By Meadows

Just a few lines from the Marine Detachment, Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., to let the Corps know that our good ship, U.S.S. *Southerly* is still putting in her cruise on the peaceful waters of the Mystic. Since our last broadcast, we believe our guard has progressed considerably through the efforts of our Detachment Commander, 1st Lt. Howard N. Kenyon.

The call of posts afar and the willingness to buck depression on the outside has caused considerable change in personnel. Cpl. Fred Grubert, one of the *Southerly's* plank-owners, has been transferred to the Receiving Ship at Brooklyn, and we're wondering how Chelsea Street courtesies will go on dear ol' Sand Street. Cpl. "Dancing-Bill" Coyne, now on ninety-day furlough, will soon be shoving off for Shanghai. Do you suppose the Oriental femmes will like the latest steps from Boston's

ballrooms? Pvt. "Managua" John Spier has reenlisted to give the boys in China first hand information as to how it was done in Nicaragua.

The boys willing to take chances on "bread-lines," unemployment and coal bills are Pfc's. L. C. Foley and F. W. Washburn, Pfc's. J. H. Jewell, J. C. Putala, N. N. Durgin, E. W. Bise, P. Chesehi and A. Vitkauskas.

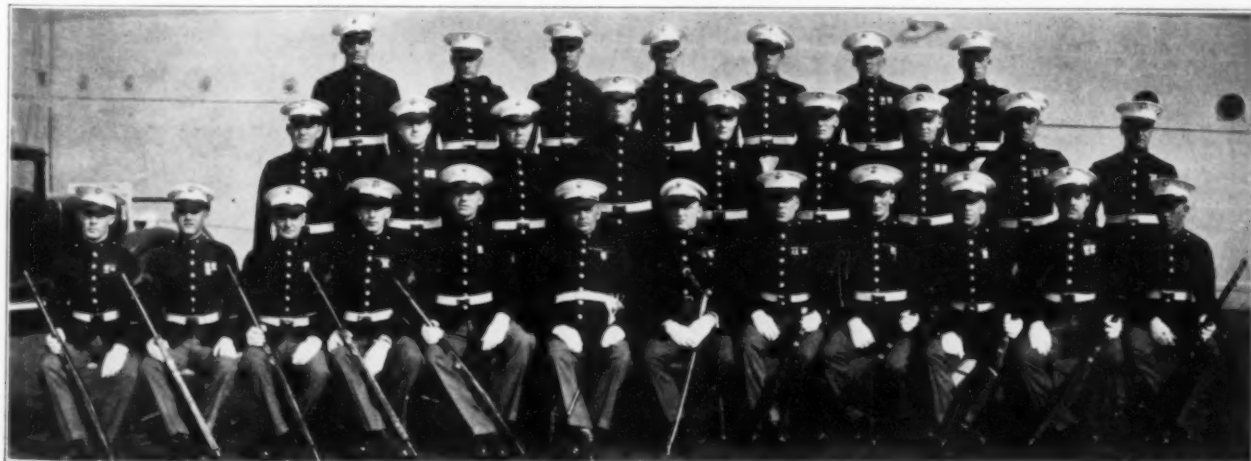
Sgt. D. Russell and Pfc. A. E. Roche shipped-over and hope to be here in the chow line for sometime. Pvt. G. H. White, found farming too unprofitable, came back to the fold for four years.

From MB, Portsmouth, N. H., we've acquired Cpl. A. M. Seymour and Pfc. D. W. Russell. Don't think that Seymour's initials, "A. M.," make him an early bird for he gives Rip Van Winkle plenty of competition. Pvt. J. C. Taylor, found the beaches closed at Newport, is here to help diminish our ration of beans. The following named men were welcomed heartily to

this detachment from Haiti, arriving here when the detachment was suffering from discharges and transfers, Pfc's. J. Beckum, M. D. Berry, L. B. Furr, C. E. Fowler, L. O. Neterer, N. J. Sedor, W. M. Shoemaker and J. J. Wisnler.

Our "Top-Kicker," 1st Sgt. A. Burkhard, is nearing completion of thirty years' service. If you know of a nice little town to settle down in, just drop him a line. We're wondering for whom Private First Class Roche will make "Jo" while on furlough. Corporal Seymour says the "Top" doesn't like milk in his coffee.

Cpl. "Sweatshirt" Allen is also counting the days. We know he's shipping-over as his bunk is his best pal. We have been observing Cpl. W. R. Army ever since he joined this detachment, but we are undecided as to whether his weakness is trigger-groups or nurses. We'll be glad when the Presidential Election is over, our orators, Corporals Driggers, Forney and Mathias have been driving us crazy with their political arguments.



Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Southerly*, Lt. H. N. Kenyon, Commanding



OFFICERS AND CREW

Our detachment qualified 100 per cent with the Springfield during the past summer on the range at Wakefield, Mass. Good scores with the Browning Automatic rifle and Colt .45 were also hung up. At present our time is taken up with guard duty at the ship's brig, close and extended order drills and school. We'll be back again next month with more "Covered Wagon Squeaks," and until then, *Adios*.

NEW MEXICO'S NEWS

Greetings, friends, everywhere. We are very sorry for neglecting to inform you of our doings for the past few months. Have no alibi, except "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." We are very sorry, and in the future will do our best.

To our old "skipper," 1st Lieut. Homer L. Litzenberg, we send greetings and best wishes for a lot of success in his studies. To First Sergeant Burns, greetings, and you should drop down to see us every once in so often, Bobbie.

Our present Marine Officer is continuing the good work, and is more than liked and respected by the Guard. 1st Lieut. Robert H. McDowell is the Commanding Officer, Marine Detachment, and 1st Sgt. Russell E. Nall is the top kicker. Incidentally, the Top is the proud father of a baby girl, five months old the 15th of November. No wonder he is seldom found aboard one minute after liberty call. Mrs., and Miss Nall live in town, you know.

Philly seems to have welcomed the *New Mexico* with outstretched arms; anyway, we have been enjoying a wonderful time, what with loads of femmes, plenty of liberty, and a mild summer. Next to pay call, liberty seems to be the most important, and at that the boys are seldom to be found aboard, even a few days BEFORE payday. These moonlit nights in Fairmount Park and Woodside must be potent since several of the boys have taken up matrimony in a big way. All the guard is snowed under by some cutie, and if we don't move away from here soon, we will all be sending for a Montgomery Ward or Sears and Roebuck catalogue. Must be the weather.

Wonder why the Navy doesn't provide full length mirrors for the Marines. It is a hard job to do one's primping before a 5x8 one. I am afraid that some of the boys will end up by breaking their necks trying it. What are the last quotations on foo-foo and hair oil?

The *New Mexico* was again towed in drydock 24 September. We had been tied up

alongside the big crane, having the 14 inch guns placed aboard. She will probably be in drydock for seven or eight months now, having her blisters welded on and the machinery returned and installed. Work hasn't started on the superstructure yet, but she is expected to be ready by September, 1933. We live in hopes.

For a long time we led the w. k. life of Reilly, but alas, as all rosy dreams, it had to end. We were forty men strong, with three sentry posts, and one o'clock liberty, then, out of a clear sky came disaster. All Marines off watch turn to and chip paint. Wat a life, wat a life! No more corking off in the afternoon, and one does get so dirty when one chips paint. Should be something done about it.

People desiring information on the game "Postoffice," and how it is played, write to Pfc. Bennie Sherwood and Corporal Hankins. The latter, by the way, is quite an adroit hosiery worker. We don't know how come, but ask him.

Highpockets Brown swings a mean ladle in the galley. I get an extra piece of chicken for that advertisement, Brown.

Wonder why Sergeant Batt doesn't want to ship over? Could it be that there is an

attraction in Tonawanda, N. Y., that would be greater than the Corps, Batt?

Anyone seeing Sgt. Jimmie Regan, thought to be in China now, please tell him that there is someone at the Army Base that wants to see him.

Ah, ha, crooked work at the cross roads. Lady Killer, Sgt. E. B. Oles, U. S. Marine Corps, late of Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., has joined us, in the flesh. Sergeant, could it be that some one at the Barracks was a little afraid of your technique? All the boys in the guard are battenning down hatches, 'cause once the girl friend has seen Oles there is no holding her. What could the fatal power he has over women be?

We wonder why Mr. Clay's and Mr. Zembower's sons are always so anxious to get to Gloucester, N. J. There is some pretty scenery over there, but—

Private Greenway, he of the "long handled skivvies fame," is holding daily courses on holystones. What is the procedure of fielding, stripping a holystone, Tyrus?

Pfc. Schwartz is now worrying the Top to death in the office. Red still manages to worry the ladies a lot.

Looks like Pemberton is "bucking" again. Imagine anyone sending ten pairs of khaki trousers to the laundry all at one time, and having to borrow a pair to stand watch in.

Cpl. Schnozzle Poremba looks worried lately, no doubt it will be a long hard winter, Andy.

Cozort, company presser, says all he needs is a tail and some oversized ears to look the part; he is compartment cleaner, watch stander, messenger, and general handyman. The rest of the time is his own to do with as he pleases; how come, you so lucky, Cozort?

We are signing off now, but to the members of the *New Mex's* guard, those that we didn't mention this time needn't feel proud, we may get you next. *Adios*.

IDAHO SPUDS

By W. C. Edmonson

SEASON'S GREETINGS! It seems as though each year the Christmas season holds more surprises than the year before. Of course, there aren't many in this detachment who can say that Santa is going to give them a present of a transfer to China or maybe back to the West Coast, but anyway we are all looking forward to



Lt. H. N. Kenyon, 1st Sgt. J. D. Bellora, and Puma Kitten Mascot



D CREW OF THE U.S.S. NEVADA

many presents from home. The Idaho Marines want to extend to all their buddies and shipmates a most hearty wish that they have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

This article is being written on what may prove to be a memorable day, the 8th of November, Election Day. Any observing person could get some good dope on the next president if they would drop around and listen. One would think the entire detachment was planning to put in for special liberty to go ashore and vote. Oh, well, may the best man win.

The Marines aboard here have been turning out for athletics in a big way. We have five men on the ship's football team, Bryant, Petroski, Perlick, Saunders and Martin; they play a great game and to date the Idaho team lost one game out of six.

We had two promotions on the first of the month, Pfc. Land to Corporal, and Private Haas to Pfc. Sergeant Hutchins is still police sergeant and has added to his duties by taking over the very serious problem of trying to teach the men how to name the parts of a B. A. R., .30 calibre rifle, etc. Have patience, Hutchins, they will learn faster than you expect.

Our detachment commander, First Lieutenant Dickey, is a busy man these days. He's ship's counsel and investigating officer, and believe me, that keeps him busy.

The Tilley brothers are still going strong. James Tilley has gained a few pounds as messman (weighs about 200 pounds now); while Boss Tilley has lost considerable weight worrying about "Little" James' sudden gain.

Talk about a pleasant climate, it's nearly impossible to beat Virginia for good weather. It has rained steadily for the past five days and with a parade in the offing it looks like it will continue at least until we get to parade in a nice drizzle. Giddap, Napoleon, it looks like rain!

So long, pals, we'll be seeing you in a near future issue.

PENNSYLVANIA PENS

By I. Dontno

We realize that it has been a long time since any of the readers of these closely scanned columns heard anything about the Leathernecks on this ship. We will not attempt to offer any excuses for our negligence in the past nor make any fancy

promises of contributions in the future. However, we hope that this little bit will redeem us for our silence and will also give a faint idea of how busy we've been.

There is one thing that causes us to regret leaving Bremerton, and the nerve-racking din of the yard—the fact that we left behind the best first lieutenant that ever looked at a dirty rifle. Lieutenant Mathiesen was detached to the barracks at Bremerton. His relief, Second Lieutenant Willard, has not been on board long enough for us to get a line on him. 1st Sgt. Tippy Cane of China fame came aboard in June, and the gang swears he is the best top that ever called a roll.

On the sixth of June, Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Mathiesen left with twenty-seven men for the rifle range at La Jolla, Calif. They were apparently our best riflemen as the scores were remarkably good.

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to

THE LEATHERNECK

Washington, D. C.

Seventeen qualified as experts, seven as sharpshooters, and the rest as marksmen. Can any detachment tie that record? However, there is a fly in the ointment and before the rest of the men got a chance to fire, some economists got together and decided we were making too much money. Under the new qualification requirements only two men made expert and eight made sharpshooter out of a group of fifty. We still persist in our claim that this detachment has the largest percentage of experts of any afloat, however—experts at stowing the chow.

We feel that we earned our salt during the short range battle practice. There are twelve five-inch broadside guns, eight anti-aircraft, and four turrets on this ship. The Marines manned five-inch gun number ten, which won the distinction of being the only "E" decorated gun on the ship. Gunny's coaching certainly showed results in that crew, and Sergeant Voyten as gun captain deserves a large share of the credit.

On the seventh of September, the C-in-C left the Pennsy for a trip to Hawaii and naturally he could not get along without his orderlies. Six privates and privates first class are making the trip under the watchful eyes of Sergeant Voyten, and

from all reports are enjoying themselves immensely. How about it, Price, was it like this on the Texas?

Last year the Battle Fleet Marines got a break when the schedule of this ship prevented the Marine whale boat crew from participating in the races. Gunnery Sergeant Duckworth is getting a crew lined up for this winter that will make the speed-balls look to their laurels. You haven't seen us in action yet, but look out, "Wee Vee," you will see plenty of speed this year.

China

SHANGHAI SLIVERS

By Pennant

Shanghai has not been on the air for a long time, and with the exception of sports, nothing has been heard from this quarter of the world. That a closer feeling of comradeship with our pungs in other parts of the globe may be effected, we herewith offer the following, trusting that it will cement better understanding.

This is not an official 4th Marines Broadcast, but is intended rather to boost the 3rd Battalion of this famed regiment. Many old timers of the Marine Corps are stationed in the five companies of the battalion. Among the older enlisted men we have Sgt. Major Jerry Black, 1st Sgt. M. H. Peters, 24th Co.; M. M. Goldberg, 22nd Co.; J. Slezak, 19th Co., and 1st Sgt. Cooley, 21st Co.; Joe Vitek, Hdq. Co. Then we have Gy-Sgt. Steve Skoda, 19th; Jagozs, 21st, H. O. A. Keller, 24th, and Louie Diamond also of the 24th; Gy-Sgt. Davis, 22nd; Sgts. Skinky Lavondovski, Chester Niblo, Sam Bashefkin, J. S. Cooley and W. R. Tyler, of the 19th; Sgts. Asa Hudson, Sandy Sundhausen, R. J. Street, Mr. Gifford and others of the 21st Co. Fearing that we will make this letter too long we will wait till the next time for further introduction.

The winter schedule is now in effect. Already two parades to the race course have been completed. The first was the occasion of presenting the Rifle Trophy to the Regiment. The second battalion will be with us in a few weeks and then competition will be keener. More power to the newcomers. We feel sure that the 2nd would be overjoyed to split guard duty at the headquarters compound on Haiphong Loo.

Companies are organizing their basket-

ball and volleyball teams. Sergeant Kafka is manager of the 22nd's team, while Sergeants Tyler, Lavery and Diamond have the 19th, 21st, and 24th Co., respectively, with Frank Neider piloting Hdq. 3rd. Much competition is expected; much more than last year.

Two smokers are planned for the month of October. Two free shows in local cinemas. What's the use of giving too much publicity to the activities of the Marines out here? We don't want to entice the entire Marine Corps to put in for Shanghai.

The price of rice is constant. Rate of exchange rather favorable. We were paid Mex \$4.728 last payday. What a life . . . ho . . . hum.

Haialai still a favorite place to win beaucoup dough. Dog races—horses—etc. Who is going to win the 30,000 pounds in the Oct. 12th Irish Free State's Hospital Sweeps? Sgt. Skinky Lavondovski says Sgt. Joseph James Smith will win it.

Will be seeing you when the 3rd Battalion mess wins the mess pennant.

POLO IN THE FOURTH REGIMENT, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By 1st Lt. T. H. Saunders

DUE TO THE untiring and ceaseless efforts of Lt. Col. W. C. Powers, Jr., the officers of the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, were finally able to introduce polo to the Regiment and enter into competition with other teams in Shanghai. Throughout the past spring, summer and fall months, polo has been an active sport and has been generally accepted as a popular one in the Regiment.

In the fall of 1931 the Peiping Interport Polo Team came to Shanghai for the annual matches between Shanghai, Hong Kong and Peiping. The Peiping team was composed of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews and three Army officers (USA). Colonel Powers was well acquainted with one of the Army officers, and after the matches were completed he learned that the Peiping team were desirous of selling their string of ponies. Colonel Powers sought the aid of several officers in the Regiment that were interested in polo, and learning that he would receive support, he immediately gained option on nine of the ponies. Colonel Powers personally bought the ponies with the aid of the various officers, who offered to help in the way of a loan. It was understood that this money would be refunded to the officers concerned when they became due for transfer from the Regiment. With the approval of Col. Richard S. Hooker, Commanding Officer of the Fourth Regiment, in his undertaking, Colonel Powers reached an agreement with the Field Officers of the Regiment whereby each would purchase a pony from him and loan the pony for use in polo. When due for transfer Field Officers would receive the same amount from Colonel Powers as they had paid and the pony would again become the property of the polo squad. Following the example set by Colonel Hooker, the Field Officers each purchased a pony and this greatly relieved the expense for which Colonel Powers and other officers were responsible. Polo equipment and harness was an extra expense, some of which was obtained from the Peiping team and the additional had to be bought in Shanghai.

During the next few months prior to the end of the year, there were ten officers that went through a course in equitation under the supervision of Colonel Powers. Some of these officers had ridden and played

polo before, some of them had only ridden, and that was perhaps somewhere down on the farm. During the winter months of 1932 indoor polo was available (two a side) at the Great Western Riding Academy, where our ponies were stabled. Those officers that had played before and those that had become proficient in horsemanship and the ability to master the "Wooden Horse" were able to play three times a week. However, for almost two months we were not able to exercise the ponies due to the Japanese-Sino trouble. Although the indoor polo failed to teach polo as it is played out of doors, it was advantageous in that it taught horsemanship and the proper form for all strokes with the mallet. The ponies were given daily road-work and in case of inclement weather, the ponies were worked in the riding hall. Whenever time permitted, school in polo was held and rules and penalties discussed.

During the early spring, when the various polo fields were fit for play, we found that the actual number of polo enthusiasts had been reduced to six due to transfers, and one additional officer joining the Regiment. However, after a survey of those that remained, it was found that four of the six had previously played a little polo and it was decided to carry on (our string of ponies could have been sold at a profit at any time as they were considered one of the best strings in Shanghai). The names of the remaining officers will be stated here; new enthusiasts did not join the Regiment until the polo season was almost finished. The following named officers were responsible for the beginning, and

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what may be said as a successful completion of the first season of polo by the Fourth Regiment: Lt. Col. W. C. Powers, Jr., Capt. N. E. True, 1st Lt. H. C. Roberts, 1st Lt. T. H. Saunders, 2nd Lt. J. P. Juhan, and 2nd Lt. J. B. Lake. The first four named had previously played, and had a little knowledge of the game. Practise on the outside was immediately started and every effort made to learn the fundamental principles of polo. Colonel Powers had the misfortune to break a shoulder blade, due to a nasty spill and it was certain that he would not be able to participate in any of the forth-coming matches which were at that time scheduled. We were therefore cut down to five with no other prospects, but we decided to carry on, as Colonel Powers was available as coach.

The first competition entered was the Tryo Cup Matches. This cup was presented by Mr. J. A. Hayes, a veteran polo player, and a resident of Shanghai for many years. This cup was competed for by players having a handicap of not more than one and a total handicap per team of not more than three. This cup was won by the Light Horse "B" Team (total handicap three) the Marines finishing in a tie for second place, there being six teams entered. Next came the Army Cup "knock-out" tournament. We won our first match against a team that was composed of three players that had played for the Light Horse "B" team. We were eliminated in our next match by the team which finally won in the finals. These two matches were played at the polo field at the Shang-

hai Race Course. During the interval between matches pick-up chukkers were held almost daily at Shanghai or at Kiangwan. We tried as much as possible to practise as a team and made every effort to go up against more experienced players. After the various annual matches were completed, the scene shifted to the polo grounds at the Kiangwan Race Course, which was about eight miles from Shanghai. (Incidentally, several months previous this same field harbored several batteries of Japanese artillery.) Due to experience gained in previous matches and also from the practise chukkers, we had improved to some extent and were in better shape for the matches which were to be staged at Kiangwan.

Eight teams entered the competition for the Cathay Cup, which was staged at Kiangwan. These matches were run off with each team using its total handicap. We entered the semi-finals but lost in this match by a margin of two goals. Lieutenant Roberts was unable to play due to an injury and we were forced to substitute. Had it not been for this bad piece of luck, in all probabilities we would have entered the finals. These matches ended any further opportunity for us to play as a team. The next competition in which members of the team participated was the Reinforcement Cup. The various teams were drawn in such a manner so as to place one player having a handicap of nil on each team. The matches were run off under the handicap system. Captain True and Lieutenant Saunders were on teams that managed to go into the semi-finals, but as those two officers were transferred from the Regiment before the semi-finals were held, at the time of this writing it cannot be said which team won the cup.

Too much cannot be said for the time and patience which Colonel Powers used in order to give polo a start in the Fourth Regiment. Those of you that have had experience in managing a string of polo ponies have knowledge of the various problems and troubles that arise. Our only course was to employ the use of Chinese "Mafoos" and as our knowledge of the Chinese language was practically nil, we indeed had our trials and tribulations.

Summing up the number of matches played throughout the various competitions, we find that we played ten, winning five and losing five. Of the five won, two of them were won by our handicap allowance, but in each case the two teams were played on an even basis and our handicap pushing us over for a win. The following named officers played on the team in the positions as indicated: Lieutenant Roberts, No. 1; Captain True, No. 2; Lieutenant Saunders, No. 3, and Lieutenant Juhan, No. 4. The introduction of polo into the Regiment was heartily supported by Colonel Hooker, and we have him and the other officers of the Regiment to thank for the support which they rendered. Not only was the move a popular one in the Regiment, but the civilian polo players of Shanghai also expressed their approval and were glad to see us make the start which was considered a successful one. It is most likely that it will be carried on (as it should be) as there were several new officers who recently joined the Regiment who expressed their desire to go through with it. If there are enough officers interested and ample support is given, polo in the Fourth Regiment has a chance to be placed on the high pedestal which the Regiment has enjoyed for the past several years in all branches of athletics.

Miscellany

MARINE OFFICERS WILL BE SHIFTED

GEN. RUSSELL WILL BECOME ASSISTANT
COMMANDANT—GEN. LEE GOES
TO QUANTICO

Brig. Gen. John H. Russell, U.S.M.C., long a prominent figure as Uncle Sam's representative in Haiti, now commanding general of the base at Quantico, Va., will become assistant commandant of the Marine Corps at the Navy Department in a shift in high officers of that service, scheduled to take place in January.

Marine Corps headquarters announced General Russell's place at Quantico will be taken by Brig. Gen. Harry Lee, now commanding at Parris Island, S. C. General Russell will take the place of Maj. Gen. John T. Myers, who goes to the West Coast to become commanding general of the Department of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco, Calif.

Maj. Gen. Logan Feland, commanding at San Francisco, will go on duty in the Navy Department. This officer, one of the most highly decorated in the service, will retire, under the age limit, September 1.

Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley, commanding the 2d Brigade of Marines in Nicaragua, will come from Managua to take over command of Parris Island, relieving General Lee.—*Evening Star (Washington).*

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK GUARD, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Federal Reserve Bank Guard boasts a detachment of sixteen ex-Marines and two ex-soldiers. All the gang are back from their vacations and they have settled down to the usual routine of the guard, so we will give what scandal there is to give.

Capt. Geo. K. Roush is in command, an old traveler from Haiti and Santo Domingo and the Fleet, who is always heard to say, "For cryin' out loud, you're guys are always squawkin' about sompthin'." Sgt. Edward U. Stephens, who claims to be our crack shot, and whose hobby is to shoot against one Officer Kunkle, of the Pennsylvania State Police.

Corporal Leonard S. George, the Guard's only stock broker, has worn out more trousers and chairs since he has been on the Guard than a Marine wears out socks in an enlistment.

Privates of the Guard, the first of whom is Arthur A. Adams, an ex-Haitian by virtue of a hitch in the land of sunshine and sweet odors. Then we have John (What-a-Man) Benson, we never could get the dope on where he did his time, so it must have been in Washington.

Here is Francis M. Dodson, a personality well to be remembered from the old Brigade Headquarters in Managua, whose main diversion is the bright lights of Pittsburgh.

We also have Arthur (Sheik) Hill, the elevator girls' delight and the tobacco chewer on the force. Now for an old

friend from Macon, Ga., Robert O. Lyles, ex-sergeant, mess sergeant and canteen steward.

And now comes one of these salty guys in the person of Earl R. (Beefy) Maze, who did his stretch aboard the battle wagons of the fleet and who claims that he is going to beat Stephens out of some of the medals in these revolver leagues; so now we must fall back on the Q. M. for we have one who goes by the name of Noble C. Rape.

By the way, we must not forget that

noted group who are called buglers, and now we bring you Frank E. Rubaka, ex-bugler and the Lon Chaney of Pittsburgh. The Chink Brigades furnished us with two members, Stephen Stefanik, a former member of the motor transport, and Vernon F. Strassle, a pal to all the nice girls. And now we come to one who can spit out the old spik lingo so fast that the spiks wouldn't know it themselves. He is none other than Hilbert H. (Spik) Snead.

The last Marine on this roster is Carl G. (Buck) Weaver, one of the greatest per-



Original Wood Carving by
Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
MY AUNTIES!!!

sonalities on our Guard. We have Lt. John Bruce Hall, a name fit for a president but who was at one time just another doughboy in Panama. The black sheep of the Guard is Eston C. Alt, also a doughboy, and who makes a habit of getting Chevrolets and Essexes and tries to make Packards out of them.

That concludes our ex-service men and now to get our one and only civilian Guard; he is Hamilton R. (Pop) Blain, a worthy son of Erin, and who is so much Irish that when someone tries to park their car in the bank's driveway, he can't say a word in English.

CLEVELAND MARINES CELEBRATE

The Old Time Marines of Cleveland, Ohio, and vicinity celebrated the birthday of the Marine Corps on November 10th with a stag party held in the Amber Room of the Allerton Hotel.

The program included speeches by Congressman Martin L. Sweeney, Judge Bruce Putman, Colonel George C. Reid, U.S.M.C. (ret'd), Major S. J. Locan, U.S.M.C. (ret'd), Major Chester L. Fordney, U.S.M.C.R., and Councilman Christ Bannick. Major Fordney was guest of honor.

A glance over the invitations issued reveals that the speeches were probably enjoyed, for other refreshments than the roast turkey dinner were promised.

MARINES GET PRIZES

San Diego.—The Commanding Officer of the USS *Kansas* has awarded prize money totaling \$225 to the Marine Gun crew on 5-inch gun number 10, who in SRBP retained the "E" won in the June practice.

HOW UNION MARINE PRISONERS KEPT THE GUARDS GUESSING

By George P. Plitt

A company of Marines, captured by the confederates at Hampton Roads after the Monitor and Merrimack fight, were sent to the Libby Prison at Richmond, Va. They were a hungry lot, rations were few and far between. The ground floor was used as a storeroom and kitchen, a detail of prisoners had to help cut wood, peel potatoes, wash dishes, etc.

One day a large consignment of Southern sweet potatoes were received and stored on this lower floor. They looked good to our Marines, but how to get them to the floor above was the question. They could carry only one at a time in their pockets. One, a German, former carpenter, solved the perplexing problem: while splitting wood, he cut a square block 4x4, another 1x4, in the latter he hammered a lot of tenpenny nails and nailed this piece to the 4x4, point down like a brush. To this he fastened a rope long enough to reach from ceiling to the floor below.

That night he cut a hole large enough for this 4x4 to go through. Next, he let the heavy block with the nails pointing down drop upon the sweet potatoes, which speared a big potato. This performance was repeated many times every night thereafter.

The cook and quartermaster finally noticed that sweet potatoes were missing. It was decided to put a sentinel outside the main door. He was instructed to prohibit anyone from going in or out. To their surprise a large quantity of potatoes were gone again. The sentry was accused of sleeping on post and was reprimanded. Next night there were sentries put inside and outside the only door, as usual; a large quantity of potatoes were stolen again.

This was the limit and after a hasty consultation, the Sergeant was ordered to put a guard beside the potato pile. All worked well, nothing unusual occurred until after taps or lights out. Then the sentry noticed something resembling a large spider coming from the ceiling, dropping upon the potato pile, then disappearing with a potato in its mouth. He watched this process for a little while. By a dim light he soon caught on to the trick and grabbed hold of the block. Line and all came tumbling down. After calling the Sergeant he went to the floor above—the floor was in order, every Marine sound asleep. At roll call no one knew anything about it—no more sweet potatoes for a while as a punishment.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

My assignment for November 11th is the most unexpected that I have ever had for Armistice Night. I am expected to give an



Dawson Photo
"Doc" Clifford

address to a group of the Brooklyn Hebrew Society for the Deaf and Dumb. My instructions are as follows: "Your talk will be interpreted into the sign language, and to prove to yourself that you are really understood you are at liberty to state that questions may be asked."

At the last meeting of the Marine Corps League, it was a pleasure to meet and greet a large number of old-timers. Sergeant Major LaSage, who has a wonderful record and a long period of active service, was present. It was reported to the amazement of everyone present, that he was on the eve of an important celebration following a recent engagement (not with the enemy) to a young lady.

The Paymaster of the Detachment, Joseph W. Link, was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart. Colonel Gerald M. Kincaide, commanding officer, Marine Barracks, Brooklyn, sent a guard with the Corps Colors and a guard of honor. Old Glory Naval Post of the American Legion rejoiced to have additional evidence that the Marine Corps never forgets to be on hand to honor their comrades.

We were pleased to meet another old-timer, Comrade Albert Lages, and to learn

"DOC" CLIFFORD PLEADS TO PHILATELISTS

I wonder if the many readers of our splendid magazine who collect postage stamps could not help me in my work with and for the old helpless and needy people to whom I am now ministering in Brooklyn, N. Y. If you have an old discarded collection for which you have lost your interest, or a lot of duplicates in some forgotten corner of your home, it will assist in helping some poor folks to food, shelter and clothes this winter if you will parcel them up and send them to: Rev. John H. Clifford, Goodwill Industries, 369 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

of his recovery from a recent severe sickness. William T. Bush, whom many Marines will remember from Quantico and Nicaragua, was also warmly greeted by his comrades.

At the last meeting of the M. C. League, Commandant A. J. Cincotta told the following incident regarding the newly elected President:

"Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt demonstrated his great love for the Marines by a little story he told last January at the banquet tendered by the American Legion, Department of New York at Albany, New York. The banquet was the occasion for the mid winter conference of the State Officials of the Legion. He told with glee how he conspired to land the Marines first in France during the late World War. He was then Assistant Secretary of the Navy and was thoroughly familiar with the fact that the 'Marines always land first.' He took into consideration the fact that someone might show a little envy if the Marines did land first, so maneuvering around and with some diplomacy but without any great ceremonial, he did succeed in having the Marines land first."

I met the President in Quantico when I returned from France, and I don't think there is any likelihood of any Marine being overlooked or forgotten during the regime of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Thanksgiving Day follows Armistice Day very closely and a poem, which fills the bill for a perfect life of joy, in the constant thanksgiving that we should possess, runs as follows:

WHAT I HAVE FOUND

I have found a gladness that satisfies.
It shines like a gleam through the grayest skies,
It awakens me early with sweet surprise,
And lingers throughout the day.
It came out of darkness and spilled the light
Around my couch in the midst of night;
It blinded my senses with sudden sight—
It glorifies my way!

I have found an answer to every prayer,
A meaning to life that I long to share
With wistful humans everywhere
Who seek for a stirring sign.
I have found a thrill in each step that is trod,
A lifting of thoughts like blooms from the clod,
A mighty linking of fingers with God—
A clasp of the Hand Divine!

I have found that my soul need never cling
To any irksome, earthbound thing,
But rise to the heights on lifted wing,
To immortal sight and sound.
I have known it was true, yet never before
Dared to open the windows and door
Wide enough for the spirit to soar.
'Tis a marvelous thing I have found.

And now as I write these notes I am reminded that only a few weeks remain and another year will have taken its flight. If you read these "notes" on the second of December, only twenty-three days are between us and Christmas. My wishes for you and yours are that 1933 will bring a bumper crop of blessing and joy, and be the forerunner of the most peaceful and successful future that has ever been the thought or wish that you had when the wishbone was your portion at the carving of the turkey during the season's festivities.

God bless you!



Captain Thomason, Ill, Improving

John W. Thomason, Jr., Captain of Marines, artist and writer, seriously ill at the Peking Union Medical College, is reported on the road to recovery by Dr. Robert G. Heiner.

Pvt. Paul E. Magee, selected from a host of volunteers, was blood donor for the transfusion that aided the captain materially.

Policeman, Former Marine, Shot

Flint, Mich.—Patrolman Herbert S. Fitzgerald suffered three gunshot wounds during a fight in which an unidentified bandit was killed. Fitzgerald received three bullets in the right leg and thigh. Three bystanders were wounded in the exchange of shots.

Tribute Paid Sousa's Memory

Washington, D. C.—The sixty-seventh birthday anniversary of the late John Philip Sousa was observed by the Marine Band, November 7, when Capt. Taylor Branson presented a special memorial concert at the auditorium of the Marine Barracks.

Sacasa Victory Conceded

Managua, Nicaragua, Nov. 7.—As we go to press, Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, Liberal candidate for President of Nicaragua, is leading former President Adolfo Diaz, Conservative candidate, by 19,000 votes. Dr. Sacasa's election is conceded. The Electoral Mission reported no serious disturbances during the voting. Full returns are not yet available.

Sandino Threatens Managua

Mexico City, Nov. 7.—Augusto Sandino, through his representative, stated that he would not recognize the winner of the Nicaraguan elections. Sandino plans to seize Managua and call for new elections, the representative reported.

Casualties in Nicaraguan Battles

Several clashes between the Marine-led National Guard and Nicaraguan bandits have been reported during the past month. A series of contacts marked the closing days of September. The most serious contact occurred on the last day of that month, in which 27 bandits were reported slain. Guardia casualties were two killed and three wounded, one of whom was Lieutenant William A. Lee (gunnery sergeant, USMC), who received gunshot wounds in the right side of the head and upper arm. He was evacuated by plane to Managua, where his condition was reported as "not serious."

Retired Officer Gas Victim

Capt. James T. Allen, retired Marine officer, residing in Takoma Park, Md., owes his life to the quick thinking of County Policeman Joseph B. Nolte. Captain Allen, while cleaning his car in a closed garage, was overcome by monoxide fumes. Policeman Nolte rushed Captain Allen to the Washington Sanitarium where quick application of a respirator and oxygen tanks revived the captain.

Marine Flyers Saved at Sea

Oct. 10.—A squadron of Marine planes from the *Lexington* were unable to locate their carrier and were forced down by lack of fuel. The lookout aboard the *Saratoga* observed two planes wallowing in the seas, and the pilots were rescued. It was then learned that the entire squadron had been lost. A third plane, in the meantime, had been rescued by the *Partridge* and the *Lexington*. Two landed safely on the beach of Pyramid Cove on San Clemente Island. One plane, with Lieutenant Edward C. Dyer and his mechanic, was still missing. An all-night search proved fruitless, but on the following morning the *Fairfax* found the two men floating in a rubber boat. They had been in the water for seventeen hours, and had taken refuge in the collapsible boat only after their plane had sunk. None of the men suffered serious after effects. Three planes were completely lost.

German Seamen Visit U. S.

Nov. 5.—Four officers and fifty-eight Naval Cadets of the German Cruiser *Karlsruhe*, tied up at Philadelphia, paid a visit to the officers and midshipmen of Annapolis, Maryland. The visitors had an opportunity of watching American football when they witnessed the Navy-Columbia football game, won by Columbia, 7-6.

SEND YOUR POST NEWS

to

THE LEATHERNECK

Washington, D. C.

Commander Knowlton Commended

The Secretary of the Navy has sent a letter of commendation to Lieut. Commander D. S. Knowlton, Medical Corps, United States Naval Reserve, who organized and has served in charge of the Medical Unit of the Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade, which since its organization in November, 1929, has been outstanding in equipment, training and efficiency.

Gen. Lejeune's Condition Still Serious

Lexington, Va., Nov. 10.—Maj-General John A. Lejeune, seriously injured in a fall on the V. M. I. campus, September 9, rendering him unconscious for several days, shows some slight improvement. Although his condition is still serious, the General is able to sit up for brief intervals.

Marine Awarded Navy Cross

Washington, D. C., November 10.—Corporal Karl T. Gray was awarded the Navy Cross by Secretary of the Navy Adams, for distinguished service in defending a Nicaraguan mine against bandit attacks in May of this year.

Slayers of Marine to Die

Washington, D. C., November 10.—The three colored slayers of Policeman Milo J. Kennedy, former Marine, who was beaten to death by the trio last August, must pay with their lives for the crime, was the ruling of Chief Justice Alfred A. Wheat. Date of the executions will be set next week.

LEATHERNECK Publishes Prize Story

The short short story, "Nothing Exciting," by Christy Borth, published in the January issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*, is listed as one of the best short stories in 1932, according to the announcement of the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee's fourteenth annual collection of prize stories, just released.

WHY I AM A MARINE

R. E. Nall

LONG AGO, answering a boyish call of adventure, I applied to the Marine Corps Recruiting Station at Louisville, Ky., for enlistment. Sergeant Barngrover was in charge of that station then. In due course of time, after considerable diplomatic negotiations at home to have my parents give their consent to my enlisting, I found myself enroute to Parris Island, S. C. Arriving there in company with nearly a hundred others, I soon learned that I was one of the lowest items in the Marine Corps, an "applicant." Several days later, Lieutenant Fogg performed the miracle that made me a full fledged Marine, with a rifle, pack and a uniform to prove it.

Then came trouble. As an ardent seeker of adventure, such things as proper posture, stepping off on the left foot, standing at "Attention," whether I was physically fit or not never occurred to me. Imagine my surprise when those exalted beings (Drill Instructors), told me of just a few of my shortcomings. God bless that poor sergeant who trained me, he must have had the patience of an angel. Was there ever a less promising "boot" than I loaded on a man, to try to make into a marine? However, after a few million showings, and several gentle reminders judiciously placed on the back-side with the broad edge of a sabre, I learned. Strange, isn't it, that for a long time I resented the efforts the drill instructors made in teaching me, but eventually I learned just how valuable their instructions were.

In addition, while undergoing those painful days of recruit drill and instruction, I learned and assimilated the keystone of the entire structure of the Marine Corps, Justice. I do not believe that the spirit of square dealing and fair play that is present in the Corps can be duplicated anywhere. I would not infer that the Marine is a little angel, incapable of wrongdoing. He most positively is NOT, but I have my first time yet to see a Marine play dirty or take an unfair advantage of an opponent. He is a noted fighter, but not a notorious fighter. It would seem that in developing the fighting instinct in men it would produce a group that would be surly, quick to anger, and argumentative, but such is not the case. Men who can not control their temper have no place in the Marine Corps.

The discipline and *esprit de Corps* in the Marine Corps is a wonderful thing. Discipline is not maintained by fear of the big stick. A man knows that he can expect justice, and nothing more than justice from his officers, and the officers in turn know that they are expected to be just in their dealings with the men, and take a great pride in doing just that. The understanding that exists between the officers and the men in the Marine Corps can not be found in any other military organization in the world.

The Marine does a great variety of duties. At present there is the Marine Corps Aviation, Guard Duty in Navy Yards, Marine Guards aboard battleships, and Marines serving on foreign shore, in Haiti, Cuba, Nicaragua, and China. In each job, the Marine is depended on to do his duty, and do it well. The sense of duty is greatly developed in the Marine, just how greatly has been displayed in heroic deeds that are beyond words to describe. It is with pride that the Marine Corps can say that no matter what the task assigned, they have never failed to perform it!

(Continued on page 56)



MARINES WIN ANNUAL CLASSIC AGAINST AMERICAN LEGION, 7-0

BY STAN BAUMGARTNER

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11.—An aroused Devil Dog of the Marines, snarling beneath the whip-lash of two successive strappings, turned on his tormentor, a Legionnaire, and buried his fangs deep into the thigh to taste a juicy 7-0 victory on Franklin Field before 10,000 Armistice Day gridiron fans.

The lone touchdown and the resultant successful try for point after the goal crossing came late in the fourth period when the battle seemed destined to end in an unsatisfactory and disappointing tie.

With only five minutes left to play, the score 0-0 and the ball in possession of the Soldiers on their own 38-yard ribbon, an alert and powerful Leatherneck lineman broke through the Legion forward wall to block a punt by Marty Brill.

The ball described a crazy arc in the air, fell to the ground, bounced in zig-zag fashion toward the Legion goal and was downed by one of the Soldiers on his own 28-yard line. The kick had been made on the fourth down, however, and the ball automatically went to the Marines at that point.

From here the Leathernecks, sniffing the invigorating air of a touchdown, crashed through to the goal line and their first victory of the series.

On the first play Joe Bauer, famous Navy back of several years ago, dug his cleats into the soggy turf and plowed through the center of the Legion line for six yards.

Again—and then again this powerful ball totter took the ball, each time splashing against the Soldier wall for gains. Finally it was first down on the Legion 17-yard mark.

The Marine quarterback then pulled the old "Statue of Liberty" play out of moth balls to send Robertson circling around left end for 17 yards and a glorious victory for the Marines.

It was rather a "dressed up" Statue of Liberty play that the Leathernecks used to befuddle the Legionnaires, a triple pass followed by a reverse which allowed Robertson to turn the flank without a hand being put upon him, but it was the same old fooler.

Bauer, the third man to receive the ball, hung his hand far back of his shoulder as if to pass, and with the Legion defense spread out expecting a long aerial thrust, Robertson picked it off his hand and galloped for a score.

To make the battle safe for the Marines, Bauer booted perfectly between the up-rights for the extra point. In fact, Bauer

did about everything for the Leathernecks all afternoon except chew up the Legion goal posts.

The score of 7-0 does not, however, adequately portray the superiority that the Marines displayed over their foes. There never was a moment in the game that the Leathernecks did not control the play. In



Bauer, Who "Did About Everything for the Leathernecks Except Chew Up the Legion Goal Posts"

yardage gained they outstripped their Soldier rivals by the overwhelming majority of 204 to 30 and in first downs chalked up 10 to the Legion's 1.

Marty Brill, Paul Seull and Charlie Rogers, all great ball carriers of national fame a few years ago, cracked up like

chinaware when hurled against the powerful forward wall of the Devil Dogs. They actually lost ground instead of gaining it. Marty Brill was more down than up, and Paul Seull was tossed for a 10-yard loss on his only serious try at ball carrying.

On the other hand, the sturdy front attack of the Leathernecks opened huge holes in the Legion line through which the inspired Bauer fought his way for substantial gains. And when it was not Bauer who checked off the yards, it was Robertson, or Dupler, who snaked over the ribbons.

The Marines held a decided edge in the first two periods and twice threatened the Legion goal, to be deprived of touchdowns when forward passes were incomplete.

One of the most amusing incidents of the game occurred in the fourth quarter when the Soldiers made wholesale substitutions. When play was resumed after the changes, the Legionnaires completed two plays with only ten men in their line-up.

As a result they lost eight yards and were penalized five more for not having 7 men on the scrimmage line.

Harry A. Mackey, former Penn star and recent Mayor, led the colorful parade of Marines and Legionnaires on the field with Major Edward Hubbs, and Colonel Vincent A. Carroll as his aides.

Among the officers from the Quantico base on the sidelines were: Brig. Gen. John H. Russell, Brig. Gen. James C. Breckenridge, Col. Walter E. Noa, Col. C. H. Lyman, Lt. Col. T. D. Barber, Lt. Col. P. H. Torrey of the Marine Corps; Capt. R. Hayden of the Navy, and Maj. R. W. Peard, athletic officers of the Quantico base.

The line-up:

Legion	Quantico Marines
Hutton	L. E. Ferrell
Corson	L. T. Snyder
Utz	L. G. Gann
Ringwall	C. Hostad
McGill	R. G. Crowe
McLaughlin	R. T. Jost
Johnson	R. E. Shell
McMains	Q. B. Bauer
Brill	L. H. B. Robertson
Saltzman	R. H. B. Dupler
Snyder	F. B. Zeher
Legion	0 0 0 0-0
Marines	0 0 0 7-7

Touchdown: Marines—Robertson. Point after touchdown—Bauer. Substitutions: Legion—Caine for Saltzman, Laver for Ringwall, Seull for Snyder, Bandie for Brill, Morris for Ringwall, Wilson for Bandie; Marines—Kerr for Hostad. Referee: Benis, Penn. Umpires: Thompson, Georgetown. Time of periods: 15 minutes.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SPORT SCRIBES

Front and Center

Break out the news of
PROMINENT ATHLETES
and sports activities of
Your Post

The Leatherneck
Address: Sports Editor

MARINES SMOKE OUT BALTIMORE FIREMEN

Baltimore, Md., November 5.—Twelve thousand fans saw the Quantico Marines conquer the Baltimore Firemen, 25 to 12, in their annual gridiron clash at the stadium today.

As the game began it appeared that the sad story of former years, when the Marines gained an early surfeit of touchdowns and then relaxed, was to be repeated. The Firemen kicked off, forced a punt, but had the misfortune to have their first attempt to kick blocked. George Robertson, the Marine left halfback, tore around right end on a reverse play for a 20-yard scoring run.

Following the Marine kick-off an exchange of punts preceded a Fireman fumble, which Kerr, the Marine center, recovered on the 10-yard line. Robertson again scored on the first play, taking the ball on a wide sweep around left end after the old Statue of Liberty trick had drawn the entire Fireman defense into the middle.

The Marines had the better of the second period play. They scored their third touchdown after a punt by Robertson, touched dead on the 1-yard line, had prepared the Smoke Eaters for the sacrifice. Redmon's return boot out of danger was good, reaching the 40-yard line, but Robertson ran it back ten yards and the Quantico attack was ready to fire.

Wallford hit the line for five and a second forward pass, Shess to Carter, gained ten, after a like aerial had been nullified

when the receiver caught the ball out of bounds. Shess and Strouse carried the ball for another first down on the 5-yard mark in two plays. The defense laid a fire line that held for a down, but on the second attempt Ray Shess darted into an opening between right guard and tackle for the third touchdown.

But the Firemen fought the Marines bitterly in the early stages of the third quarter, and this spirit eventually paid touchdown dividends. A blocked kick pushed the Marines back to near their goal line, and though they recovered, the next boot went to Elmer (Dusty) Rhoades on the 35-yard mark. Catching the ball on the fly, he galloped full stride for a 15-yard run back.

Robinson and Stevens made short gains, and then the Marines were penalized 15 yards to within their 5-yard mark. On the first line buck, George Stevens ripped between right guard and tackle for the touchdown.

The Marines were roused to their most intensive efforts of the game by that score, and marched 70 yards for another touchdown. The ancient Statue of Liberty, taught to the Carlisle Indians by Pop Warner, worked again for the last 25 yards, Edgar Strouse feeding the ball to John Farrell, who rounded left end to score.

Then came the final tally, made by the Firemen. They gained the ball when Captain Dankmeyer intercepted a Marine pass

on his own 20-yard line. Jones rounded end for 10 yards and a first down. Three plays gained 9 yards, but instead of the punt dictated by sound football, they hit the line and made it. That drew in the Marine defense for a forward pass thrust, Edward Rawlinson passing to Rhoades, the latter running to the 2-yard mark before he was tackled. Twice Stevens hit the line to no avail, but on third down Parr slid over the line off right tackle.

MARINES		FIREMEN
Adams	L. E.	Redmon
Niehaus	L. T.	Brady
Evans	L. G.	Hogan
Kerr	C.	Dankmeyer
Dever	R. G.	Shiloh
Boswell	R. T.	Blucher
Carter	R. E.	Ehatt
Dupler	Q. B.	Rawlinson
Robertson	L. H.	Parr
Tipton	R. H.	Reverungen
Shess	F. B.	Stevens

Score by quarters:				
Marines	13	6	0	6—25
Firemen	0	0	6	6—12

Touchdowns—Robertson (2), Shess, Farrell, Stevens, Parr. Tries for point—Robertson (1 in 2, placekicks), Sterling (0 in 1, placekick, fourth try fumbled), Rhoades (missed end run, missed placekick). Substitutes—Marines: Sterling, Williford, Baker, Butler, Strouse, Farrell, Bickerson, Posik, McHenry; Firemen: Jones, Rhoades, Kohlhoff, Gentry, Callender, Hobbs. Referee—Charles Eckles, Washington and Jefferson. Umpire—Stanley Porter, Washington. Head Linesman—Lou Young, Penn. Field Judge—John Hollenbach, Penn. Time of quarters—15 minutes.—*The Baltimore Sun.*



Robertson Burns a Few Holes in the Smoke-Eaters' Line

Courtesy of the Baltimore Sun

QUANTICO LOSES TO DAVIS ELKINS, 27-6

BY BOB GORDON

Before a small crowd at Griffith Stadium, Washington, on the afternoon of October 29th, the Scarlet-clad Davis Elkins gridders rolled up a 27-6 score at the expense of the hard-fighting Quantico Marines. In the second half, with Joe Bauer in the lineup after recent injuries, the Marines played the West Virginians on even terms, but in the first half the fast and deceptive plays of D. E., coupled with some bad breaks, permitted the opponents to score three times.

It looked like a cinch for the Leathernecks on the first play after the kick-off, when a hard-charging line set a scarlet back down for an eight-yard loss. Davis Elkins immediately punted out of danger and the Marines brought the ball back to midfield before kicking.

Talbot returned the punt to his own 46-yard line, made a first down in two tries at the line on fake spinners, and then sent Fluharty off tackle for 28 yards, placing the ball on the Marines' 15-yard stripe. On the fourth down D. E. still was three yards short of a first down and eight yards short of the goal line, with the ball near the corner of the field. Talbot started around left end, and when about to be tackled, tossed laterally to Fluharty, who romped over unmolested for a touchdown only three minutes after the opening kick-off.

The second score came five minutes later, when Davis Elkins received a punt on its own 30-yard line and did not relinquish the ball until Pease caught a long pass from Vest and ran 25 yards for a touchdown. Pass and run together were good for 38 yards. Tinney place-kicked the extra point on both occasions.

The Marines threatened early in the second quarter when they recovered a fumble on their own 36-yard line. Short but powerful thrusts, the longest run being nine yards by Zeher off tackle, took the ball to within six yards of the goal where D. E. held for downs. Davis Elkins immediately punted and on the first play Zeher shot a 35-yard pass to Shell, who stood on the goal line, but the ball dribbled through Shell's hands and the Marines lost another chance to score.

The Marines were again held for downs, this time on their 31-yard line, and on the second play Talbot broke away for 25 yards, the Gyrene safety man bringing him down after he was clear of the rest of the team. Two plays later Fluharty took a 24-yard pass and was downed as he caught the ball. The Marines got a break on the next play when Ferrell recovered a fumble, but the Marines fumbled right back to give the West Virginians the ball on their 36-yard (imaginary) line. After four plays and a five-yard penalty Winters scampered around

right end for the third touchdown. Tinney again obliged with the extra point and the half ended shortly after with D. E. 21 points to the good.

During the half the Marine Band marched out onto the field and distributed some excellent music, getting in return what little applause the civilians contributed to the Marines during the afternoon.

There was no scoring in the third quarter, and with Bauer in the backfield the Marines played on even terms. A pass by Zeher and another by Bauer were intercepted by alert Scarlet players just when things began to look up, but Bauer returned the compliment by intercepting a heave himself when it appeared that D. E. was about to start another march.

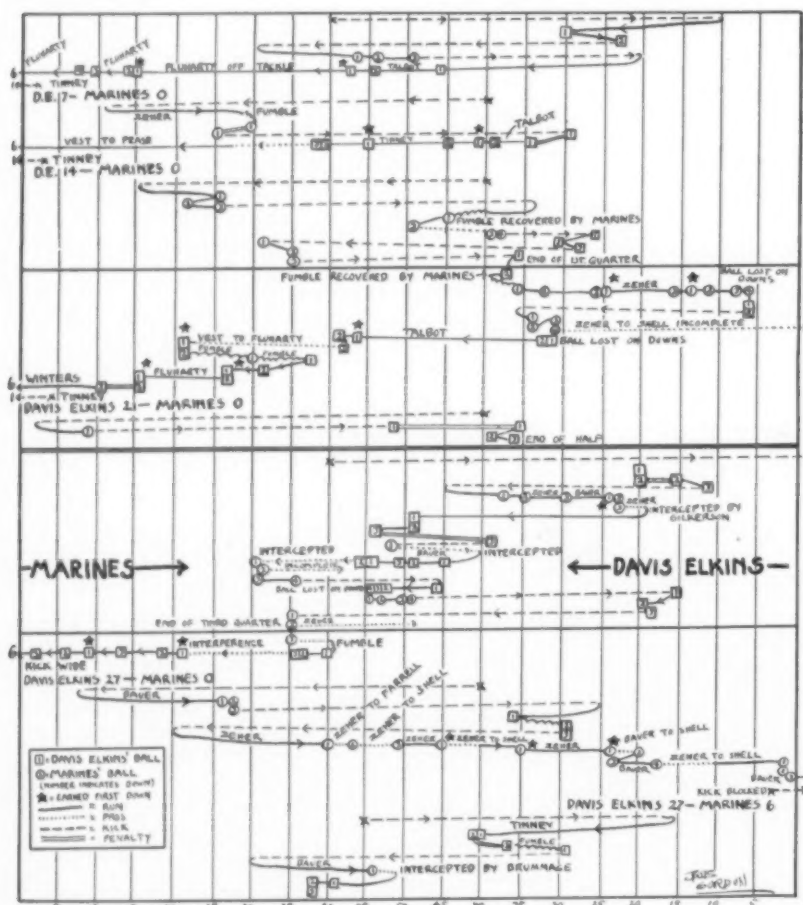
The fourth quarter opened with Bauer tossing a short pass to No. 18, a player not listed on the program and who shall therefore go unnamed. Eighteen gathered in the pass and then fumbled when tackled on the Marines' 40-yard line. D. E. made a first down when a Marine player crashed into Taylor as he was about to receive a long pass, the heave being allowed on account of interference. This left Davis Elkins 22 yards from the goal line, which they crossed in six plays. The try for point was wide, and the Scarlet had a 27-point lead.

After an exchange of punts Zeher took matters into his own hands, starting with the 20-yard return of a punt. Here's an account of his personally conducted march for the Marines' only score: Zeher to Ferrell, 3 yards; Zeher to Shell, 5 yards; Zeher inside tackle, 6 yards; Zeher to Shell, 10 yards; Zeher off tackle, 12 yards; pass by Bauer, 3 yards, which was lost on the next play; a fake pass and end run by Bauer, 5 yards; Zeher to Shell, 15 yards. The ball was now on Davis Elkins' two-yard line, and was taken over by Bauer after three tries. The try for point was blocked. The game ended shortly after with the final score 27-6.

There were many players on both sides who deserved special mention for their performances, but with nobody in the press box knowing exactly who was who, this writer, along with those of the Washington papers, had to depend largely on comparing infrequently-seen numbers with the program.

MARINES	DAVIS-ELKINS
Ferrell	L. E. J. Pease
Snyder	L. T. Underwood
Gann (C.)	L. G. Hodges
Kerr	Center
Dupler	R. G. Watring
Jost	R. T. Wallace
Shell	R. E. Vest
Willeford	Q. B. Talbot
Robertson	L. H. Fluharty
Farrell	R. H. Tinney
Zeher	F. B. Corzine
Marines	0 0 0 6—6
Davis-Elkins	14 7 0 6—27

Touchdowns: Davis-Elkins — Fluharty, Pease, Winters, G. Taylor. Marines—Bauer. Points after touchdowns: Davis-Elkins—Tinney (2, kick from placement); Fluharty (kick from placement). Substitutions: Marines—Nelhaus, Carney, Bauer, Hostad, Crowe, Shess. Davis-Elkins—Winters, Gilkerson, G. Taylor, Brummage, Straight, Woodford, Shelton, E. Taylor, Sleeman, Referee—Reese (Dennison). Umpire—Schwab (Western Maryland). Head linesman—Kelly (Holy Cross). Time of quarters—15 minutes.



Play By Play Chart of Marine-Davis Elkins Game

QUANTICO MARINES, 6; NEW RIVER STATE, 6

Hampered by a muddy field and opposed by a surprisingly strong team, which was able to hold the classy Davis Elkins eleven to a 7-6 score, the Quantico Marines outplayed New River State College at Montgomery, West Virginia, on October 22nd, only to be held to a 6-6 tie when the West Virginians scored on a long pass in the last two minutes of the game.

The first half proved to be a battle of two exceptionally strong lines. With the wind in their favor in the first quarter, New River State kept the Marines in continual trouble by punting out of bounds close to the Marines' goal.


The Marines scored in the third quarter when Ferrell caught a 40-yard pass and stepped over the goal line. Zeher's kick for the extra point was so close that it started an argument among the officials, but the Marines were deprived of victory when it was not allowed.

The longest gain of the game, aside from the two scoring plays, was a thirty-yard pass from Zeher to Willeford. This started a 60-yard drive which was halted ten yards from the goal when the Marines fumbled.

Quantico completed ten out of fifteen passes, while the best New River could do was five out of fifteen. The Marines made eight first downs to seven for the opponents. Fritz and Hinchman were the stars of New River, while Zeher, Shell, and Willeford starred for the Leathernecks.

WEST COAST FOOTBALL

SAN DIEGO SUNK BY NAVY

 HE West Coast Marine Team fought their hardest battle of the year with the West Coast Navy to lose by two touchdowns. The playing of the Marines was exceptional, and they were defeated mainly by the superior numbers of the Navy Squad.



Glick

Shapley, Mathiot, and Callahan were the stars of the day. Callahan's punting was not beaten during the game, and his ball-packing was a worry to the Navy throughout the game. Callahan is known as one of the best punters on the Coast.

Mathiot was injured early in the game, but while he was in he was to be seen in every play, and he was largely responsible for stopping the Navy ball-toters in the first period of the game.

Shapley ran away with the laurels for the highest average yardage per play, and the entire team was but less than a point behind the Navy in the average yardage.

The first team of the Marines bore the brunt of the game, due to a lack of suitable substitutions. The first touchdown came in the second quarter, when the Navy made an 80-yard drive. The second touchdown was chalked up on an intercepted pass from Lloyd.

The next game the Marines play will be with the San Francisco Olympic Club. The

BY GLENN BOLLINGER

Club has a strong team this year, as usual, but after the excellent performance of the Marine team against Navy, the Marines are hoping to win. Glick, the outstanding end on the Marine team, will be out of the game due to an old ankle injury that was injured again in the Navy game. Also, Neil, one of the mainstays in the backfield, will probably be out. Neil has had hard luck all this season, first with a shoulder injury, and then with a cold and the flu. Neil saw some action in the Navy game, but he was in too weak a condition to stay in long.

Lloyd, who was an end before he came to San Diego, is going to start the game at end in Glick's place. With Lloyd, Callahan and probably Neil out of the backfield, it is probable that Dumler will get a chance to show what a ball-carrier he is. Dumler has been turning in some brilliant runs for the reserve team in its games, but he has not been given a chance to show how good he is in any of the big games.

It would be difficult to pick out the most spectacular play in the Marine-Navy game, but certainly one of these was the 23-yard pass from Shapley to Sonnenberg, which Sonnenberg literally snatched out of the hands of two Navy players. It was a perfectly placed pass, and a perfect catch. Sonnenberg played an excellent game throughout, and Mace, tackle, was probably the most outstanding lineman.

OLYMPIC CLUB TAKES 12-7 DECISION OVER SAN DIEGO MARINES

By Kenyon Bojens

Glenn Seobey Warner probably would

give considerable for the use of Rudy Rintala and at least one bit of open-field running such as he used to carry the Olympic club football team of San Francisco to a 12 to 7 victory over the Marine Corps Base on November 6th in the stadium.

At the outset of the contest, neither team could gain consistently, and a punting duel was the result, with the long boots of Lt. "Whitey" Lloyd giving the Marines the advantage. One of his kicks went 52 yards over the Olympic Club goal, giving the Winged O the ball on its own 20-yard line. Leggett hit right guard for five yards, and on the second play Hargiss made his spectacular run. He started off through his own left tackle, shook off several tacklers, and then eluded the secondary defense by cutting back to the right. He over-ran his interference, but his speed and shiftiness enabled him to outrun all opposition and he crossed the goal unmolested. An attempted pass for the extra point was knocked down.

The Marines decided to kick off and an on-side kick was used, the Devil Dogs recovering it on the Winged O 35-yard line. A pass, "Chick" Mathiot to Lt. Alan Shapley netted 19 yards and pushed the northern players back to their 16-yard line. Another toss, John Callahan to Mathiot, was good for five yards and the Marine drive was fully underway. Callahan ripped through left tackle for a touchdown on the next play, steaming through the entire Olympic Club defense, after being halted temporarily several times. He also added the extra digit with a place kick.

Until the closing seconds of the half, play consisted almost entirely of a series of punt exchanges, except for one brief Winged O advance, which was snuffed on the Marine 25-yard line. One of the punt barters almost presented the Devil Dogs



West Coast Marine Football Team

with another touchdown. Lawson, Olympic Club safety, fumbling the ball with Gates recovering on the visitors' 39 yard marker. Lt. Joe McCaffrey picked off four yards, and then a perfect pass, Callahan to Shapley, put the ball on the 14-yard line, a net gain of 21 yards. Callahan, who had been doing most of the ground gaining, sliced through left tackle for eight yards and then one more. Just as the players lined up for the next play, which possibly would have been worth six points to the service men, the gun fired, ending the half.

C. O. Glick, field captain and star end, went into the Marine line-up at the start of the third quarter, and was used only to kick off. He came through in smashing fashion, sending the oval 70 yards down the field, the ball finally landing beyond the end zone. He was withdrawn after that play to permit his ankle injury to heal further before more damage was done.

During almost the entire third period, the San Francisco aggregation hammered away inside Marine territory, but could not move beyond the 25-yard line. The Devil Dog line held every time its goal was threatened, and aside from a few runs by Hargiss, Fred Schlichting and Leggett, there was little offensive action displayed.

Recovery of a Winged O fumble by Holland on the invaders' 45-yard line in the fourth quarter gave the Leathernecks a

temporary chance to threaten again, but Lewis Stone, former California end, broke it up by intercepting a pass from Mathiot deep in Olympic club territory. A few seconds later, one of Hargiss' passes was intercepted by Bill Cramer of the Marines, but the sea soldiers were unable to gain through a tightened Winged O defense, and Callahan had to punt.

Leggett kicked right back to the Devil Dog 15-yard line and again Callahan punted when the Marines found themselves being held for down. This time the ball sailed to Rintala in the safety position, and the fleet back headed for the sidelines with a pack of Leathernecks in pursuit. Just as he reached the boundary, he saw an opening and headed goalward, keeping on the edge of the field all the way. Twenty yards from pay dirt, he cut over and reached the end zone untouched. There was some discussion over the run, the Marines claiming Rintala had stepped out of bounds, but officials ruled his dash was legal. Davis' attempted place-kick for conversion went wide.

Bill Hargiss was the real cog in the Olympic club attack, getting yards almost every time he carried the ball. So outstanding were his efforts that when he was forced from the game with injuries in the last quarter, the entire crowd and players on the Marine bench handed him an ova-

tion. Rintala replaced him and carried on in good style.

For the Marines, Callahan, Shapley, Mathiot, McCaffrey in the backfield, and Holland, Mace, Sonnenberg and Lloyd on the line were the best, though the entire forward wall performed well. The summary:

Olympic Club	Marines
J. Smith	L. E. Sonnenberg
Pollack	L. T. Popple
Handy	L. G. Smith
Murray	C. Beech
Patterson	R. G. Mura
Ososke	R. T. Mace
Bridgeman	R. E. Lloyd
Lawson	Q. B. McCaffrey
Hargiss	L. H. B. Dumlir
Leggett	R. H. B. Barieau
Sugden	F. B. Cramer

Score by quarters:	
Olympic Club	6 0 0 6—12
Marines	7 0 0 0—7

Olympic Club: Touchdowns — Hargiss, Rintala (substitute for Hargiss).

Marines: Touchdown—Callahan (substitute for Barieau). Point after touchdown—Callahan.

Substitutes: Too numerous to record.

Officials: Referee, Jack Mashin; umpire, John Perry; head linesman, Junior Todd; field judge, C. E. Peterson.

—The San Diego Union.

PARRIS ISLAND FOOTBALL NEWS

MARINES DEFEAT STRONG NEWBERRY TEAM, 12-6

Parris Island, S. C., Oct. 15.—Newberry College fell before the heavy artillery of the Marine team here today. The Parris Island team, showing the irrepressible Marine spirit and the ability to come back in the closing minutes of the game, defeated one of the real football clubs of South Carolina in a game filled with thrills and action.

Newberry came to the island highly heralded, and proved that advance press reports were not exaggerated, presenting a fast hard playing team. All the Marine players performed in convincing style, but, perhaps Roy Miller, Leatherneck halfback, stood out more than the rest. Sadler at left end displayed his ability as a defensive player in no uncertain terms. Time after time Sadler broke up attempts by Newberry backs to skirt his flank. Henderson and Young, Marine tackles, performed well in the line, but it was the play of the whole team which brought victory to the fighting Leathernecks.

The Marines started with a rush, scoring a touchdown in the opening quarter. Herron and Pierce shattered the visitor's line and the first Marine drive up the field ended with "Baldy" Bell carrying the ball over the line from the nine yard line. Pierce failed to convert the point. The visitors started a drive only to be halted in the shadow of the Marine goal-line by a grand stand by the home team.

The second period found both teams playing wide open football, but the lines were so evenly matched that scoring was made impossible.

The third quarter found the Newberry team uncorking an offensive drive which could not be denied. Taylor, visiting full-back, led a concentrated attack which drove down the field and over the last chalk-mark for a Newberry touchdown. Brilliant plays were common in this period and the

BY DUKE PEASLEY

players were performing in scintillating form. Newberry missed the chance for the extra point, and the final quarter found the teams deadlocked, 6-6.



Billingsley

The Marines were not to be denied, however, and with the Marine line dynamiting the Newberry forwards on every play, opening wide roads for the backs to charge

through, the Marines brought victory to Parris Island by scoring the deciding touchdown. Roy Miller and "Tex" Reynolds alternated in tugging the pigskin, but the blocking of the whole team decided the issue. Miller scored the touchdown. Newberry attempted an aerial attack, but the Marines were not to be overcome at this point of the game.

Parris Island	Newberry
Sadler	L. E. Lambath
Henderson	L. T. Gow
Smith	L. G. Pollante
Thomas	C. Hite
Fields	R. G. Valley
Young	R. T. (Capt.) Dawkins
Barrier	R. E. Weaver
Campbell	Q. B. Ingram
Pierce (Capt.)	L. H. B. Cook
Bell	R. H. B. Eargle
Herron	F. B. Taylor

Touchdowns: Bell, Miller, Eargle. Substitutions: Marines—McKenna, Reynolds, Miller, Vautour, Bartlett, Weiseman, Herman, French, Trees; Newberry—Popeka, Goodwin, Smith, Dolan. Referee: Simmons, Citadel. Umpire: Spicer, U.S.N.A. Field Judge: Chadwick, Citadel. Head Linesman: Butts, California. Time: 4 15-minute periods.

GEORGIA STATE WINS FROM MARINES, 20-13

Parris Island, S. C., Oct. 22.—Tasting defeat for the first time this season, the Marines were forced to bow before a rugged Georgia State team, 20-13. The visitors scored two touchdowns in the opening moments of the game before the Marines settled down to consistent playing. The Leathernecks came back to score two touchdowns, and the half found Georgia State with the slim lead of one point, 14-13.

Smithwick, Holt, and Weaver, Georgia backs, aided by excellent blocking by their linemen, carried the ball time and again

through the Marine line. However, it was left for a Marine player to furnish the highlight of the game. "Brute" Billingsley, diminutive quarterback, hero of many Marine games, but incapacitated by injuries the first part of this season, was in the game in the last quarter in a desperate attempt to turn the tide for a Marine victory. White of Georgia, punted to Billingsley, who was on the Marine ten yard line, and the Mississippi flash dodged both ends, who were down the field, and ran through the entire team to return the ball to Georgia's 39-yard line, where he was forced outside.

Time after time the Marines would start up the field only to lose a long gain by incurring a penalty, or a Marine back would lose his footing in a clear field. Georgia State had a team which was undefeated, and probably will not lose a game this season, nevertheless it was anyone's game until the last whistle had blown. "Red" Campbell, Marine quarterback, played a fine game until he was removed as a result of injuries.

The first Georgia touchdown resulted from a blocked punt by Braswell, Georgia end, which gave the visitors the ball on the Marine's 20-yard line. After two attempts to penetrate the line, Weaver passed to Holt over the goal line and Smithwick dropped-kicked the extra point.

Georgia's second score resulted from a sixty-five yard dash up the sidelines by Smithwick, aided by beautiful interference. Both Marine touchdowns came in the second period. After a march down the field, Pierce accounted for the first score with a twenty yard pass to "Tex" Reynolds, who ran twenty more yards to cross the goal line. A long pass, Pierce to Miller, put the Marines in scoring position, and Pierce drove through the Georgia line for another touchdown. He also converted the extra point by drop kicking.

In the third period Georgia scored another touchdown, with White, the visitor's reserve fullback, crashing the Marine line, and finally scoring a touchdown. The extra point try failed, and the score was Georgia 20, Marines 13. For the remainder of the period the teams battled in midfield, neither team able to penetrate its opponent's defense.

The fourth quarter found the Marine team struggling desperately to overcome the Georgia lead, Coach Hunt throwing in substitutes, right and left, but to no avail. "Brute" Billingsley, in the game at quarterback, uncorked an aerial attack which drove the opposing team down the field, but

when within scoring distance, a penalty, and a case of a Marine back slipping on the muddy field, cost the Parris Islanders their big chance. The game ended with the Marines losing to a great team, a team that deserved to win, and one whose sportsmanship and aggressiveness will always make it welcome at this post.

Lineup:		Georgia State	
Marines			
Weiseman	L. E.	Singleton	
Walker	L. T.	England	
Smith	L. G.	Brown	
Herman	C.	Coarsey	
Fields	R. G.	Turner	
Tingle	R. T.	Caudell	
Barrier	R. E.	Braswell	
Campbell	Q. B.	Pugh	
Vantour	L. H. B.	Smithwick	(Capt.)
Herron	R. H. B.	Holt	
Pierce (Capt.)	F. B.	Weaver	

Touchdowns: **Holt, Smithwick, White, Pierce, Reynolds.** Points after touchdowns: Smithwick 2, Pierce. Substitutions: Marines—Golden, Reynolds, Miller, Thomas, Young, Collins, Henderson, Copeland, Sadler, Brandley, Bartlett, Trees, Rountree, French, Billingsley. Georgia State—Donohue, White, Watson, Williams, Seaman, Nix, Kelley, Ousley. Referee: Simmons, Citadel. Umpire: Spicer, U.S.N.A. Field Judge: Chadwick, Citadel. Head Linesman: Butts, California. Time of periods—15 minutes.

CAMPBELL DEFEATED BY MARINES, 19-7

Parris Island, S. C., Oct. 27.—The Marines rose in their might today and defeated a heavy Campbell College team, 19-7 on Lee Field. As a team, Campbell was inferior to many of the Marine opponents, but they presented at fullback the greatest defensive player who ever performed on Parris Island, Griffin, a football player of the old school, who hit with two hundred pounds of bone and muscle every player who traversed his defensive territory.

Campbell scored first, after they recovered a Marine punt blocked by a Marine back, who backed into Vantour punting. Two attempts to penetrate the Marine line on the twenty-yard marker failed, then Humphries passed to Taylor over the goal line for the only Campbell score. Humphries converted the extra point by drop-kicking.

In the second quarter "Tiger" Tingle, Marine tackle, blocked a punt in Campbell territory and the Leathernecks drove down

the field for a touchdown, Miller scoring. Walker, Sadler, Herman and Tingle stood out for the Marines, but the entire line played good football.

After Sadler caught the kickoff in mid-field at the beginning of the second half, the Marine team drove down the field to chalk up another touchdown. A pass, Billingsley to Reynolds, gave the Marines six points and also accounted for the point after touchdown.

The final touchdown resulted from a pass from "Brute" Billingsley to Weiseman, Marine end, and was one of the highlights of the present season.

The game was about over when Billingsley dropped back for a pass. There was nothing covered or concealed about the play, and the formation was stamped with the word "Forward." "Brute" found himself rather popular with the Campbell players, who charged from all quarters and when he couldn't find a receiver in the turmoil, he faded back to almost the forty-five yard line. Out there beyond the goal line in the midst of a group of Campbell players was Weiseman, Marine end. Billingsley hurled the ball to him, but it appeared that it would be knocked to earth by the opposing backs. Almost out of the safety man's vest pocket, Weiseman gathered it in for a touchdown, and if afforded just the right amount of seasoning to send the Marine supporters home satisfied. The team, throughout, played fine football, and Coach Hunt gave many of his reserves a chance to see action.

Lineup:		Campbell	
Marines			
Propst	L. E.	Matthews	
Rountree	L. T.	Moore	
Collins	L. G.	Tart	
Trees	C.	Bolton	
French	R. G.	Dandelake	
Crosby	R. T.	Turnage	
Bartlett	R. E.	Taylor	
Copeland	Q. B.	Humphries	
Vantour	L. H. B.	Woodham	
Kaylor	R. H. B.	Dickson	
Brandley	F. B.	Griffin	

Touchdowns: **Taylor, Miller, Reynolds, Weiseman.** Points after touchdowns: Pierce Humphries. Substitutions: Marines—Sadler, Weiseman, Walker, Young, Smith, Cook, Herman, Fields, Tingle, Barrier, Billingsley, McKenna, Pierce, Golden, Herron, Miller, Brandley; Campbell—Strickland, Harmon, Jones, Southerland. Referee: Simmons, Citadel. Umpire: Spicer, U.S. N.A. Field Judge: Chadwick, Citadel. Head Linesman: Butts, California. Time of periods: 15 minutes.



Parris Island Football Squad

MERCER DEFEATS MARINES, 57-0

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 29.—The old adage goes that a good big man is better than a good little man, and the same is true that a good big football team is superior to a good little team. The Marines met the strong Mercer University team in Savannah, and, as was to be expected, lost by a big margin. The powerful Mercer team, which had outplayed the Commodores from Vanderbilt, and held the Furman team, the same which threatened the Army in their own stronghold, to a 2-0 decision, was too big and experienced for the Marines.

In a couple of years, Parris Island should be able to contend with any team in the South, but Coach Hunt's charges are not yet ready for such a severe test. The hundreds of Marines who were rooting for the team in Savannah saw a game Parris Island team meet a team which had literally everything in the way of power.

The Mercer team scored in every period, and only in the third period did the Marines stop the relentless attack of the Georgians. Zinkowski, Walden, Jasonis, and Popeko, Mercer backs, contributed sensational dashes.

Billingsley, a mere pygmy in a field of giants, was the outstanding man on the Marine team. Golden uncorked a 45 yard pass to Bartlett, Marine end, in the closing moments of the game, but the Marine team was kept from scoring. The Marines lost to a great team and to a team which was unbeatable on the afternoon of October 29th.

MARINES AND APPALACHIAN IN 6-6 DEADLOCK

Parris Island, S. C., Nov. 5.—The Parris Island Marines were held to a tie by the Appalachian State Teachers here today in a game played in a continuous drizzle, on a field blanketed with mud. The conditions were anything but favorable for the open game of the Marines, but regardless of weather conditions, they were in the game fighting from the opening whistle, and in the second half played inspired football, and only missed winning the game by inches. The Marines, just recuperating from the Mercer game, were slow in starting, but, incidentally, in the last half showed one of the greatest offensive drives seen here this season.

The Teachers presented a rugged line, and two fast capable backs in Triplett and Walker. On the Marine team, Pierce, Billingsley, Miller and Vautour performed well in the backfield, with the elusive Reynolds and the gritty Campbell also packing a real punch. Campbell, not in the best of shape, played the same aggressive football characteristic of the galloping "Redhead," and as in every game of the season his spirit inspired his teammates. Sadler and Bartlett did well while in the game in the wing positions; Bartlett, relieving Sadler, turned play after play into the center of the line. "Gorilla" Herman at center, and Rountree, substitute tackle, looked the best in the line.

Shortly after the opening whistle blew, Triplett, Teachers' backfield flash, broke through the Marine line and cut off down

the field for a 65-yard run, finally being brought to earth by Vautour. A fumble lost the visitors their scoring chance, Barrier recovering for the Marines. In this same period the Teachers scored after tackling Barrier, punting for Parris Island, on a fourth down. Taking the ball from the Marines' thirty-yard line the visitors then drove down and over the goal line, Walker chalking up the score. Harris' attempted placement kick failed. The second quarter found the teams battling in midfield, neither team able to do much in the now rainy atmosphere.

The second half opened, and with "Brute" Billingsley directing the Leathernecks, the parade started and the Marines started pushing Appalachian down the field. A couple of spectacular catches of perfectly thrown passes, from Billingsley to Reynolds, and the Marines were down in reach of the Teachers' goal line. "Horsecollar" Pierce shot against the Teachers' line with explosive force, and time and again the visitors were forced to let the Marine captain through. Vautour helped in the advance, carrying the ball for good gains and shaking off tackler after tackler every time he carried the old pigskin. Pierce plunged over for the Marine touchdown. The Marines elected to rush the ball for the extra point, good strategy, as the field was a sea of mud and too wet to try a kick. However, the ball carrier was stopped inches short of the coveted chalk line. Score, 6-6.

Throughout the second half the Marines played aggressive football, entirely recovering from their first half let-down. In the last quarter, with Pierce driving through the line for substantial gains, the Marines marched sixty yards to the shadow of their opponents' goal line, only to be stopped three inches from the goal line when the Appalachian defense stiffened. A grand comeback in the second half, but not enough to win from this fighting team of mountaineers.

Marines		Appalachian
Sadler	L. E.	Kannamacher
Tweedy	L. T.	Mahoney
Cook	L. G.	McKinney
Herman	C.	Johnson
Fields	R. G.	Wortman
Walker	R. T. (Captain)	Smith
Barrier	R. E.	Goins
Campbell	Q. B.	Harris
(Acting Captain)		
Miller	L. H. B.	Tripplet
Vautour	R. H. B.	Long
Herron	F. B.	Walker

Touchdowns: Pierce, Walker. Substitutions: Marines—Bartlett, Rountree, Pierce, Reynolds, Billingsley, Smith, Collins, Trees, Thomas, Tingle, Weiseman. Referee: Chadwick (Citadel). Umpire: Spicer (U.S.N.A.). Field Judge: Harvey (South Carolina). Head Linesman: Butts (California). Time of periods: 15 minutes.

PHILLY MARINES TRIM NAVY

The feature of the Navy Day exercises today was a football game between the U. S. Marines and the U. S. S. Indianapolis on the Marines' field at League Island. Two evenly balanced teams faced each other at the kick-off at 1:00 P. M. A typical Navy-Marine game was played, hard fought, cleanly played, and interesting to the spectator from the start to the finish, which ended, Marines 6, Navy 0.

The Navy kicked off to the Marines, who returned the ball to Marines' 30-yard line. Snappy line play gave the Marines two first downs in quick succession. However, the Navy tightened down and a poor kick by

the Marines gave the Navy the ball at center field. The Navy then showed fine form by running the ball to the Marines' 10-yard line, where the Marines held the ball for downs. After making one first down the Marines were again forced to give the ball to the Navy on the Marines' 40-yard line. The Navy advanced to the Marines' 15-yard line, where a grounded pass in the end zone gave the Marines the ball on the 20-yard line. From then on during the rest of the half the Marines advanced the ball far into Navy territory. The half ended with the Navy taking the ball on a fumble on Navy's 30-yard line.

The second half began with the Navy again kicking off to the Marines. Both teams showed improved form and greater determination to score. Both teams opened up with a carefully planned aerial attack which did not, however, bring a score until the Marines, with but one minute and a half to play, pushed the ball to Navy's 2-yard line by a series of brilliant line plays and a long forward pass. The Navy held the Marines for 3 downs on the 2-yard line, but on the fourth down Waller of the Marines fought his way through center for a touchdown. It was a beautiful exhibition of defensive play by the Navy, but to no avail. The try for point by the Marines went wide of the goal posts.

The Marines, with one minute to play, kicked off to the Navy, who returned the ball to the Marines' 45-yard line. In desperation the Navy tried the spread formation, introduced by Marquette, when she beat the Navy in 1924, by making 3 touchdowns in the last 3 minutes of play. Navy completed a pass which brought the ball to the Marines' 20-yard line. On the same formation Navy again shot the same pass, bringing the ball to the Marines' 10-yard line. Again Navy tried the same play, bringing the ball to the Marines' one-foot line, where, with second down and only inches to go, the game ended.

Marines		Navy
Dempsey	L. E.	Mullins
Nideffer	L. T.	Wooley
		(Captain)
Van Orden	L. G.	Morgan
Gibson	C.	Haines
Richards	R. G.	Hobbs
(Captain)		
Olson	R. T.	Vincent
Cavalari	R. E.	Brophy
Waller	Q. B.	Walker
Kindt	L. H. B.	Fogerty
Russo	R. H. B.	Dunn
Bryzinski	F. B.	Farrell

Substitutions: Marines—Tatton, Childers, Oster, Harbrecht, Sample, Rice, Bowser; Navy—Farrin, Caracutto, Ryan, Williams, E. Williams, McCarty.

SPORTS AT THE DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC

By Wick

Basketball is the order of the day for the Marines at the Department and the team has started off with a bang that is being heard all around the Bay region. They have won six out of the last eight starts and lost one by a very close margin. McMichaels, formerly of the USS Maryland, at center, is leading the scoring with 109 points or an average of 13½ points per game. Graves is trailing with 87 points.

On October 28th the Anaconda Steel team defeated the Marines by one point and it was a toss up throughout the entire game as to who would come out the victor. Anaconda is an old enemy composed of former high school players and have always



Pierce

been a sore thumb to the Marines. On November 1st the Marines clashed with another former high school team, the Young Mens' Dept. of the Central "YMCA" and after a hard fought game came out the winner by a score of 39-34. This was one of the cleanest games of the season and under the new rules this year, it has speeded up the offense considerable. The pass combination, McMichaels to Davis to Graves, was excellent during this game. The so-called "Varsity" is composed of Graves and Mack, forwards; McMichaels, center; Davis and Conyers, at guard, with Miller and McLaughlin holding their own as subs.

The Marine baseball team is just about holding its own in the San Francisco Winter League, having won two and lost two to date. The San Francisco Recreation Department is staging a benefit series of ball games to be played at the Seals Stadium Sunday, November 20th or November 27th, date not having been definitely stated as yet. These games between the leaders of the several classes are to aid the injured players during the season is just one of the many reasons why San Francisco's baseball leagues are such a success.

Three leading sluggers of the league are "Bill" Cathey, catcher of the Marine team, with "Sky" Conyers and "Al" Lange a close second and third who also are "Gyrenes."

Sports at this Department have been few in the past but with the assignment of Lt. P. B. Watson to the Department last year they have regained their place in the sun. Although we lost Lieutenant Watson just before the basketball season, when he was transferred to the Infantry School, we are confident as to the outcome of sports in the future, as we miss Lieutenant Watson very much.

PAST SCORES OF MARINE FOOTBALL

1921			
Coach—Beckett			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 22			
Naval Air Station, Hampton Roads....	21	0	
October 29			
Baltimore Professionals	21	0	
November 5			
Y. M. I. 2nd team.....	20	0	
November 12			
Drednaughts (Alexandria, Va.).....	28	7	
November 19			
George Washington University.....	21	0	
November 25			
Nav. Op. Base, Hampton Rds., Va.....	33	0	
December 3			
3rd Corps Area (Army).....	20	0	
	164	7	
1922			
Coach—Beckett			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 14			
Gallaudet College	21	0	
October 20			
Parris Island Marines.....	36	0	
October 27			
Tank School, Camp Meade, Md.....	13	0	
November 4			
Georgetown University	9	6	
November 11			
Submarine Base, New London, Conn.	20	0	
November 18			
Mt. Washington Club, Baltimore, Md.	39	2	
November 25			
Richmond Blues	38	6	
December 2			
3rd Corps Area (Army).....	13	12	
	189	26	
1923			
Coach—Beckett			
	Mar.	Opp.	
September 22			
Virginia Military Institute.....	0	6	
September 29			
Washington College	40	0	
October 6			
Georgetown University	14	3	
October 13			
Villanova	39	0	
October 20			
Catholic University	19	0	

November 3			
Dickinson College	14	0	
November 10			
University of Michigan.....	6	26	
November 17			
Haskell Indians	14	14	
December 1			
3rd Corps Area (Army).....	7	0	
	153	49	
1924			
Coach—J. T. Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 4			
Catholic University	33	0	
October 11			
Vanderbilt University	13	13	
October 18			
Georgetown University	6	0	
November 1			
Fort Benning	39	0	
November 4			
Dickinson	14	0	
November 15			
University of Detroit.....	28	0	
November 22			
Carnegie Tech	3	0	
December 6			
3rd Corps Area (Army).....	47	0	
	183	13	
1925			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 3			
John Carroll University.....	0	0	
October 10			
King College	35	0	
October 17			
Conisus College	0	3	
October 24			
Detroit University	0	6	
November 7			
West Virginia Wesleyan.....	13	0	
November 11			
Hampton Roads	47	0	
November 14			
Tennessee Doctors	7	0	
November 21			
U. S. Army.....	20	0	
November 26			
Georgetown University	10	17	
	132	26	
1926			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
September 25			
University of New Hampshire.....	24	0	
October 2			
King College	27	7	
October 9			
St. Xavier College.....	11	27	
October 16			
Lehigh University	13	0	
October 23			
Catholic University	20	7	
October 30			
Providence College	34	0	
November 2			
Conisus College	6	0	
November 6			
John Carroll University.....	7	14	
November 11			
Temple University	41	12	
November 13			
University of Detroit.....	24	7	
November 20			
U. S. Army.....	27	7	
November 25			
Washington University	14	0	
November 27			
University of Dayton.....	2	6	
	250	87	
1927			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 1			
Washington College	64	0	
October 8			
St. Bonaventure's College.....	32	0	
October 15			
William and Mary College.....	20	14	
October 22			
University of Dayton.....	6	0	
October 29			
Catholic University	33	13	
November 5			
St. Xavier College.....	14	13	
November 11			
Wake Forest College.....	39	10	
November 19			
U. S. Army.....	14	0	
November 26			
South Western University.....	19	0	
December 3			
Loyola University	6	0	
	247	50	

1928			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 6			
U. S. Coast Guard.....	21	0	
October 13			
St. Bonaventure's College.....	7	0	
October 20			
Davis & Elkins College.....	12	12	
October 27			
St. Xavier College.....	6	0	
November 10			
Washington College	51	0	
November 17			
Loyola (Chicago)	13	6	
November 24			
Lebanon Valley College.....	31	0	
November 29			
University of Dayton.....	7	0	
December 1			
U. S. Navy.....	0	10	
December 8			
Loyola (New Orleans).....	14	13	
	162	25	
1929			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
October 12			
New River State College.....	7	0	
October 19			
Davis & Elkins College.....	0	28	
October 26			
St. Xavier College.....	7	14	
November 2			
U. S. Coast Guard.....	10	0	
November 16			
University of Dayton.....	7	6	
November 23			
Lebanon Valley College.....	7	19	
	47	77	
1930			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
September 19			
John Carroll University.....	14	0	
October 4			
Washington College	28	0	
October 6			
Boston College	7	13	
October 18			
Atlantic University	33	0	
November 24			
Lebanon Valley College.....	7	0	
November 1			
Western Maryland College.....	0	20	
November 11			
Citadel	0	0	
November 15			
Rider College	3	0	
December 6			
U. S. Coast Guard.....	7	0	
	99	33	
1931			
Coach—Keady			
	Mar.	Opp.	
September 19			
Navy Apprentice Sch., Hampton Rds.	32	0	
October 2			
St. Thomas College.....	14	7	
October 11			
Langley Field	0	0	
October 16			
Campbell College	18	0	
October 21			
Fort Dupont	74	6	
October 24			
Baltimore Firemen	57	6	
November 1			
Carlisle Barracks	44	0	
November 6			
Gallaudet College	18	12	
November 11			
American Legion	0	14	
November 21			
Davis & Elkins.....	0	7	
November 26			
John Carroll University.....	13	0	
December 5			
U. S. Coast Guard.....	6	13	
	276	65	

RESUME OF QUANTICO POLO—1932

By Capt. H. N. Potter

The Marine Corps Riding and Polo Association finished on October 23rd its most successful polo season. The team participated in the June and September tournaments in Washington, reached the semi-finals in the first, and won the consolation elimination in the second. This marked the first time that local polo talent has brought home any real bacon.

The early summer shakedown saw Capt. C. H. Brown at No. 1, Lieut. G. F. Good at No. 2, Lieut. J. H. Stadler at No. 3, and Lieut. E. C. Ferguson at back playing with the Gold four. During the month of August, Gy. Sgt. Novack played No. 2 in Lieut. Good's place. In the September tournament Capt. J. D. Waller at No. 1, Lieut. E. C. Ferguson at No. 2, Lieut. J. H. Stadler at No. 3, and Capt. H. N. Potter at back made up the winning combination.

Twenty-three games were played during the season with a record of ten games won, three tied and ten lost. Three of these twenty-three games were played by the Red team, which lost two of its games.

The Intra-Post Tournament which produced a great deal of polo interest and brought out polo talent of varying abilities was played off in October. Five teams were entered in this event. Their names and players were, *The Buhow's*: Lieutenant Ferguson, Captain Sturgis, *The Red-Hots*: Captain Gill, Major Rupertus, Private Davies, Lieutenant Taylor; *The Rough Riders*: Captain Potter, Lieutenant Carleson, Lieut. Comdr. (MC) Lindall, Comdr. Theiss; *The Typhoons*: Captain Waller, Major Potts, Captain Gale, Private Greene; *The Wampas-Cats*: Lieutenant Stadler, Captain Brooks, Sergeant Neilson and Lieutenant King.

The scores in this elimination were:

Typhoons	4	Rough Riders	2
Wampas-Cats	7	Red Hots	5
Wampas-Cats	6	Buhow's	5
Wampas Cats	9	Typhoons	3

A miniature of the Officers' Club Polo Cup, placed in Intra-Post competition annually, was presented to each member of the winning team after the final game, October 23rd.

The results of the outside games during the season were as follows:

Marine Corps Gold	Opponents	
7	Ft. Humphreys	5
8	Ft. Humphreys	1
8	3rd Cav. Greens	4
9	War Dept. Whites	11
4	110th FA (night g.)	9
7	110th FA	1
10	110th FA (night g.)	6
3	Ft. Hoyle	4
7	Ft. Hoyle	7
8	Maryland Polo Club	9
0	Marshall	10
8	Freebooter Team	6
4	Ft. Hoyle	6
6	Ft. Hoyle	6
8	Ft. Myer	7
8	Ft. Myer	10
6	War Dept. Blacks	7
6	War Dept. Whites	6
	(practice game)	
9	Ft. Humphreys	5
8	War Dept. Blues	6
Marine Corps Reds	Opponents	
1	Ft. Humphreys	6
6	Ft. Hoyle	4
2	Ft. Hoyle	10

Players not above mentioned who played with the Red Team during the season were: Major P. A. DelValle, Lieut. T. D. Boaz, Lieut. R. T. Carleson and Private Davies.

U. S. S. HOUSTON MARINES BASEBALL CHAMPS — UNDEFEATED AND UNDISPUTED

By Benny

To the tune of 11 to 9, the *Houston* Marines downed the Ship's Team at the Tsing-tao Race Course, to end a baseball season with ten straight victories, that has been a series of triumphs and conquests that stand out as a remarkable record.

Handicapped from the first by a small detachment, few men trying out for the team, and those inevitable "12 to 4's" on the day of the game, the team showed a spirit that was undefeatable and a joy to behold. When the formation of a "Dungaree League" was announced, a Marine team was hastily assembled and thrown into the first game of the elimination series, with hardly any practice together. Winning the first game from the "C" Division, 4-3, put new life into the entire outfit, and after that things began to happen fast and furious. Each new game meant another Marine victory.

Interest in the Fourth O' July game was considerably heightened when a "Gentleman's Agreement" was made between the Marines and the "C" Division, the opponents for the day. Each team put up a hundred and fifty of the good old Mex, the winning team to throw themselves a party at the loser's expense. The Marines won again (score 11-3) and the party was thrown. Beer, banqueting, and soft (?) music all contributed to the party's success, and all hands contended that it was the "best yet."

Winning seven games in a row put the Marines in the finals against the mighty "Black Gang." These finals were to have been a three-game series for the Championship, but the hard-hitting, fast-running, and never-missing Leathernecks rolled on like the irresistible Juggernaut and took the first two games, 19-0, and 15-3, and thereby laid claim to the much coveted Commander in Chief's "Baseball Trophy."

To top things off in the regular Marine Corps style, a challenge was issued to the Ship's Team. Although they thought at first, that we were kidding them, they decided to squeal forever, the "Fighting Fifth." They were entirely chastened when they came dragging their bats up the gangway, and were forced to admit defeat at the hands of the "Gyrenes," the count being 11 to 9 against them.

The crew of the USS *Houston* is composed of about 600 men, and when one realizes that a representative team, selected from the entire complement, is still not strong enough to subdue the Marines, comparatively a mere hand-full, it speaks highly of Marine strength, but also it speaks highest of that vague something, often referred to as Marine Corps Spirit—you'll hear more of these Marines soon, in whatever field they choose to enter.

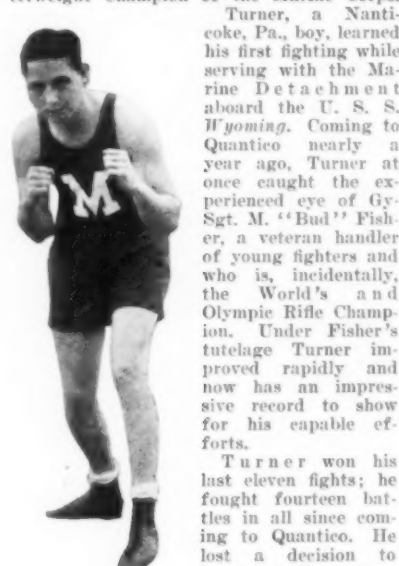
Following is the box score for the season:

				Innings
16 Jun. 32	"C" Div.	3	Mar.	4
18 Jun. 32	4th Div.	6	Mar.	7
25 Jun. 32	3rd Div.	6	Mar.	13
4 Jul. 32	"C" Div.	3	Mar.	11
24 Jul. 32	"B" Div.	0	Mar.	16
28 Jul. 32	"C" Div.	8	Mar.	9
30 Jul. 32	"V" Div.	1	Mar.	10
	Series for Championship			
31 Jul. 32	"E" Div.	0	Mar.	19
2 Aug. 32	"E" Div.	3	Mar.	15
18 Sep. 32	Ship's T.	9	Mar.	11

"BILLY" TURNER, JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHT CHAMP, MAKES IMPRESSIVE RECORD

Quantico, Va., Nov. 15.—The United States Marines, traditional builders of fighting men, have another sensation to offer the fans of the ring game. First it was Gene Tunney who boxed his way to a world's championship after having learned the fundamentals of the sport while serving with the Leathernecks. And now from the endless ranks of khaki-clad soldiers of the sea comes another embryo champion,

William J. Turner, already the Junior Welterweight Champion of the Marine Corps.



Billy Turner

Turner, a Nanticoke, Pa., boy, learned his first fighting while serving with the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. *Wyoming*. Coming to Quantico nearly a year ago, Turner at once caught the experienced eye of Gy-Sgt. M. "Bud" Fisher, a veteran handler of young fighters and who is, incidentally, the World's and Olympic Rifle Champion. Under Fisher's tutelage Turner improved rapidly and now has an impressive record to show for his capable efforts.

Turner won his last eleven fights; he fought fourteen battles in all since coming to Quantico. He lost a decision to Scott, an Army man from Fort Monroe, Va., and his fight

with Resio, Marine, was a draw.

Turner's two bouts with Scott, Third Corps Area Army Champion, show his marked improvement, having lost a close decision in their first meeting and winning by a wide margin in their second.

WEST COAST MITT SLINGERS

By Glenn A. Bollinger

The boxing squad at the Marine Base was organized three months ago with Lieutenant Gerard as Manager of the squad, and "Mickey" Greene as the trainer. The squad was started with green material with the exception of Norton and Buckner. Norton fought in the Fleet for a short time, and Buckner saw service in the ring in Shanghai.

Mickey, the trainer, was rated as the best fighter in the Asiatics; there he fought from '27-8 without losing a fight, and he held the featherweight belt from '24-6 in Cuba. Under such an able trainer, the boxing squad is developing rapidly, and the individual members are showing their abilities.

It was largely due to the initiative of Lieutenant Gerard that the boxing squad was started on its present scale, and that adequate equipment was secured for training the squad. With Lieutenant Gerard back of the squad, it is assured of a long career.

Sergeant Peyton, and Private Hansen are at present away from the Base, but they will return in about three weeks. Peyton is the only heavyweight boxer on the squad, and he has had only two fights here. He won the Southern California Heavyweight Amateur Belt in the Knights of Columbus Tournament. Hansen, fighting at 174, is a recruit in the service, and in the ring. However, he has had six fights, and lost only one through a decision. He is developing rapidly and looks very promising.

Hill, 157, has had only one fight. He, too, is a tyro in the ring, but he has been turning in creditable performances at training, and should step out as soon as they can get a match for him.

One of the most promising new men on the squad is O'Branovich. He is hard to

hit, but he can hit hard. That is a combination that will worry the most experienced fighter. He is said to be the best prospect on the Coast. He has had seven fights in the ring, and he has won six of them. He lost the other fight by a decision that made even the most complacent fans complain.

Buckner, 137, has had only one fight in the ring. He got an official draw in the main event at the San Diego Athletic Club November 1. There are not many men who could step into the arena on their first fight, and get a draw in the main event, but Buckner sure looked good, and he deserved the decision.

Norton at 126 is one of the best featherers ever developed in the Service. He had some experience in the Fleet, but he has improved a lot since he has been under Mickey's wing. He has had eleven fights of which he has lost three, and won four by K. O.'s. He is a clever boxer and a hard hitter, and he has never been on the canvas.

Chenard, the lightest man on the squad, weighs 118, and is a promising young fighter. Chenard has been in the ring for only two weeks, and he has not had much time to perfect any style, but he is showing up as a fast man, and one who can place his punches. He broke his hand in his last fight, so he will be unable to fight for about three weeks, but he is training as much as possible with his broken hand.

There is not a pound of useless flesh on the squad, and each man has possibilities that are well worth the time of trouble of developing them. With such material, Lieutenant Gerard, and Mickey are confident of shaping this into one of the best squads ever developed in San Diego.

FRED ZAVEDITCH DECISIONS LUCAS IN HEADLINE BOUT OF INTERESTING PROGRAM

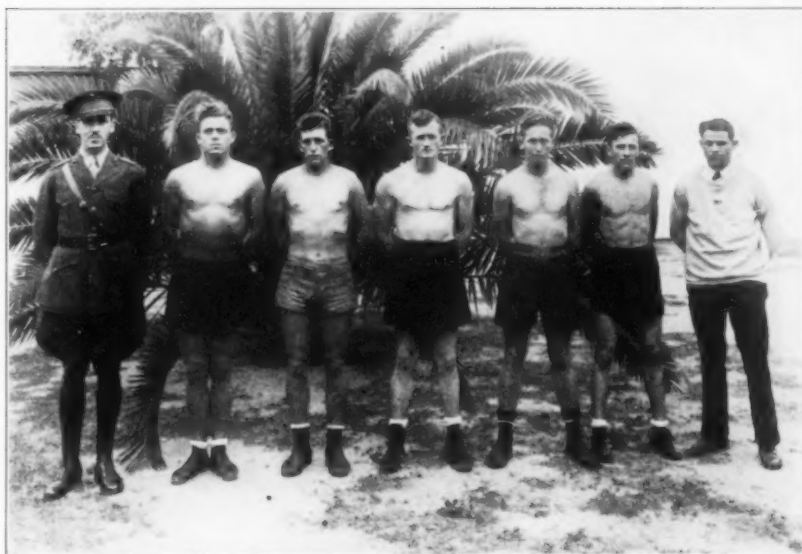
The U. S. Navy's barrage of hooks, crosses, straight lefts and rights, vicious uppercuts and body blows left many a mark on the athletic torsos of the leathernecks but the fighting Fourth Marines weathered the attack in the ring at the 2nd battalion compound, Bubbling Well and Chengtu Roads, and came out of the war victorious by five fights to three, one resulting in a draw. The gobs, however, had the stronger force of bonecrushers who won two out of three wrestling bouts.

Music by the Fourth U. S. Marine Band, entertainment by Smoot, U. S. Navy's champion songster, Al Baldwip of the Little Club, and great boxing and wrestling bouts by the leathernecks and men of Destroyer Squadron

Five made the monster smoker the best yet staged by American forces here.

ZAVELITCH DESERVES VICTORY OVER LUCAS

"Frowning Fred" Zavelitch, Fourth Marine lightweight flash, smiled the smile of a conqueror, when his lightning jabs and powerful hooks and straights gave him vic-



WEST COAST BOXING SQUAD

From left to right: Lt. Gerard, Manager; Hill, O'Branovich, Buckner, Norton, Chenard, Mickey Greene, Trainer. Those without pictures: Sgt. Peyton and Pvt. Hansen

tory over Lucas, of "Desron" Five in the main bout of the night.

SULLIVAN DECISIONS HULIT IN CURTAIN RAISER

The card opened with the Marines scoring the first victory, Sullivan, 129½, beating Hulit, 127¾, on points.

The Marines followed this success with another, Hoskinson, 150, winning on a T. K. O. over Johnson, 146, in the first round.

The third bout saw the Navy chalk up its first win, Toney, 147½, beating Standell, 145½, on a T. K. O. decision in the third round.

Although much shorter, Fasano, 147½, of the Navy, hit Bardofz, 163½, with everything and every possible blow and anywhere he pleased all through the four rounds. The big leatherneck stood up and took all that was coming.

SMITH BEATS BLAKELY ON DECISION

Smith, 148, "Desron" Five, proved too clever and good for Larry Blakely, 145, and won on points.

—The China Press (Shanghai).

SHANGHAI MARINES TAKE LEAD IN CUP SHOOT

The first stage of the U. S. Marines Challenge Cup shoot held yesterday at the Rifle Range, resulted in almost a runaway for the leathernecks, only three local civilians qualifying for the second and final stage.

The Marines took 15 out of the 18 qualification places, and in addition, took the first four places. J. Jennings topped the list with the score of 96, while H. Evangelista, local civilian rifle expert, placed in fifth position with 93. The two other locals who qualified were B. E. Caulton, with 91, and L. Guillarmod, also with the score of 91.

Yesterday's shoot was over 600 yards, one sighter and 20 scoring shots. There were 64 entries. The competition started at 6:30 P. M., and although the light could

have been somewhat better, there was little wind and conditions were good. The final stage of the cup shoot will be held next month. Yesterday's qualification scores follow:

1.—J. Jennings (Marine).....	96
2.—T. J. Jones.....	95
3.—B. T. Betke.....	95
4.—F. Szalkevicz.....	94
5.—H. Evangelista (Civilian).....	93
6.—R. P. Schwalbe (Marine).....	93
7.—V. E. Bayle.....	93
8.—S. Bodner.....	93
9.—J. W. Dorsey.....	92
10.—J. Pluge.....	92

—China Press (Shanghai).

MARINES PARTICIPATE IN TIE MATCH

By Ch. Pay Clk. C. A. Phillips

An unusual "Tied Match" occurred on October 8, 1932, when the members of the Piscataqua Rifle Club at Portsmouth, N. H., participated in their Saturday outdoor shoot, using .30 cal. Springfield rifles. This club is rated as the most active civilian organization in the state and is affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Marines and Coast Guard are privileged to membership.

Two five-man teams were chosen and began the match at 300 yards, slow-fire, prone. The "A" targets (ten-inch bull's-eye) were used. Two strings of ten shots each per man were fired at 300 yards, prone, followed by two strings each at 200 yards, offhand.

After 400 shots the score was tied, the average score per man each string being nearly 43. The Range Master then decided that to break the tie each man should fire one shot at 200 offhand. This was done, but the score was still tied. Two similar attempts followed to break the tie, but to no avail. On the fourth attempt, four men of each team fired and the average per man was still four; whereupon the anchor man of "A" team registered a five, while the anchor man of "B" team received a four. "A" Team won the match, but "B" team protested on the grounds that their anchor man fired last and since it was so late in the afternoon his target was obscured by darkness.



The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

FIRST BATTALION, "C" COMPANY, 25TH MARINE RESERVE

By Robert T. Warner

This is station U-S-M-C-R, located in Inglewood, California, members of "C" Company, First Battalion, 25th Marine Reserve under the personal supervision of Captain Horace W. Card. You will now be entertained by a brief bit of chatter from your announcer.

It was on a very windy day late in 1931 that I noticed an announcement in the local paper of the proposed formation of the Marine Corps Reserve Company in our fair city.

So it came to be on or about November 1, 1931, we met Captain Card (then First Lieutenant). On November 12, the first reservists were sworn in, and yours truly was among them.

We are proud to announce the promotions made in our company of First Lieutenant Horace W. Card to that of Captain. Gunnery Sergeant Whitney discarded his chevrons for the golden bars of a Second Lieutenant.

About a month ago, Captain Card took a detail of twenty men to the range at La Jolla for a bit of rifle practice and sore shoulders. We received both, but we are raring to go again.

Recently, "C" Company held a dance and party at Inglewood, Calif. The dance and refreshments were enjoyed by all. We were entertained by several dance acts put on by local talent. The newly formed drill team, Privates Dodge and Hawkins, gave an exhibition of monkey drill and silent manual.

On October 30, the Army Air Corps put on an air show for charity at the Long Beach Airport, and Marine Reserves acted as patrol and guards.

Plans are now under way for "C" Company to conduct a field trip to the nearby hills, where scouting, extended drill and camp selecting will be studied as well as practiced. It will be a complete hike even to the grub and the drinking of hot coffee out of aluminum cups that burn your lips and spill all over your lap.

As we have obtained a new drill ground with plenty of room you will continue to hear from "C" Company as a growing and active organization.

A new drill team is being formed by our worthy Corporal Miller and they have already received various invitations to put on their drills. It won't be long until we have a full team, and then look out, "A" and "B" Company, we are going to give you plenty of competition.

If Privates Donovan or Redman see this issue will they please communicate with members of "C" Company. We are anxious to know what has become of you since leaving us for the regulars.

In closing, "C" Company is proud that it has a capable leader in Captain Card. We wish to take this opportunity to express our heartiest thanks and appreciation for his interest in our company.

RESERVE PROMOTIONS, OFFICERS

The following named officers have been promoted to the grade indicated:
Lieut-Col. William R. Coyle.
Capt. James J. Christie.
Capt. Cromwell Warner.
First Lieut. Stafford F. Potter.
First Lieut. Cecil C. Phelps.

301st RESERVE COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

By John B. Hinckley, Jr.

Sgt. William A. Easterling, USMC, stationed at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, has been ordered to duty with the 301st Company as instructor of rifle and pistol marksmanship. Sergeant Easterling is the crack shot of the Marine Corps, having in his possession the President's Cup,



Major S. L. Rothafel, USMCR
"Roxey"

the General John J. Pershing Trophy, the Leech Cup and the Hayden Trophy.

Plans have been laid, calling for a period of rifle marksmanship, instruction for qualification, and the formation of rifle teams to compete with local organizations, of which there are fifty-three on record in the vicinity of Boston.

Members of the outfit received the assignment of Sergeant Easterling with enthusiasm. Under his competent instruction and leadership, every man will have an equal opportunity to benefit through his experience and eventually qualify on the rifle and pistol range.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL MARINE RESERVE COMPANIES

I have been granted permission by the Commanding Officer to make an effort to

interest all Reserve Companies to send a rifle team to the Military and Civilian matches at Wakefield, Mass., which usually takes place each year in September.

As space will not permit a general outline, any company desiring information regarding this notice, will kindly communicate with Cpl. John B. Hinckley, 301st Marine Reserve Company, Building No. 36, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

OBSERVATIONS FROM THE 462nd COMPANY

By Vincent W. Gillen

Before going into the more or less unimportant chatter about the general doings of our outfit, we have some real important news to relate—important not only to us and our comparatively small circle, but to the Corps itself, for it again demonstrates that in the Marine Corps "virtue has its reward." That news is the announcement of the promotion of our commanding officer, First Lieutenant B. S. Barron, to the grade of captain, and of our second in command, Second Lieutenant M. V. O'Connell, to the grade of first lieutenant. Their efficient work in organizing our company and during our summer training did not go unnoticed.

After our active summer training at the Navy Yard, we have again resumed our indoor drills. The first few nights we drilled at the gymnasium of St. John's College, Brooklyn, and the old commands took on a new meaning after the training at camp. Soon we shall be in our own quarters in the Navy Yard. Colonel Kincaid, of the Navy Yard Barracks, who has already done much for us, is having a building fitted up for our use.

In the meantime we have had some interesting experiences at rifle and pistol practice on the indoor range the past few weeks. One of the more-to-be-wondered-at-than-understood developments was the wide-awakeness of "Rest-On-Bunk" Bariton who did some accurate shooting. Bariton was the runner-up in the almost unnoticed competition for the "Rest-On-Bunk" record of the outfit while at the Navy Yard. For the record we should note here that he was "snoozed out" by O. Cicolella, our all time champion. Cicolella won by a wink. But perhaps the resting has its merits for it certainly gives the eyes a break. Arguing "post hoc, ergo hoc," or perhaps better said, "after that, therefore because of that," it may have been the prolonged eyerest that developed the marksmanship. The rest of us at camp had our eyes busy sewing buttons, polishing pieces, washing clothes, ironing and other domestic duties more trying on the optics. However, we fear the spread of Bariton's method, for should that means of enhancing target scores be generally adopted, the Marines will shortly lose their reputation for "ruggedness." Speaking of ruggedness, we wonder how the more hardboiled Marines feel toward the likelihood of developing hardihood in an outfit that drills once a week on a parquet floor. But let them try us out in drill competition some time and we shall dispel all suspicions.

The coming of fall has served both to

unite and to divide us. Some have returned to colleges in distant parts, and some, strange as it may seem, have secured jobs and work evenings. The ball player of the company, John J. Lynch, has departed to the University of Pennsylvania, and is now batting out answers to the profs. David (Haircut) Schwartz is somewhere down in good old Georgia. We understand the cotton picking season is over so it's a toss-up over what Dave is doing. Some of his intimates might be able to give us a better idea of what he is liable to be doing. Those stories of the Regulars of distant parts must have "got" Dave . . . Most of the men are plodding their way through law schools and some do not leave classes until 10 P. M. They still look groggy when they turn out for drill after class. It must be a relief to them, though, to look down the rifle at the target after trying to read law all week—they can at least understand the target and its purpose. Then, too, there is no learned professor to drone them to sleep with his eloquent discourse. There is only Sergeant Higginson and his detail, who stand nearby giving helpful and pointed suggestions in a way that makes you comprehend and desire to show them you can do it. Yes, the venerable "Sarge" and his gang are still with us, being detailed to show us the fine points of the Marine manual and general efficiency . . . and are we lucky!

The next time we "make" THE LEATHERNECK we hope to be in our own quarters and then we shall be ready to start things in earnest. Since we see so much of the men in the southern clime in the columns we might properly say "Hasta luego"—or do we hear corrections from the more scholarly?

SIXTH MARINE RESERVE BRIGADE

Captain Chauncey G. Parker, Jr., with the able assistance of a great number of experienced officers of the Brigade has proved that there are citizens in this country who are willing and patriotic enough to devote a great deal of their spare time and money to perfecting themselves in the various arts of War and National Defense without a damned cent of remuneration for their efforts. The only compensation derived is self-satisfaction in knowing that you can get out on the line and hold your own, also in knowing that you are not merely a tin soldier but a bloke that can blow for the bondocks and operate an automatic rifle, a Browning Machine Gun, the 37mm Gun, Trench Mortars and all the necessary weapons of the Infantry.

A vast amount of appreciation is due to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the regular Marine Corps who have volunteered to instruct our officers, non-commissioned officers and the candidates class in the rudiments of tactics and the operation of the above mentioned weapons. Captain Hamilton M. H. Fleming, USMC, 1st Lieut. W. W. Paca, USMC, and 1st Lieut. W. W. Davidson, USMC, also 1st Lieut. Charles E. Chapel, USMC, have devoted much of their time to this instruction. Gunnery Sergeant Chambers of Quantico has contributed from the knowledge he has gleaned through twenty-nine years of service. What that guy knows about infantry weapons would fill the New York City Directory.

On Saturday, 5 November, 1932, approximately thirty officers of the Brigade motored to Quantico, donned field uniforms, formed a section of two squads—Platoon Leader, Major Lane; Corporal first squad,

1st Lieut. Howland; Corporal, second squad, 1st Lieut. Warner; and although they suffered a few casualties (theoretical) they succeeded in capturing the Butts on Number 1 Range. This outfit has become so damned good at close-order drill and parade that now they are devoting most of their time to the more serious business of simulating warfare. It is believed that after this winter's coaching that this organization would be able to take the field in the event of a major emergency almost simultaneously with the Marines of the regular service.

Due to the success of the above experiment—the brass hats have decided that all non-commissioned officers of the Brigade with the exception of corporals will take advantage of the opportunity offered to engage in the solution of various tactical problems at Quantico. The Candidates Class for Commission will form an additional group.

All members will shoot for qualifications before the next encampment. The instruction offered by the members of the Marine Corps Rifle Team detailed to this organization is proving the fact that all Americans are natural born shots and that it merely takes proper instruction to develop this talent. Although the turn-out for shooting on the .22 calibre Range has not been striking up to the present date, a better attendance is expected in the near future. The attention of all members of the Brigade who read this article is invited to Brigade Special Order No. 8, dated 7 November, 1932. This also another reason for reading THE LEATHERNECK—you might pick up some information that you have missed through faulty mailing addresses, etc.

Sergeant Elmer Wright, our Quartermaster, has lately been engaged in the stupendous task of constructing a pagoda for the housing of the Ship's bell recently issued to this organization by the Quartermaster in Philadelphia. This bell came from the decommissioned destroyer USS Osborne. It is fitting that we should have this bell as the Osborne was named for Lieutenant Osborne of the Navy Medical Department, who was attached to the Sixth Marines in France at the time of his death.

Any time that members of the Brigade who have not been in touch with the activities of the Brigade feel that they would like to get in the swing of things with their more active comrades, they can secure information regarding the various school activities, range assignments, etc., at the Brigade Administration Office at 458 Indiana Avenue, N. W. This office is open from nine in the morning until ten at night. The non-commissioned officers on duty at this place have all the data available for those interested enough to ask for it. It is believed that a great many of our "Camp Marines" are going to find themselves left far in the rear when they attend the next encampment. The men who are studying and practicing the knowl-

edge gained will be the men who attain the high non-commissioned officer ratings. Let a hint be sufficient to the old-timers that you cannot get by on your past achievements. Any real Marine knows that you have got to keep your snozzle in the book to keep up with the modern tactics of warfare. Regulations and methods are changed every day and what might have been just the thing ten years ago when you did time with the regulars is obsolete at present in many instances.

I should like to mention Corporal Cole. This man has been on almost continuous guard duty for the past three months. In addition to being constantly on the job day and night—he has seen that everything in the two Armory Buildings has been kept clean and in a ship-shape condition. Accommodation and loyalty like this deserves a vote of thanks. Wish the Brigade had some more like him.

Incidentally—I think that Sergeant Major Brown of Philadelphia owes this organization a hotel bill. Can that guy sleep! I reckon! Just go up on the top-deck and you will find him rolled up in a blanket and snoring to beat hell. He is also noted for his line of baloney and command of the various adventures of Baron Munchausen.

This enough bull for this time so—adios.

1ST BATTALION, 24TH RESERVE MARINES

By G. J. Valentine

Things have been pretty quiet around the First Battalion of the Twenty-fourth Marines. Of course, a quiet month around this outfit might be construed as a hectic one in some other outfit. The 433rd Company had a "pink tea" and lemonade party early in the month. No women, not much song, but we got along. A delegation consisting of two NCO's from the 433rd Company made a semi-official (self-invited) inspection of the 432nd Company. They ok'd the outfit, which should be very pleasing to First Lieutenant Mooy and 1st Sgt. "Jawn" Bathum. Doesn't seem so long ago since Lieutenant Coleman and Lieutenant Mooy were privates in the old 315th Company.

On October 23, there was an inter-battalion cutter race. The agreement was made that since all of the companies did not have facilities for practicing with cutters, no one would use them in practice. Consequently, most of the crews who took part in the races never saw a cutter, let alone raced in one. The Naval Reserve umpired. With all due respect and admiration for the ability of Marines, the writer respectfully suggested that the Coast Guard be notified of the impending event, and stand by to man the life boats. Another suggestion was that the uniform for the race include swimming suits (it's pretty cold) and life preservers.

A Federal Inspection of the Naval Reserve
(Continued on page 55)





THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

THIS issue of THE LEATHERNECK finds the Marine Corps League again occupying its accustomed niche in these pages that are the Marine's own.



With the cooperation of the able editor of THE LEATHERNECK, those difficulties which formerly presented themselves have been surmounted, and from this issue forward every member of the Marine Corps League will receive THE LEATHERNECK direct at his home address with the news of his organization embodied therein.

Nor is this all. It seems that it took a major conflict (the depression) to bring out the real fighting spirit of the gyrenes. Perhaps never in the past two years or more has the old League shown so much life, enthusiasm and do-or-die effort.

Under the guidance of our National Commandant and his official staff, divisional conventions have been held or will be held in all sections of the country. Brones have been weeded out and real workers are supporting the Commandant's campaign in all departments. An extensive employment and relief program for Marines is now being formulated. A unified system of rehabilitation through the medium of special officers in each district is well under way. New detachments are being formed at an encouraging rate and old ones are coming back to life with renewed vigor. Every Leaguer's dream of a real Marine service organization is rapidly nearing fruition.

It is the hope of every member of the Marine Corps League that the Marine not actively affiliated with our great outfit will lose no time in acquainting himself with the wonderful opportunity that awaits him in the League—an opportunity for service, for recreation and that comradeship which is only possible between Marine and Marine.

If you, Brother Gyrene, who are now reading these lines, happen to be one to whom the League is a stranger, sit down and write the National Adjutant a line. You'll find his address on this page. He'll tell you why you should join up, how you can join up and where you can join up. If the old Marine Corps spirit is still rampant in your breast, you'll do that little thing right now.

OLD STRONGHOLDS REVEAL NEW LIFE

In addition to the formation of three new detachments in the past thirty days, National Headquarters is pleased to announce that three old strongholds of the League show signs of revived interest; namely, Indianapolis, New Orleans and Chattanooga. Interesting letters have re-

cently been received from Bill Smith, 1303 North Colorado Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.; Louis Friloux, 624 North Precinct, New Orleans, La., and Leonard L. Howe, 2511 Campbell Street, East Chattanooga, Tenn. All Marines in these towns are urged to get in touch with the above named comrades.

NATIONAL OFFICERS

The National Adjutant has prepared mimeographed copies of the National roster, showing all National Officers and detachments. This list is available to all members without charge. If you want one, write to 503 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT THE LEAGUE MEANS

The Marine Corps League is a patriotic and social organization embracing all Marines, both those in civilian life and those still in active service. It aims to perpetuate the traditions and spirit of the United States Marine Corps through the continued association of men who have at any time served under the globe and anchor in peace, as well as in war.

The constitution of the National organization reads: "To band together the members of the Corps in fellowship, that they may be effective in promoting ideals of American freedom and democracy which they have always defended; to fit themselves for the duties of citizenship; to serve as ably as citizens as they have served our nation under arms * * * to create a strong bond of comradeship between Marines in the service and those in civilian life; to aid our comrades, their widows and orphans."

The Marine Corps League has detachments in thirty states which hold regular meetings conducted under a unified ritual and promote social and patriotic functions, with the Marine Corps spirit and atmosphere always predominating.

All are eligible for membership who are now serving in the Corps or who possess an honorable discharge therefrom. Reservists may become associate members, without vote, after they have served one year in the Reserve and shall have completed one tour of camp duty.

For further information regarding your nearest detachment, address the National Adjutant and Paymaster, 503 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

KANSAS CITY KUT-OUTS SIMPSON-HOGATT DETACHMENT 1409 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo.

On a recent visit to the Veterans' Hospital at Excelsior Springs, Mo., we had with us a "young" veteran, one who saw duty in Nienragun. This "vet" is quite understanding; he is active in veteran circles. He was a school boy in 1917. In his own words, "Why, I don't know about these things. I never realized what these World War 'vets' are up against."

Now, if this man "doesn't know," what about the young fellow who has no occasion to meet or visit with our unfortunate buddies? They are the ones we must go after. They are young and thoughtless. But they have hearts and are ready to listen if we can but interest them.

Our adjutant received a letter recently that at first made him hot, and then made him feel sad. This letter was from an old timer. He has known of the "League" since its organization. He has been asked to "join up" many times. He has at last decided to join us and also to bring in a friend, PROVIDED the Employment Bureau guarantees him a job. If the Bureau could guarantee any jobs, they would go to men who have stood by the League through trials and tribulations, of which we have had "plenty."

This provisional member does not get the spirit of the League. The League has stressed the fact that it runs a Free Employment Bureau. It sells no jobs for money nor memberships. Just as much effort is spent in helping non-members as paid-up members. There is no discrimination whatever.

We ask this man, and all other unemployed Marines, to register at the Bureau. We will do our darndest to help them. If at some time they have the small sum needed and want to join us and help us to help others, we will be glad. If they never join us, they—not the League—are the biggest losers.

The Employment Bureau reports gratifying results. A call was sent out for a number of men to do election work and most of those called reported they were working. We are happy to report that the majority of newly elected public officials here are very friendly to veterans. Their friendliness in the past was not wasted. Marines are always loyal to their friends.

We are glad to report a definite date has been set for our big Stag Party. You know what that means. Simpson-Hogatt Detachment, as usual, will put on a great party. Plans are being made now. We are open to suggestions. All members paying their 1933 dues will be admitted free.

A plan has been devised whereby an unemployed, or "Scotch" member may "work out" his dues. Ask the Adjutant.

MAJOR GENERAL L. W. T. WALLER DETACHMENT

3117 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is one of the detachments of the League that has proven the efficacy of a ladies' auxiliary. The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston is another where a strong auxiliary has lent great support to the Detachment, particularly in its social functions and welfare work.

SAN JOSE DETACHMENT

745 Race Street, San Jose, Cal.

The next meeting of this Detachment will be held in the San Jose City Hall on Monday, December 12th. All members are urged to be present at this meeting and BRING ANOTHER MARINE WITH YOU. It's up to we Western Detachments to show the boys of the effete East that the good West arm of the League is every bit as strong, if not stronger, than the East paw.

If any of our members, or any Marines at all, for that matter, are desirous of obtaining any information or assistance from Marine Headquarters, they are urged to communicate with the Adjutant of this Detachment, S. L. DeLaughter, at the above address, who will forward such requests to the National Headquarters, where they will be expeditiously and efficiently handled by the National Liaison Officer. There is, of course, no charge for this service.

Come on, Gyrenes. Let's keep the membership trophy in California. You know, our brother Marines over at Vallejo now hold this beautiful trophy given annually by the National Commandant. Let every member of our Detachment pledge himself to bring in at least one more member before the next National Convention next Fall.

CHARLES RUDDRICK DETACHMENT

Elmira, N. Y.

Under the leadership of Captain Martin J. Canavan (retired), this Detachment is growing to one of the State's largest.

The Detachment plans a steak supper on November 18th, to which all Marines in Elmira and vicinity are invited, whether or not they are now League members. Those intending to be present are asked to notify Captain Canavan.

NEWARK NEWS

CAPTAIN BURWELL H. CLARK DETACHMENT

40 Baldwin Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Meeting nights of the Detachment have been changed from Thursday to Friday with fine results. Attendance at our first Friday meeting, held on October 21st, was very encouraging. Not only a fine turnout, but we had with us three prospective members.

The Adjutant recently made a check-up and discovered that this Detachment has members in 28 towns surrounding Newark, including Irvington, East Orange, Montclair, Elizabeth, Bloomfield and many others.

Professor Basil H. Pollitt, well known member of the New York Bar and author of several legal tomes, is back with us after an absence of two years. During his absence he completed a year's post graduate study at Harvard University and has received his degree in Advanced Law. At our last meeting he gave a splendid talk on

"Government and the ex-Service Man."

We have started the winter season with a bang. Commandant Jesse A. Rodgers has named the following committee chairmen: Comrade Pollitt, Armistice Day Parade; Comrade Sheely, Salute and Memorial Committee. The above comrades also represent this Detachment in the Essex County Veterans' Alliance.

NORTH CENTRAL DIVISION

W. C. SUTTON, VICE-COMMANDANT

1411 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo.

An open letter from Vice-Commandant Sutton, addressed to all Marines in the North Central Division—

Dear Comrades:

This letter is written as an explanation, and as a plea, with the hope that it will meet with some approval and will stimulate activity amongst the membership and create at least enough interest in the non-member that he will want to know what the League is, what it is doing and what it hopes to do.

The Marine Corps League is unique amongst veterans' organizations in that its life blood (membership) can be constantly



Carlton A. Fisher

National Commandant, Marine Corps League

replenished as long as the United States Marine Corps lasts, which we pray will be forever.

The League does not pretend a rivalry with the other veterans' organizations. On the contrary, the members are urged to "join up" with the ones to which they are eligible.

But no one denies that the feeling of comradeship that Marines have for one another is something to be prized and cherished. Friends and buddies are the holders of our happiness. Nowhere can you find more material for friendship than in the Marine Corps League.

Now, we want to direct this part of our letter directly to St. Louis. The detachment there was looked on as an example; backward detachments were being constantly told to "look at St. Louis." We want to be able to again cite St. Louis as a fine example. We want to see St. Louis as the leader in this district. What do you say, men? Why can't you get together, forget

the past? We bet that the troubles or differences you had don't seem so enormous now. All you need is someone to start the ball. You men know of the fun and satisfaction to be gained from association with your buddies. Why give that up? Give the League your help. We want it. Help us organize this district. The east and west can do nothing that we can't do, so let's join the parade with St. Louis as drum major. Let me say that, as Vice-Commandant, I will do my utmost to help. Tell me what I can do. But after all, the job belongs to St. Louis Marines.

Given timely notice, we can pay a short visit to cities in our district. If you need advice or help of any kind, please call on us; we are at your service. Let us hear from you, Topeka, St. Joe, Joplin, Wichita, Minneapolis, Des Moines and all other points where there is a Marine. Don't let it be said that Marines of this 100 per cent American District have less of that old Marine spirit than leathernecks of the effete east or of the proud, boastful west.

BUFFALO BINGLES

OSCAR A. SWAN DETACHMENT

176 Avery Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Break out the vanilla extract! Here we are all washed behind the ears on the nice clean pages of the good old LEATHERNECK. The National Commandant's home detachment is mighty proud of their boy. Take a bow, Carl!

The 600-mile jaunt to Albany and return for the Eastern Seaboard Division Convention was undertaken by a squad of Buffalo huskies, who made the entire trip in the rain, two of 'em in a rumble seat. The squad consisted of, in addition to National Commandant Fisher, and National Adjutant and Paymaster J. Lyman Ferguson, and Chief of Staff George Robertson, Judge Advocate Frank Levin, Senior Vice-Commandant Stanley Konieczny, Albert Gaspar, Vince McCarthy, Harrison Curtis, Paymaster Jim Barber and Johnny Weber. The Wild Potato of the Potomac and Comrade Curtis were the two (g)rumblers who got wet—we mean, externally.

Commandant Jim Wright has appointed the following committee for our next Smoker, to be held on Friday, December 2nd: Harold Houser, Jim Barber, Ted Stackowiak and Johnny Johnson.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

62 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Our Detachment prides itself on being, we believe, one of the most efficiently administered in the whole League. Like most of the others, we guess, we had our troubles in the beginning, but by profiting by our mistakes, we have gone a long way. We have a fool-proof set of By-Laws, with which, strange to say, every member is familiar. Incidentally, if there are any other detachments who are having By-Law trouble, we'll be glad to forward them a copy of ours upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope (three 3c stamps, please).

Our Adjutant, Howard F. Cunningham, has this to say about membership: "The first step is to have absolute harmony in the organization. After we had attained this, our worthy Commandant, 'Chappie' Robertson, appointed a Membership Committee consisting of our popular Junior Vice-Commandant, Ed Stanley, Jim Corbitt and myself. These men are part of the backbone of the League in Boston. They eat, sleep, drink, talk and even dream Marine Corps League all the time. In the

next issue of THE LEATHERNECK I will try to outline what the Committee has done since it was appointed. The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment has been active in many other things, too, but I do not feel that I can give a very good picture of these activities, because I have been devoted entirely to the work of membership. I'll leave this phase of the Detachment to one of the boys who may be able to give you a better story than I can next month."

EASTERN SEABOARD CONVENTION, ALBANY, N. Y.

NOVEMBER 5TH AND 6TH

The delegates from this Division assembled at the Ten Eyck Hotel at Albany, N. Y., at 4 P. M., Saturday, November 5th, with delegates from Bergen County, N. J.; Hudson County, N. J.; New York City; Hudson-Mohawk, N. Y.; Elmira, N. Y.; Newark, N. J.; Buffalo, N. Y., and the "baby" detachment from Hackensack, N. J., being also represented.

Dean Harding, National Sergeant-at-Arms, and Commandant of Department of Massachusetts, and "Chappie" Robinson, National Supply Officer, and Commandant of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, were present.

The meetings were presided over by National Vice-Commandant, M. A. Illeh, of Albany, N. Y. The chairman introduced Dean Harding, and had him escort the National Commandant, Carlton A. Fisher, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Karl Lattons, of Worcester, Mass.; Past National Commandant, and National Adjutant and Paymaster J. Lyman Ferguson, of Buffalo, N. Y., to seats on the platform.

After the talks of our honored guests, the chairman stated that the intention of the meetings was to have all present give full vent to their grievances and get everything "off their chests," so that when they returned back to their detachments they would be satisfied that the national staff was anxious to serve them as they desired.

The first to take the floor to ease his mind was "Serappy" Jack Brennan, Commandant of Hudson County, N. J., detachment, who was peeved because the practice of sending the names of Marines discharged from active service had been discontinued. Past National Commandant Lattons informed the speaker that this practice had been found impracticable during his administration and had been discontinued. National Adjutant and Paymaster Ferguson quickly stated that if it was desired by the detachments, he would gladly do everything within his power to get these names and forward them to the detachments. It was finally left to the several detachments to decide this question for themselves, with the promise of the national officers to cooperate. This matter had no sooner been adjudicated than "Serappy" again grabbed himself the deck and started another war by stating that "something should be done tending to get THE LEATHERNECK for all members of the Marine Corps League" as a means of contacting all active and discharged Marines. This suggestion was jumped at by practically all the "orators" on hand, and after the National Commandant and the National Adjutant had stated the trials and tribulations of getting out a paper for the League and mentioned a proposition submitted by THE LEATHERNECK editor, Past National Chief of Staff Lambert, of New York City; Department Commandant Bush, of New Jersey; Department Commandant Culver, of New York; John Brennan, Commandant of Hudson County Detachment; Robinson

and Harding of Boston, Mass.; Past National Commandant Lattons, of Worcester, Mass.; John F. Manning, of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Albany, N. Y., and National Vice-Commandant Illeh, of Albany, spoke favorably upon taking advantage of this equitable proposition, and when the question of financing this proposition until such time as National Headquarters could finance it from their regular sources came up, John F. Manning offered a suggestion that it be handled by voluntary contributions from the detachments and individual members, and started it off with a \$10.00 contribution, and was nearly killed in the crush by other comrades trying to get on the "firing line."

The following contributions were given at this time, and no doubt the detachments and many individual members of other districts will come forward and put this deal across like Marines have every objective presented to them: Karl Lattons, \$10.00; Frank Creadon, \$3.00; Grant Culver, \$5.00; Elmira, N. Y., delegates, \$2.00; Elmira Detachment, \$10.00; Jesse Rodgers, \$2.00; Newark Detachment, \$10.00; New York

taken at this time until Sunday, November 6th, at 10 A. M.

The members of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment then took the visiting delegates in hand, and after chow was stored below, all entered their several autos and hid themselves to the city of Troy, N. Y., where an evening of pleasure was indulged in.

With a few hours' sleep over their heads the delegates again assembled to conclude their business sessions. Commandant Leon Walker, of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, offered a motion that all districts elect their own Commandants to take the places of District Vice-Commandants, but this motion was ruled as out of order and a violation of By-Laws, and after considerable discussion, a substitute motion was offered and carried that an Amendment to the By-Laws be submitted to the National Staff, as prescribed by the Constitution and By-Laws, providing for the election of Divisional Commandants by the several divisions at divisional conventions to be held annually.

Another motion was offered and carried that an Amendment be submitted to the National Staff, providing for the election of all elective officers by the several states at state conventions to be held at the discretion of the state officers. Another motion was offered and carried that "in the event of there being no national convention held in any year and no national elections held, the National Commandant shall submit all questions pertaining to districts, States or detachments, to all detachments for their vote."

A vote of thanks was extended the District National Vice-Commandant, M. A. Illeh, for his impartial handling of all matters during this convention, and a vote of confidence was given to the National Commandant and Staff.

With Past National Commandant Lattons as Song Leader and J. F. Manning as pianist, the delegates rose and, facing the national colors, sang the Marines' Hymn. This brought the convention to a close and all delegates returned to their homes voting this as the most enthusiastic and purpose-accomplishing assemblage they ever attended and all anxious to have one EVERY YEAR.

BERGEN COUNTY DETACHMENT Hackensack, N. J.

Let us introduce ourselves. We believe we are the baby Detachment of the League—but just watch our smoke.

The Detachment was represented at the Eastern Seaboard Division Convention in Albany by Phil Manning and Sgt. Bob Smith. First Sgt. Herman (Old stud horse) Freedman also dropped in with the Bergen County boys.

Our State Commandant, "Smoky Joe" Bush, under whose guidance this Detachment was formed, has ably assisted us in our early struggles. Many thanks to you, Joe, and to our hard-working National Adjutant, "the Wild Potato of the Potomac."

C Driver: "Officer, there's a drunken mar in my car—he won't pay, and I can't get out."

New and nervous cop (looking at burly Marine): "Oh, don't be so finicky, I'll pay for him."—Walla-Walla.

Mrs. Greene (at her first football game)—"Oh, isn't it awful? Why, they will kill that poor boy underneath."

Daughter—"Don't be silly, mother! He doesn't mind it; he's unconscious by this time."—Boston Transcript.

SHOW YOUR COLORS

Every League member is proud of his association with the Marine Corps. Why not show that pride by exhibiting your alliance with the world's greatest fighting organization?

National Headquarters of the League is now prepared to furnish the following insignia for the use of its members:

Radiator emblems.....	\$2.75
Windshield and baggage stickers10
Overseas' caps with cap ornament and detachment name embroidered	2.50
Officers' badges	1.25
Members' badges	1.00

Send check or money order to National Adjutant and Paymaster, 503 White Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Write the Adjutant for prices on Marine uniforms, collar and cap ornaments, emblems for use on sweaters, pillow-tops, etc., detachment colors and altar cloths.

City Detachment, \$10.00; M. A. Illeh, \$10.00; Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, \$10.00; Stephen Brown, \$10.00; Boston Detachment, \$10.00; Buffalo, N. Y., \$25.00, and Hudson County, N. Y., Detachment, \$10.00—a total of \$137.00.

Commandant of New Jersey Bush moved that all detachments be instructed to contact the National Employment Relief Bureau with the object of relieving unemployment amongst Marines. This motion carried unanimously. Commandant of New York Culver spoke on the advisability of holding old members, as well as gaining new ones, and said that no doubt the regular receipt of THE LEATHERNECK with Marine Corps League stories in it would accomplish these desired things.

John F. Manning, of Albany, offered a resolution that the convention assembled go on record as opposed to curtailment of the personnel of the U. S. Marine Corps, and the Adjutant be instructed to so advise our representatives in Congress. Resolution unanimously adopted.

As the hour was late and an evening's entertainment to be carried out, recess was

B-O-W-L-I-N-G

SPASMODIC SPARES

By Earland John Lakin

The Marine Barracks had it—The Marine Corps Institute had it—Now the Inspectors and M. C. I. are tied for it! It's the leadership of the Marine Corps Bowling League (Duckpins) were speaking of.

The "Big League" has been popping away for over a month now and figures are such that we can give you some facts on which to place your bets. This column named the winner last year several months in advance, so think quick this time. The M. C. I. is elected this year. Although it is the infant team of the circuit, supplanting the Commandant team of last season, we feel sure that its members are capable of shaking off the opposition along the stretch. (If this makes the Marine Barracks and Inspectors boil, that's O. K. here; that will mean tighter games and that is what we're after.) Sure, there are other teams in the league, but they were there last year, too, and look what happened. (Hope this worries you into some fight there, Paymasters, Quartermaster, and Adjutants.)

The various individual honors were somewhat divided among the teams at the take-off, but the Marine Corps Institute is now in full possession with twenty-one games in its wake, and sharing the top step with the Inspectors. Take a look:

High Team Set, M. C. I.	1666
High Team Game, M. C. I.	573
High Individual Game, M. C. I., Benvenuto	145
High Individual Set, M. C. I., Benvenuto	375
High Average Strikes, M. C. I., Kapanke	.800
High Average Spares, M. C. I., Rawlings	2.466

Sotto Voice: Weeping and gnashing of teeth 'mongst competitors.

Here is the full account to November 10th:

Team	W	L	Pins	High	G	Set	Avg.
Inspectors	13	8	10,755	551	1,576	.619	

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M. C. I.	13	8	10,673	573	1,666	.619
Marine Barracks	12	9	10,690	549	1,597	.571
Quartermaster	9	12	10,552	546	1,561	.429
Adjutants	8	13	10,119	565	1,529	.360
Paymasters	8	13	10,196	524	1,488	.380

Some of the individual games worthy of mention: Benvenuto, M. C. I., 145; Miller, Quartermaster, 144; O'Toole, Inspectors, 141; Kapanke, M. C. I., 140; Prevost, Quartermaster, 136; Keller and R. Davis, both of Inspectors, 134; McElroy and Orr of the Marine Barracks, 132; Rawlings of the M. C. I., and Davis of the Adjutants, 132. Some maple smashers, say we!

SAN DIEGO PIN SPILLERS

Bollinger

The Marine Base Bowling Team is in undisputed first place in the 11th Naval District Bowling League. Our bowlers have been turning in an exceptionally fine performance, and they look easily the best team in the league. Gayer is at present the high man on the team, both in total pins, and in his average. He is topped for high game by Crecion, by 13 points.

The Naval Air Station has given them the closest race. Naval Air won one game out of the set of three, to get one point out of four. That is the only point the Marines have lost.

The team is handicapped by lack of facilities for practicing, and by insufficiency of funds. However, the men are out to win the League, and they are getting all the practice they can.

This is the first Bowling team from the Base that has been provided with bowling shoes and shirts, and the equipment is appreciated. They have white shirts with "Marines" in red across the back of the shirt and each player's name across the pocket. It really isn't necessary to have the word "Marines" on the shirt though, because everyone can tell from their performance that the team is the Marine Team.

11th Naval District League

Marines

Games	Won	Lost	Total Pins	Total Points
3	3	0	1	4
6	6	0	1	8
9	8	1	1	11

Marines 2,540	USS Holland	2,001	Marines—4 pts.
Marines 2,687	USS Albat	2,476	Marines—4 pts.
Marines 2,625	Naval Air	2,439	Marines—3 pts.
			Naval Air—1 pt.

Individual Standings

Name	Games	Game Pins	Average
Gayer (c)	9	1,720	191
Creacion	9	1,682	186.8
Bates	9	1,569	174.3
Davidson	9	1,554	172.6
Smith	9	1,327	147.4

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 51)

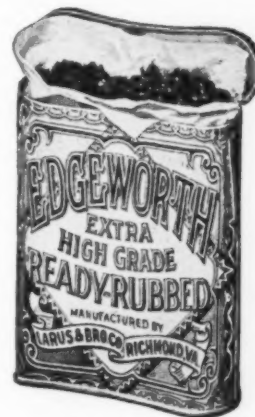
serve will be held, and the Reserve Marines will take part. In 1930, Marines, dressed in blues, under the command of First Sergeant Hutton, took part, they stole the show on them. You're darned right, we'll do it again.

Through the promoting ability of individual members of the command, we have at last been able to fire the small bore rifles on the National Guard ranges. Wouldn't it be great if we had our own armories and ranges, and we didn't have to "borrow" everything?

Well, seeing that the situation has been covered, we'll sign off.

TO MEN

who want a
BETTER SMOKE



we offer this

TOBACCO

WATCH the man who smokes a pipe and notice the great satisfaction he gets from it. Pipe smoking seems to give a pleasure all its own! If you're missing this pleasure and satisfaction you're missing one of the greatest privileges that men can enjoy.

If you have never smoked Edgeworth, won't you try a tin today? Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for years will tell you that it *never bites the tongue*.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever tobacco is sold. Ask for either "Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed" or "Edgeworth Plug Slice." It comes in convenient sizes from the 15c pocket package to the pound humidior tin.

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NEW YORK — Dixie Bus Terminal
241 W. 42nd St. Phone Wis. 7-5300

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WEST COAST RESERVES

By Lt. Owen E. Jensen

Marine Corps Reserve activities in Southern California have taken a new lease on life since the advent of more suitable weather, although that elusive personality has gone to the other extreme.

Major John J. Flynn, USMCR, was promoted to that rank on September 29, 1932. Major Flynn succeeded to the command of the battalion on August 11 after returning from active training duty at San Diego as battalion commander. The choice of Major Flynn as battalion commander was an unusually happy one and is looked upon by all battalion officers as one with much promise in view of the splendid record of Major Flynn in the Marine Corps Reserve from the time he first commanded Boston's reserve company until he took leave of his last company—Company "B" of this organization located in Pasadena.

Captain Horace W. Card, USMCR, commanding Inglewood's Company "C" was promoted to that rank on September 29, 1932. Captain Card has performed efficiently as battalion quartermaster in addition to the duties of company commander and well deserves the honor bestowed upon him. As junior officer of Company "C" is Lieutenant William F. Whitney, USMCR.

First Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, USMCR, was promoted to that rank to date from May 1, 1932, and succeeds Major Flynn as skipper of Company "B" in Pasadena.

RADIO ADDRESS ON MARINE CORPS' BIRTHDAY ARRANGED BY LOS ANGELES RESERVES

Through the efforts of Captain Joseph P. Sproul, USMCR, an address was given Thursday, November 10, the birthday of the Marine Corps, by Major A. B. Miller, USMC, inspector-instructor of the First Battalion of the 25th Reserve Marines. The address was given over Radio Station KECA.

Major Miller gave the highlights of the history of the Marine Corps, beginning with the details of its birth and tracing its glorious history through nearly two centuries of unceasing activity.

Major Miller was followed by remarks of Major John J. Flynn, USMCR, battalion commander, and Captain Sproul.

MARINES PARTICIPATE IN NAVY DAY EXERCISES

In an impressive program given by Los Angeles Elks at their beautiful home across from famous Westlake Park, Captain John J. Sproul, USMCR, executive officer of the First Battalion, 25th Reserve Marines, took a prominent part.

The occasion was the Elks celebration of Navy Day and members of the lodge who were either Navy or Marine reserve officers occupied the seats of the "mighty."

A detail of Marines from Company "A" in Los Angeles presented their now famous rifle manual drill which General Bradman called "the most splendid exhibition of what can be done with a rifle by a man or men who know how to handle one that I have even seen, even by regulars" brought the three thousand persons present to their feet. No question but that they were the hit of the evening.

The Navy reserves also made a splendid display of their branch of the service, no doubt handicapped by a lack of water.

Captain Sproul in civilian life is the austere judge of the Superior Court in Los

Angeles but devotes several evenings a week as executive officer of the battalion to visit the various companies.

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA, NOW BOASTS MARINE CORPS RESERVE COMPANY

Organization of the last company in the First Battalion of the 25th Marine Corps Reserve was under way during the month of October and took place in the Board of Education Building of the City of Glendale where headquarters have been established.

Captain Chester H. Knowles, USMCR, is company commander and Lt. Peter Altpeter, USMCR, is company officer. Although designated as a machine gun company, it will function in the reserve principally as an infantry company until equipment becomes available.

Assisted by a number of battalion officers headed by Major John J. Flynn, USMCR, recruitment of the company was nearly completed at the last meeting. Over 60 applicants have been examined physically and twenty have been inducted into the company. Some 18 are awaiting parental consent, being under 21, and it is hoped that before the first day of January, 1933, the company will be filled to full strength.

BORN TO HANG

(Continued from page 10)

Tony, or we'll tear you to pieces."

There was no answer. No half-expected bullet ripped its way through the sergeant's chest. "That's all he's got! Come on, fellows, crash it in!"

The door finally burst open and O'Grady spilled in ahead of his men. He looked up sharply, his attention arrested by a pendulum-like shadow.

"I'll be gawdamned," he exploded, "the dirty skunk hung himself!"

WHY I AM A MARINE

(Continued from page 39)

Then there is the realness about the Marine Corps. In civil life, it seems there is an idea abroad to try to be something that you "aint." People of moderate means posing as millionaires, millionaires being smart by appearing poverty stricken. Folks welcoming the Preacher at the front door, and shooing the bootlegger out at the back. In the Marine Corps you are graded by just what you are, and if you bring in a lot of ideas about how good you are, very soon you wake up and find all of your nice little toy balloons punctured. It is a painful process, but Oh Boy! how good for your soul. Afterwards, when you have learned enough, you find that instead of a lot of false front and foolishness you have the real friendship of real men.

Young fellows coming in the Corps today do not see things the way the older men do. We in turn did not see things when we came in as we do now. They (the recruits) have yet to be indoctrinated with the Marine Corps spirit. They have yet to learn just what is meant by Campaigns, duty, and the responsibility resting on the shoulders of the Marines. Those that are worthwhile will learn it fast, and be glad to put their shoulders to the wheel and assume their part of the load. Since this is the type man we want, and need, we are assured of a continuance of the ideals and traditions of the U. S. Marine Corps, and as we go on, we know that the Corps will always uphold its motto: *Semper Fidelis*.

CAVITE MARINES

(Continued from page 29)

a veteran of the World War and many other campaigns. Other officers of the post are: Capt. Joseph M. Swinnerton, James W. Flett; 1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty; 2nd Lt. Billy W. King; Ch. Mar. Gns. Robert C. Allan and William A. Buckley; Ch. Q. M. Clk. William J. Gray, and Ch. Pay Clk. William B. Denison.

Well known enlisted men who are helping to hold down the fort: 1st Sgt. James J. Jordan, Gy-Sgts. Joseph Cerny and Jess E. Fulton, Sgts. Warren F. Lear, James Pavlis and Gleen A. Wheeler.

*If you're ever in Manila Bay,
Take time off and come out this way.
Lots of good chow and a helping hand
And music by the Navy Yard Band.*

GUAMITES

By Bunt Dreyer

Howdy, gang. This is station G-U-A-M broadcasting. Now that the depression has hit Guam, everybody is staying home nights trying to nurse the old bankroll back to pre-depression size. Methinks we will try to shake off an attack of goldbrickitis long enough to give you the low down on our sunny home.

The station has been greatly reduced in the past year. The number of men doing duty here at present is one hundred and ten, eighteen are on detached duty as Insular Patrolmen. Marine Gunner Johnnie Vaughn is the high mogul of the outfit. Sergeant MacNutt recently was promoted to his present rank, he is the Assistant Chief of Police. Corporal Johnson is warden of the civil jail. Guess that makes the Island safe for democracy, what?

An intensive training schedule is being carried out under the tutelage of Capt. Frank S. Plack, assisted by Sgt. "Freddy" Martin and Corporal Neuman.

Corporal Broadus, our gallant police sergeant, is making life miserable for our home town marvels.

The new "country club" opened its door wide the last month under the eagle eye of H. A. 1/c (J. P. Morgan) Taylor. He seems to be making a good job of it, too.

The *Henderson* pulled into Apra Harbor on September second, it sure looks like the old timers can't stay away from here for long. Sergeant Balletti, Corporals Harrison and Strom, and Private Inks are back again.

First Sergeant Jenkins left for Shanghai on the *Henderson*, leaving the destiny of the post in the hands of former Assistant Chief of the Insular Patrol, 1st Sgt. Jim Ducey. We also have a new payroll clerk in the person of Hopkins. Private Deckard has the situation well in hand since relieving Private First Class DeVaughn as company runner.

We lost a few old-timers when the *Henderson* pulled out. Private Denno, our star catcher, is on his way to Shanghai to show the local boys how baseball should be played. Good luck, Denno.

One of our enterprising musics, Dmr. H. D. Beck, finally decided that we could get along without his joyous presence.

There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst the exponents of Babe Ruth last Friday afternoon. We played a ball game with the personnel of the *Henderson*. Private Thomas, of Quantico fame, pitched for them. Our sluggers could not even get a good look at the ball for some unknown

reason. Nevertheless, Sgt. "Freddy" Martin, Cpl. "Caddy" June, and a few others managed to sneak across the home sack when no one was looking. Your scribe was unable to find out the exact score, but the most reliable rumor puts it as: *Henderson*, 12; Guam, 4.

The new talkies were installed some time ago. Credit for the perfect installation goes to the company electrician, Private Rabey, and his sidekick, Private First Class Ballard. New films arrived via the *Henderson*, and everyone is looking forward to many enjoyable evenings.

It seems as though the fires of ambition have burnt low, so we'll sign off for the time being. *Adios Amigos.*

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' CLUB

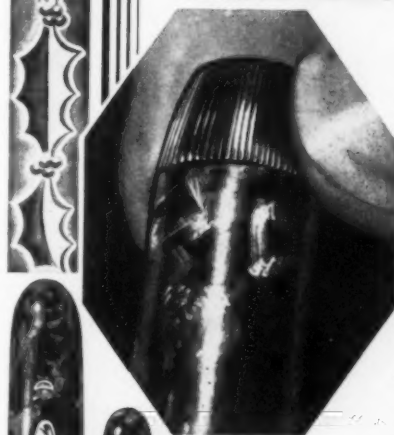
Organized in December, 1931, with a membership of approximately 80, in the interests of the non-commissioned and petty officers of the various units of the services in Haiti; to promote social intercourse and good fellowship among its members; and to provide a common meeting place amid congenial surroundings and the atmosphere of fraternal understanding, the Non-commissioned Officers' Club of Port au Prince has accomplished far more than was ever foreseen by the most sanguine of its charter members.

Within a month, with the membership of the Club doubled and success already acknowledged, the necessity for larger quarters was felt. As a consequence, the management of the Hotel Excelsior, one of Port au Prince's finest, located on the Rue Capois, one-half a block from Brigade Headquarters, overlooking the Champ de Mar and the Presidential Palace, was bought out, various improvements made, and on June 19, 1932, the Club took up its present home.

Here we boast a bar second to none on the Island; a model, modern electrically equipped galley, supervised by "Charley," unquestionably the finest Chinese chef in Haiti; a well equipped and carefully supervised dining room; a library and reading room; ladies' rest room; an excellent dance floor and a large veranda taking in two sides of the Club House, giving adequate table space for cocktail sippers, potato chip munchers, card parties, etc. It does sound like a lot of overhead, but equipped as we are with three "nickel-in-the-slot-machines," which are legal in Haiti, expenses just cannot pile up.

The Club rooms, bar and dining room are open daily. The Club's fortnightly dances are the best attended, most popular affairs in town; the frequent burlesque ball games and picnics are invariably "howling" successes—in short, with such of our members as "Patsy" Quinn, our first President, "Porky" Flynn, present incumbent of the President's chair, "Chief" Moski, "Pete" Braden, Sgt. Maj. "Bill" Pince, "Pete" Petrusky, "Red" (Permanent Wave) Murphy, "Eddie" English, "Jimmie" Sams, and our vice-president, "Dutch" (Himself) Hoffman; secretary and treasurer, "Johnny" (Chief Storekeeper) Johnston, and "Jack" (Sgt. H. K. to you, huh) Jackson, our slim steward, ably assisted by the whole gang (and don't forget the ladies) promoting things, we can foresee only bigger and better good times for this "Clubby" crowd of folks whom fate, the MGC and old man BuNAV threw together here in Port au Prince. But we'll see you subsequently about that.

It's New This Christmas



AT LAST! A really new fountain pen to hang on the Christmas tree—an inexpensive gift of real novelty, universal appeal and daily utility.

The new Conklin Nozac (no sack) is filled by turning the knurled end of the barrel—like one winds a watch. It holds 35% more ink. You can see the ink supply through a transparent section in the barrel—all are new features of absorbing interest and value. Sensibly priced at \$5.00 to \$10.00 for the pens, \$3.50 and \$5.00 for pencils to match.

Other Conklins are: the famous Conklin Endura, the peer of all pens employing the familiar rubber sack ink reservoir, at \$5.00 and more; good, dependable Conklin pens for as little as \$2.75; Conklin pencils at \$1.00 and more; the Conklin Ensemble, a pen and pencil in one, at \$5.00 and \$7.00. Navy stores and supply departments will gladly show you Conklin gift specialties.

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	55	\$ 47.55
	60	\$ 73.24
35	65	\$113.11
	50	\$ 13.92
	55	\$ 23.73
60	60	\$ 38.83
	65	\$ 62.47

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(Benjamin Franklin)

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In closing this—our first article—we wish to acknowledge with sincere appreciation, our gratitude to Col. L. McCarty Little, Brigade Commander, and Col. E. B. Manwaring, then commanding the Second Regiment, First Brigade, whose kindly understanding and confidence in us made our Club possible.

HEADQUARTERS AND HEAD-
QUARTERS COMPANY

Two more months and the trouble all will end in the land where the palm trees grow. That is as far as the Marines of Headquarters and Headquarters Company are concerned. Every Marine is looking forward with great pleasure to being an inhabitant of the great and only "Statos Unidos" once more. These tropical countries may be all right for a week or two, but when one extends the time into years it is an entirely different story.

For the information of those who may be interested in what the best company in the U. S. Marine Corps is doing at the present time, it may be said that we are preparing for the Nicaraguan Presidential Election, Sunday, November 6th. It is our sincere hope that Nicaragua gets a good president (believe it or not). Our part of the game is to see that the most popular candidate is elected in a fair manner.

The United Service Baseball League, in which this company supports three teams, will end its season soon. A large number of scheduled games have been played. The league's present standing is as follows: Aviation, Communications, Hospital, Twenty-Third Company, Headquarters and Guard-in. Headquarters and Headquarters Company embodies the teams of Communications, Hospital and Headquarters. There have been some good games of baseball played during the past three months and each team represented deserves commendation for spirit and sportsmanship displayed.

The entire personnel is very busy at the present time, almost overworked if that is possible. The Quartermaster Department is very busy preparing for the necessary shipments to be made soon and making final preparations for vacating the present station. Brigade Communications handled one hundred thirty four thousand words during the month of October, which indicates that business in that organization is rushing. The Motor Transport Company is always rushed to give the Second Brigade the necessary transportation. Brigade and Battalion Headquarters are always busy; so it is no novelty for them. The same applies to our First Sergeant, O. P. Olson.

News is not very plentiful. We were almost submerged and thoroughly disgusted by the constant downpour of rain during the month of October and it is everyone's sincere desire to never experience another rainy season in Nicaragua. When it rains here, it really pours without the slightest hesitation. The experience is beneficial to one at any rate. After it is all said and done, one can not complain about Nicaragua.

STEEL-JAWED JUSTICE

(Continued from page 9)

Talk about luck! It was sure coming his way, he chuckled to himself. The river ice would be mush, almost, in the next few hours; if any one got suspicious he could say that Sandy had left the post that night bound for home, and had probably gone through the ice somewhere on the way. It was a well-known fact that he always took the river trail on his trips to and from the post. Sandy would go through the ice, all right, but it would be the factor who would push his dead body through the sponge-ice.

The factor reentered the store. A slight sound from the other room attracted his attention, and making swiftly for the door he opened it a trifle and peered within. Sandy was awake and staring thoughtfully at the door. A frown darkened McDermott's leather-like face and his hand strayed toward the butt of the gun at his hip.

"So you're awake, eh?" he sneered. "Thought it was about time you were coming around. No doubt you're wondering why I doped you with that whiskey? Well, I'll tell you. You're gonna tell me where you've got all that gold hidden. If you don't, I'll kill you, sure as I live!"

"By God, McDermott!" Sandy burst out. "Have you gone crazy? You, the factor of one of the biggest companies in the north, trying to pull a raw deal like this. Why, mon, you can't get away with it! You'll have the Mounties down on you in a jiffy, and they'll get you too, sure as hell!"

"Damn the Mounties!" gritted the factor. "Tell me where that gold's hidden, or I'll cut off your fingers, one at a time, until you speak up. Come through; where is that gold hidden?"

Sandy laughed mockingly. "Hell no, McDermott, I ain't telling you a damn thing! You're wasting time trying to make me tell. Go find it if you can, you skunk."

McDermott realized the truth of the Scotchman's declaration. It would take a great deal of bodily torture to make him reveal the hiding place of his gold. He was of a stubborn breed. Meanwhile time was flying, and he must make haste if he was to travel the river trail before the ice became too soft for his dog-team. Then, at a sudden thought, the factor grinned malignantly. There were certain kinds of torture which flesh and blood could not stand.

"Won't talk, eh? Well, I happen to have a remedy for that."

Sandy looked up expectantly.

"Yes," gloated McDermott, "and the remedy is this." Turning to the pot-bellied stove, glowing red-hot, he inserted a heavy iron poker into the glowing flames. "When she's good and hot I'm going to burn your damn eyes out," he calmly remarked. "You're going to tell me where

that gold's at, or so help me God, I'll fix you so you won't ever mush another trap line."

As McDermott mentioned the trap line a gleam suddenly appeared in Sandy's eyes. The dirty skunk—by God, he'd fool him yet!

"Listen, McDermott," he said aloud, as the factor started toward him with the poker, now a glowing red—"I'll tell, damn you! But I'll make you pay for this night's work, as sure as hell!"

"Yeah," grinned McDermott. "I thought you'd come clean when you felt the heat from this poker. Now, spit it out!"

"You go twenty mile up the Stewart," Sandy directed slowly, "until you come to a tall, dead pine. There you'll find my sluice boxes. Below the boxes, off to one side of the trail, you will find a brush pile. The gold's hidden in that brush pen under a log. Now that I've told you where it is, you'll send somebody to turn me loose after you're gone, eh?"

The factor laughed uproariously. "Like hell I will!" he gibed. "Think I'm fool enough to turn you loose, and have you on my trail! Dead men tell no tales, or follow no trails," he added mockingly. "So into the river you go! You've got just two minutes to say goodby to this world—then I'm gonna choke your tongue out. Don't want any blood around here to give me away."

Sandy's face went white, but only for a second. Stolidly, resignedly, he gave back look for look. "McDermott," he said, "untie me, you yellow crook, and let's fight this out man to man. You won't turn me loose, Mac., you're afraid to turn me loose. You know I can whop hell outta you, that's the reason. You ain't got the guts of a snowshoe rabbit, Mac. You're yellow; yellow as hell!"

"Time's up," announced McDermott, paying him no heed. Then his fingers closed about the throat of the bound and helpless trapper. Sandy struggled, squirmed, kicked, fighting desperately for his life. A sudden mighty heave and the ropes, worn almost through from Sandy's constant struggles, parted with a snap. Instantly both men rolled to the floor, McDermott on top.

Even as they hit the floor, Sandy rolled over and sent McDermott's head sideways with a short-arm jab, but before he could regain control of his cramped muscles and leap to his feet McDermott was on top of him again.

Back and forth across the floor the two men fought, battering savagely, bumping against the stove, but McDermott had landed with his knees on either side of the trapper, and now he clumped them tight and none of the sledge-like blows raining up into his face could break his hold.

With strained faces and gasping breath the two rolled this way and that, McDermott's eyes always fixed on the heavy poker lying by the stove. Another roll, a quick grab, and it was in his hands.

Sandy caught a fleeting glance of it descending between him and the feeble light cast out by the stove. A tired brain warned him—but too late!

Twice the heavy iron came down on his skull with vicious thuds. Sandy's body suddenly relaxed, a low groan came to his lips. He lay curiously still on the cold floor.

"That'll—hold—you! Damn you!" McDermott muttered as he got to his feet, feeling gingerly of his bruised and bloody face.

He administered a contemptuous kick to the unconscious man, then opening the door, shouldered the inanimate burden and stumbled out into the night, headed for the river. Already the ice, under the warmth

of the chinook wind, was grinding and rumbling. Patches of black water showed for a moment or two here and there. McDermott was breathing heavily by the time he reached the river bank, and he realized that the murder of the trapper had completed unnerved him. With a groan of nervous agony he stepped out onto the quaking ice. With a loud splash Sandy's body struck the icy water of a blow hole and sank from sight. McDermott thought he heard a cry come from the lips of the trapper as he disappeared—the cry of a soul freed of its earthly body—and with a yell of terror from his own lips raced for the bank and up the incline toward the post.

The factor's preparations for departure were brief. He quickly harnessed his dog-team and loaded a few provisions on the sled, as well as the best furs he had bought for the company, and all the gold dust taken in since he had been in charge. There were enough supplies for a two-weeks' stay in the wilderness. In less time than that, by hard mushing, he hoped to be out of the damned country, and its eternal ice and snow.

When the trapper's body struck the ice-cold waters of Stewart River, the cry that McDermott had imagined he had heard had been real enough. The shock of the cold water had galvanized Sandy's lungs into instant action, and the heart, almost stilled, had once more begun to pump its life-sustaining stream.

As his head and shoulders shot up out of the water, his groping fingers came in contact with the jagged edge of an ice floe. Summoning the last of his waning strength, he pulled himself out upon a sheet of ice. For a moment he lay there, gasping, sobbing, only half conscious. Little by little strength returned and his mind cleared. First, he became aware that he was terribly cold. Then came a realization of where he was—and how he had come to be there. At last he struggled to his feet and staggered to the bank, clambered up its steep side, and weaving about like a drunken man followed the incline to the trading post. Far off in the distance, in the direction of the Stewart River trail, he heard the crack of McDermott's whip, and his raucous voice as he urged his dogs onward.

A quarter mile west of the post building was a shack in which lived Joe Pete. Half freezing, totally miserable, Sandy reached the shack after a half-hour's stumbling walk, and was given prompt first-aid. When he was warmed, and a soothing bandage was about his swollen throat, he told his story.

"Ugh," uttered Joe Pete. "Boss sock-em heap hard. Mebbeso you kill um, when you catch um?"

"Yes," said Sandy, with grim earnestness.

"Clothes be dry bime-bye. Me, Joe Pete, go with you. You lettum Joe Pete kill him, maybe so? Him cheat Joe Pete—no pay for furs."

"If you get the first shot, yes," agreed the trapper.

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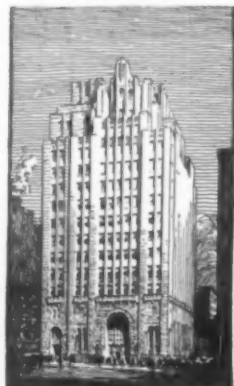
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"Hoh. Mebbeso I got um better eyes," said the Indian with a mirthless laugh. "Me, I harness dogs and load sled while you dry um clo'es. Got um plenty snowshoes for Joe Pete an' Sandy. Got um damn' good rifle, too. We catchum factor, bime-bye!"

Midnight found McDermott in sight of Wild Goose Creek. Swinging his dog-team sharply to the left he proceeded down the creek, which was easily identified by the tall pine stripped of all its bark and cracked in many places by the cold frost of countless northern winters. On the south side, facing the trail, a gnarled, twisted limb, resembling a huge bony forearm, seemed to point at him accusingly. The factor shivered, either from cold or fear, and hastily looked the other way. Halting his dog-team at the base of the pine, he began looking for signs of placer workings. Then, nearby, he saw, running down the bank of the creek, a long narrow sluice box where Sandy had washed the gold. The factor laughed aloud—a half-insane laugh that echoed and re-echoed amongst the low cliffs on the other side of the creek. Sandy hadn't lied, here was the sluice boxes. Now for the gold.

Suddenly he decided to make camp before going in search of the gold. He had plenty of time. No use stumbling about in the dark when he could wait until daylight and get it so much easier. Besides, there wasn't any danger of any one happening along this time of the night. In the morning, he planned, he would secure the gold, then head south—south to the States and safety.

His huskies were lying curled up in the snow by the dead pine. A rotten limb which no doubt had hung suspended from the pine for a number of years, suddenly swayed in a puff of wind and fell. It crashed squarely upon the back of one of the factor's dogs. Startled, the beast leaped to its feet with an angry snarl and pounced upon its nearest team-mate. In the twinkling of an eye the whole pack was a twisting, snarling, snapping mass. McDermott grabbed up the broken limb and rushed into the fray in an effort to separate the dogs. He might as well have tried to stop a spring freshet on the Stewart. He only added to the fury of the beasts.

In his excitement, McDermott did not notice that the dogs in their fighting were gradually slipping nearer the edge of the creek. At last, realizing the danger, the man sprang forward in an effort to grab the sled, but too late. Even as his hands closed over the handle-bars the lead dog rolled out onto the rotten ice, the ice broke with a crash and the entire team, sled and all, disappeared beneath the raging waters. The factor stood on the creek bank, cursing futilely as he realized his helplessness.

His mind completely stunned by this sudden overwhelming catastrophe, McDermott sank down at the base of the pine and stared foolishly at the water where his dog-team had vanished. Gone were they, his rifle, blankets, grub and tent. With a start he thought of the grub and tent. Why hadn't he removed the tent and the food, at least, from the sled when he had first arrived. How was he to travel without grub? Also, where would he sleep at nights while on the long trail south? If he only had a gun he might be able to kill enough game to last until he could reach some trading post. Only one comforting thought remained—the gold he had taken from Sandy back there at the post was still in his pockets; he hadn't lost that.

As he stood there cursing his ill luck, a sharp, bitter wind came sweeping down out of the barrens; bringing upon its breath a

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hint of an approaching blizzard, harbinger of the passing of winter.

At the first intimation of the storm, the factor began looking about for some nearby sheltered spot, some place to await out the storm. Then he remembered the brush-pen where the gold was supposed to be hidden. He would "hole in" there he decided, until morning, then continue on to Sandy's cabin and plan his next move.

In a few minutes he came upon the place; a small gully led down from the trail to the pile of brush. Slipping, sliding, stumbling over unseen objects in the blinding snow-storm, the factor made his way down the gully.

As he neared the brush heap, a sense of impending danger swept over him like an icy blast. He paused a second and glanced cautiously about him in the Arctic gloom. In the thickly falling snow it was impossible to see any object clearly; but what was there to be scared of? He laughed loudly at his fears, and stepped nearer the pile of brush and logs. Somewhere a wolf howled, calling the pack to the kill. The age-old conflict of struggle for food in the barrens was on. The factor shivered with a nameless dread as he listened to the dying sound. Then as he crouched preparing to enter the brush-pen, his foot sank into a small hole covered with snow. Ere he had time to jerk his foot back—before he had time to even think—there came a sickening crunching snap! With a scream of agony, intermingled with fear, he dropped to the cold damp ground, clutching and tearing frenziedly at the steel-jawed monster that clung with a vise-like grip to his right ankle. In the darkness, he had stumbled squarely into a bear trap, set there no doubt by Sandy and forgotten.

Sick at heart from the excruciating pain

the factor began digging in the snow to locate the end. A groan escaped his lips as he saw the chain was securely fastened to a great log in such a manner that he knew he could never release it.

He lay quiet for a while, trying desperately to think in spite of the intense pain in his foot—trying to think of some scheme to get free. But as each thought flitted through his brain he discarded it as useless. He sobbingly admitted that, unless some miracle occurred he was doomed. And with this admission came remorse. He thought of Sandy lying back there on the bottom of Stewart River. Probably the ice had cut his body to bits by now—ground him up like a sausage mill. He moved his numbed leg a trifle. The blizzard was abating somewhat; the wind was dying down. How cold was the night. A porcupine ambled slowly across the shadow-splotted snow almost within reach of his hand, then suddenly disappeared in a hollow log. The factor glanced up and then crouched lower in the snow hardly daring to breathe.

As he lay there staring in horror, a floating wraith-like shadow, looming large in the murky gloom, emerged from the timbered belt fringing the creek. McDermott held his breath and waited. If only he were free to reach a tree.

Topping a windfall the wolf paused and sniffed the snow-laden air, hungrily. Ears laid back, lips curled in a snarl, he eyed the brush heap warily. Here was man. To the wolf came the hateful stink of human kind—the odor of an unwashed body.

Swiftly and silently, other shadows drifted from the timber and ringed around their leader, whining complainingly at the gripeing pains of hunger gnawing at their bellies. With flaming eyes, and low throaty

growls, they urged the leader to the attack.

The factor crouched low in the snow and prayed that the wolves would not attack, but his prayers went unanswered. Gingerly, the leader circled the spot, the pack trailing at his flank. Straining his eyes, glowing like living flame in the cold, murky Arctic night, he strove to locate the man. Suddenly he stopped, the pack crowding close upon his heels. Hackles bristling, body tensed, he hesitated a second, then with a savage snarl sprang forward.

From inside the brush heap a shrill scream issued—sounding more animal than human as it floated out over the Barrens. "They're goin' to attack! Oh, my God, they're goin' to attack!"

Then the pack was upon him, snarling, snapping, ripping, tearing . . . A low gurgling scream burst from McDermott's throat as the gaunt, hunger-maddened leader ripped open his jugular vein with one sweeping slash of his powerful jaws. Then they ate him—those gray phantoms of the Barrens—ate him while his huge, ungainly body still twitched and jerked in its final death throes.

As dawn broke cold and clear over the Barrens, Sandy and Joe Pete, the Indian, struck the upper reaches of Wild Goose Creek. After an hour's steady musing the pair came in sight of the sluice boxes where Sandy had washed out his gold. A few seconds later the two men stood staring down at an awful sight. Only a few clean-picked bones remained to bear mute testimony to the tragedy.

"Ugh," muttered Joe Pete. "Wolves cheatum Sandy and Joe Pete. No get to kill um factor after all."

"No, we didn't get here soon enough, Joe Pete," Sandy answered soberly, as he stooped and picked up his poke of gold.

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NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

(Continued from page 5)

4 February. Will leave San Francisco area about 16 February for regular trip to the East Coast of the United States.

U. S. S. HENDERSON—Will depart Pearl Harbor 29 October; arrive San Francisco 6 November, depart 16 November; arrive San Diego 18 November, depart 19 November; arrive San Diego 20 November, depart 21 November; arrive Corinto 29 November, depart 29 November; arrive Canal Zone 1 December, depart 3 December; arrive Norfolk, Va. 10 December. Will depart Norfolk 19 December for Corinto for evacuation of Marine Corps personnel then return to Norfolk. Will depart Norfolk for West Coast and Asiatic Station early in February.

U. S. S. KITTEBY—Will depart Cape Haitien 31 October; arrive Guantanamo 2 November, depart 3 November; arrive Port au Prince 4 November, depart 5 November; arrive N. B. Norfolk, Va. 10 November. Will make next trip to West Indies 7 December.

U. S. S. NITRO—Will depart Yorktown 17 November; arrive Guantanamo 21 November, depart 21 November; arrive Canal Zone 24 November, depart 26 November; arrive Corinto 28 November, depart 28 November; arrive San Diego 6 December, depart 7 December; arrive San Pedro 8 December, depart 9 December; arrive Mare Island 11 December, depart 12 December; arrive Puget Sound 22 December, depart 27 December; arrive Mare Island 30 December, depart 4 January 1933; arrive San Pedro 5 January, depart 12 January; arrive San Diego 13 January. Scheduled to sail for Asiatic Station about 23 January 1933.

U. S. S. PATOKA—Will depart Beaumont 31 October; arrive Lynnhaven Roads 7 November, depart 7 November; arrive Melville, R. I. 9 November, depart 10 November; arrive Boston 11 November, depart 11 November; arrive Portsmouth, N. H. for overhaul 12 November. Tentatively scheduled to return to West Coast upon completion of overhaul.

U. S. S. RAMAPO—Will depart Mare Island 3 December; arrive San Pedro 5 December, depart 6 December; arrive Guam 29 December, depart 2 January 1933; arrive Manila Area 9 January, depart 23 January; arrive San Diego 22 February.

U. S. S. SALINAS—Will depart Norfolk 11 November; arrive Pensacola 16 November, depart 17 November; arrive Beaumont 19 November, depart 21 November; arrive Norfolk-Yorktown Area 28 November, depart 30 November; arrive Beaumont 7 December, depart 9 December; arrive Guantanamo 15 December, depart 17 December; arrive Norfolk-Yorktown Area 22 December.

U. S. S. SIRIUS—Will depart Philadelphia 31 October; arrive New York 1 November, depart 7 November; arrive Boston 8 November, depart 15 November; arrive New York 16 November, depart 22 November; arrive Philadelphia 23 November, depart 30 November; arrive Norfolk 1 December, depart 10 December; arrive Canal Zone 17 December, depart 20 December; arrive Corinto 29 December, depart 2 January 1933; arrive San Diego 11 January, depart 14 January; arrive San Pedro 15 January, depart 18 January; arrive Mare Island 19 January, depart 30 January; arrive Puget Sound 2 February.

U. S. S. VEGA—Will depart Puget Sound 5 November; arrive Mare Island 8 November, depart 16 November; arrive San Pedro 17 November, depart 18 November; arrive San Diego 18 November, depart 19 November; arrive Corinto 28 November, depart 28 November; arrive Canal Zone 1 December, depart 2 December; arrive Guantanamo 5 December, depart 5 December; arrive Hampton Roads 9 December, depart 21 December; arrive Philadelphia 22 December, depart 30 December; arrive New York 31 December, depart 6 January 1933; arrive Boston (for overhaul) 7 January.

DEATHS

Officers

CALLAWAY, Edmund McC., First Lieutenant, died October 25, 1932 at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary C. Callaway, wife, c/o Mrs. Charles E. Cabell, 608 Cameron Street, Alexandria, Va.

Enlisted Men

BEARDSLEY, William C., Private, died October 19, 1932 of disease at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace M. Beardsley, mother, 253 South Lincoln Street, Denver, Colo.

MARTIN, William L., Private, died October 13, 1932 as a result of an automobile accident at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. Lester W. Martin, father, 246 Fourth Street, Albion, Nebr.

MOLLE, Ralph R., Private, died October 13, 1932 as a result of an automobile accident near Rich Square, N. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Jennie Dentina, sister, 1007 North Sixty-sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WELCH, Charles D., Private, died October 4, 1932 as a result of an automobile accident at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Olga Anderson, sister, 4130 Thirty-eighth Street, San Diego, Calif.

MOORE, Theodore A., Corporal, Cl. III, FMCR., inactive, died September 25, 1932 of disease at Baltimore, Md. Next of kin: Mrs. T. A. Moore, wife, 1722 Sexton Street, Morrell Park, Baltimore, Md.

STARBLE, Frank, Private, Cl. IV, FMCR., inactive, died September 2, 1932 as a result of airplane crash at Everett, Mass. Next of kin: Patrick Starble, father, 38 School Street, Everett, Mass.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Please publish information in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK on the following subject:
(a) Did the Secretary of the Navy approve of an order allowing the Navy and Marine Personnel to wear a Victory Medal for service in Russia and Siberia from November 12, 1918 to a date in 1921?

(b) If the above is true, is the wearer allowed to wear a clasp on the medal and a star on the ribbon? (It is understood that the two countries were classed as in the war zone.)—SERGEANT BREMERTON.

Answer: To date no decision has been made as to what clasps will be awarded in connection with Victory Medal for service in Siberia, Russia and aboard certain ships, however, when such decision is made the service will be notified through Headquarters Bulletin.

Q.—I served in the Dominican Republic from November, 1917 to November, 1919. Am I entitled to an Expeditionary Medal for this service?—ROBERT J. WAHL.

Answer: Expeditionary Medal number 2465 for service in the Dominican Republic has been sent to you this date, October 12, 1932.

Q.—What is the present address of Private First Class Hubert M. Winders? His last station of duty, to my knowledge, was aboard the U. S. S. New York.—CLYDE L. OSWELL.

Answer: The present address of Private First Class Hubert M. Winders is Marine Barracks, Naval Station, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Will you, please, publish in your magazine if a person who applied for enlistment on August 30, 1918, and was not called or sworn in until November 25, 1918, is entitled to the Victory Medal? The person in this case served from date sworn in, November 25, 1918 until August 29, 1919, when discharged with a duration of war discharge.—S. T.

Answer: The regulation governing the award of the Victory Medal reads as follows: "The Victory Medal is awarded for honorable service in the World War between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918." It is also issued for service in Siberia and European Russia from November 11, 1918 to March 3, 1921. Unless "S. T." served in Siberia or European Russia, he would not be entitled to the Victory Medal, inasmuch, he did not enlist prior to November 11, 1918.

Q.—My Good Conduct Medal number 87399 issued on April 18, 1930 was destroyed in fire. I would like to know if you could aid me in getting a duplicate of the same.—FOREST NORFLEET.

Answer: It is requested that Corporal Norfleet be instructed to make application for a duplicate conduct medal to Headquarters, through official channels, stating how the original was destroyed, and if approved a duplicate medal will be issued gratuitously to him.

Q.—Does a man rate wearing a service stripe for every enlistment or for every four years? That is, if a man had one enlistment in the Army (3 years) and one enlistment in the Marine Corps (4 years) could he wear two service stripes.—KAY.

Answer: He rates one hash mark for every four years. In this particular case he rates only one, since he has served only seven years. When he completes one more year he will rate another.

Q.—I served in Nicaragua from January, 1927 to July of the same year. Do I rate the Second Nicaraguan Medal?—JULIUS B. SAUCIER.

Answer: Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal number 2529 for service in Nicaragua has been awarded you. This medal was forwarded to your commanding officer on October 31, 1932, for delivery to you.

Q.—Will the Fifth Regiment, Nicaragua return to the States on January 1, 1933?—(MISS) GLADYS LOVING.

Answer: So far as is known at the present time the Fifth Regiment will return to the United States.

Q.—Will you, please, check on my service and let me know when I will be eligible for transfer to Marine Corps Fleet Reserve, Class II (b). My Service Record Books shows 200 days lost on my first enlistment (G.C.M.), November, 1916 to March, 1917. I was restored to duty by MGC letter, which stated that the loss of pay and time was remitted.—J. H. M.

Answer: J. H. M. will have the required time for transfer to Class II (d), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on December 3, 1932. On April 24, 1917,

the Secretary of the Navy remitted the remainder of the confinement in his case, and he was restored to duty. He loses the time spent in confinement until he was restored to duty, i. e., from the date of offense to date of restoration to duty.

Q.—Do I rate the Second Nicaraguan Medal for service in Nicaragua during 1929-30?—JOE FUKAS.

Answer: Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal number 2349 for service in Nicaragua has been awarded to you. This medal was forwarded to your commanding officer on October 12, 1932, for delivery to you.

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

The following are extracts from Headquarters Bulletin No. 85, dated October 15, 1932:

QUARTERS AND COMMUTED RATIONS
It is noted that requests for quarters and commuted ration allowances submitted to headquarters by noncommissioned officers of the first three pay grades, ask that such benefits be effective from a date that is frequently considerably prior to the date of the request.

In the future applications for these allowances when approved by the Major General Commandant, will be made effective from the date, or subsequent to the date of the application.

INFORMATION FURNISHED KIN OF DECEASED MARINES

Escorts for bodies of deceased members of the Marine Corps and others who come in contact with the family or friends, should be cautious in giving information and advice. Cases have been noted in which the relatives have been misinformed regarding death-benefits, thereby causing them disappointment and causing considerable correspondence on the part of headquarters in correcting the mistaken information.

It is believed that the best results may be obtained by furnishing all such persons the address of the Major General Commandant and allowing headquarters to furnish the information in accordance with the circumstances which control each individual case.

COMMENDATION
Private Dana Herbert Bourne has received from the Major General Commandant a letter of commendation for meritorious action while detailed to duty as life guard, in saving a man from drowning on August 14, 1932, at the Navy Beach, Hawthorne, Nevada.

ADDRESSES OF MEN WHO DO NOT REENLIST

The attention of commanding officers is called to Article 3-51 (1), Marine Corps Manual, which reads as follows, and which has not been fully complied with:

"The names and addresses of men discharged under honorable conditions who do not reenlist in the Marine Corps will be sent by the commanding officers of the posts where the men are discharged to the Reserve Area Commander in whose area they will reside."

HIGH SCORE

RIFLE—Officers and enlisted men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course according to reports of target practice received since publication of the September Bulletin:

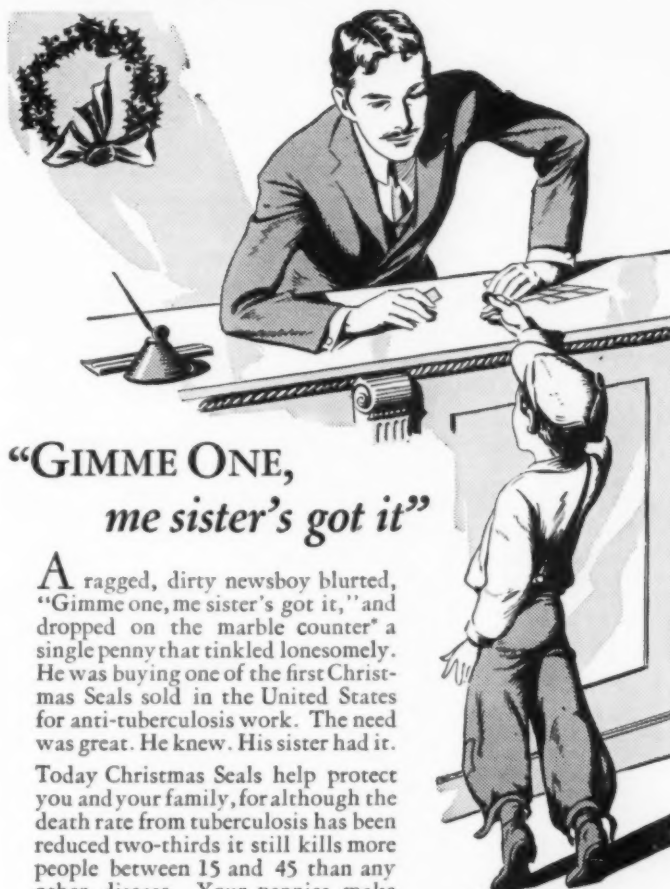
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HIGH SCORE
PISTOL—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course since publication of the September Bulletin:

2nd Lt. August Larson.....	99
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"GIMME ONE,
me sister's got it"

A ragged, dirty newsboy blurted, "Gimme one, me sister's got it," and dropped on the marble counter a single penny that tinkled lonesomely. He was buying one of the first Christmas Seals sold in the United States for anti-tuberculosis work. The need was great. He knew. His sister had it.

Today Christmas Seals help protect you and your family, for although the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced two-thirds it still kills more people between 15 and 45 than any other disease. Your pennies make possible free clinics, nursing service, preventorium, and educational work that mean cure for some, relief for many, and hope for all.

"In the lobby of the Philadelphia 'North American,' Dec. 13, 1907

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES



BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke.....	99	Sgt. Hascal L. Ewton.....	95
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Cpl. Johnny Jennings.....	98	Pvt. Ralph Phillips.....	95
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Sgt. Vincent E. Boyle.....	97	1st Lt. George Esau.....	94
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ChMgun. Calvin A. Lloyd.....	95	Capt. Stephen F. Drew.....	92
Sgt. Ellsburry B. Elliott.....	95	2nd Lt. Robert O. Bisson.....	92
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		2nd Lt. John B. Hendry.....	92
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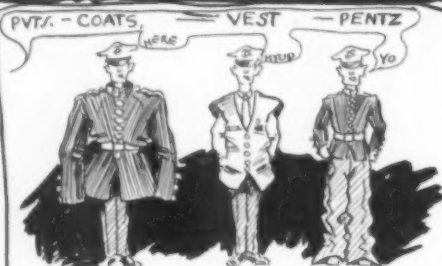
U. S. MARINE CORPS SCORE BOOK — and — RIFLEMAN'S INSTRUCTOR

by
COLONEL WILLIAM C. HARLLEE,
U. S. Marine Corps
Published, Printed and Sold by
INTERNATIONAL PRINTING CO.
236 Chestnut St. Phila., Pa.

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Capt. William J. Whaling.....	99
1st Lt. William W. Davidson.....	99
2nd Lt. August Larson.....	99
1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke.....	99

MARINE ODDITIES



SIR, THE SUIT IS FORMED!

PRIVATES COATS, VEST AND PENTZ ALL SERVED AT THE SAME TIME IN THE 42ND COMPANY!



THIS IS THE CAP ORNAMENT WORN BY MARINES IN THE DAYS OF "WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN". THE PRESENT GLOBE, ANCHOR AND EAGLE INSIGNIA WAS ADOPTED NOV 19, 1868

RICHARD CLEVELAND, SON OF FORMER PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND, ENLISTED IN THE U.S. MARINES IN 1917 AS A PRIVATE.



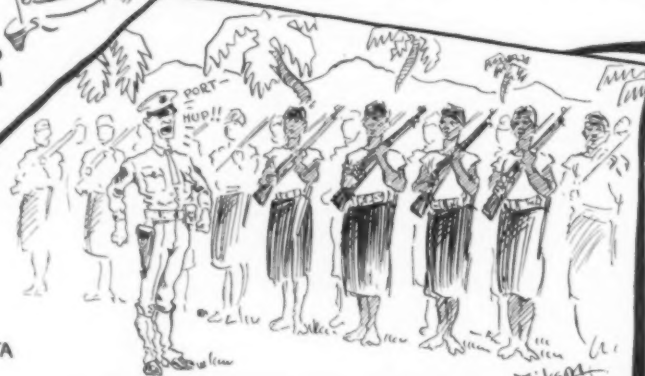
IN 1915 THE U.S.S. WILMINGTON ROLLED 61 DEGREES DURING A CHINA SEA TYPHOON. MARINES STOOD ENGINE ROOM MESSENGER WATCHES DURING THE STORM

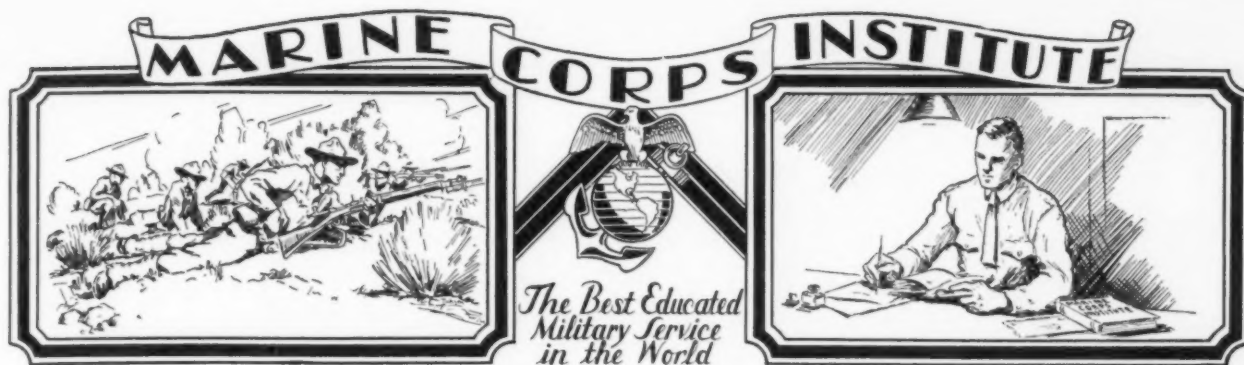


PVT. HAROLD V. DIBBS, IN A LETTER TO HIS PARENTS, TOLD OF HAVING SEEN A MARINE CAPTURE HIS OWN BROTHER, WHO WAS SERVING IN THE GERMAN ARMY, DURING A TRENCH RAID

A ONE-MAN POST

FIRST SERGEANT LESLIE J. BURROWS IS THE ONLY MARINE AT THE NAVAL STATION OF PAGO PAGO IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS. HE IS IN CHARGE OF THE FITA FITA GUARD OR NATIVE POLICE FORCE.





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The Marine Corps Institute has recently revised its curriculum and added to it the following courses:

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BOOKKEEPING AND COST ACCOUNTING
COMBUSTION ENGINEERING
NAVIGATION FOR AVIATION
POST OFFICE INSPECTOR
INSPECTOR OF CUSTOMS
IMMIGRATION PATROL INSPECTOR

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UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

- ☐ Please send me INFORMATION regarding the course before which I have marked an X:
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English |
| (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographic-Secretarial |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountant Secretarial | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Motorbus Transportation |

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|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Naval Academy Prep. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Standard High School |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying & Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing & Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor & Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Maintenance | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |

Name _____

Rank _____

Organization _____

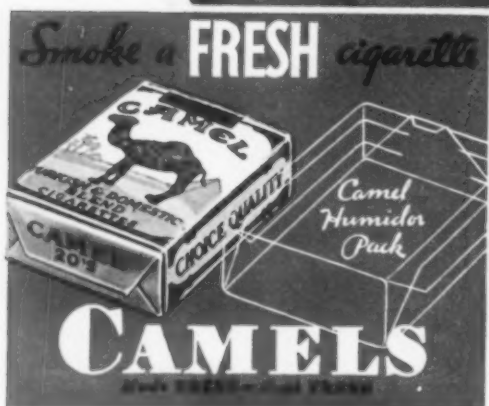
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